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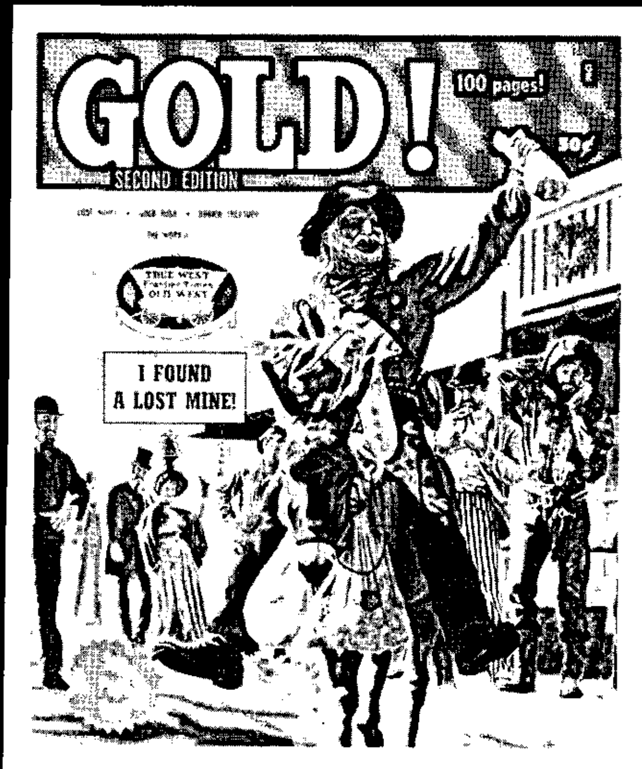

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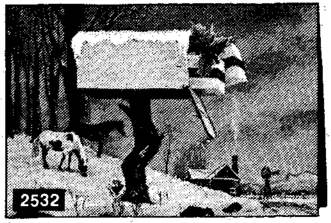
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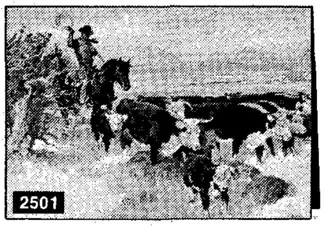
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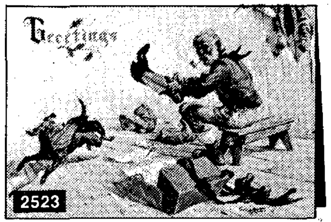

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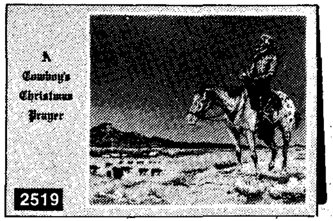

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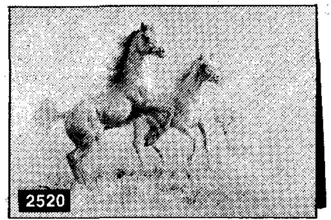
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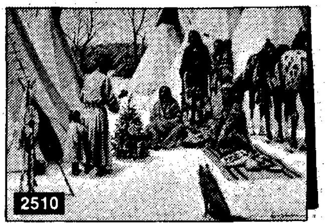
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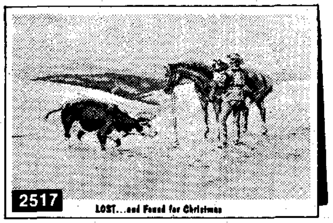

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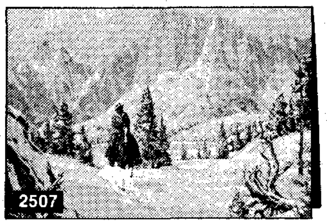
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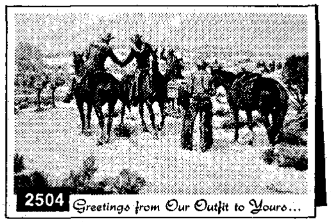
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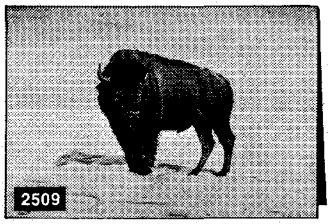
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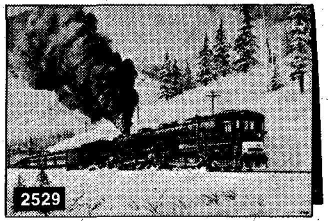
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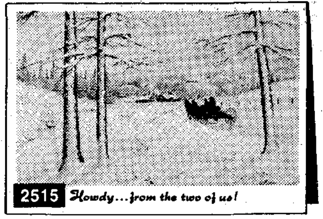
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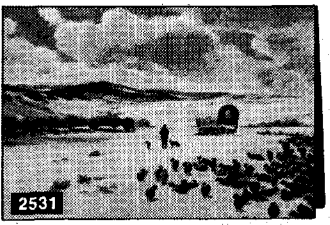
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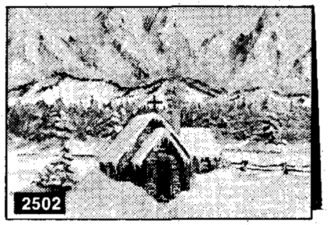
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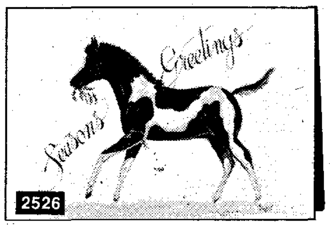

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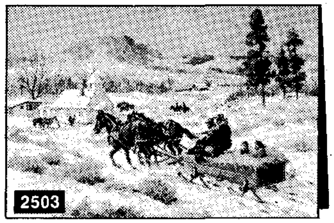
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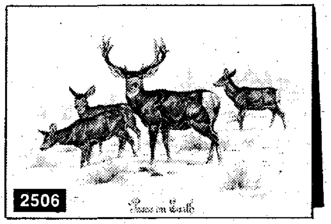

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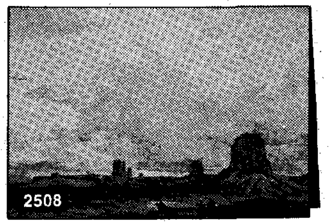
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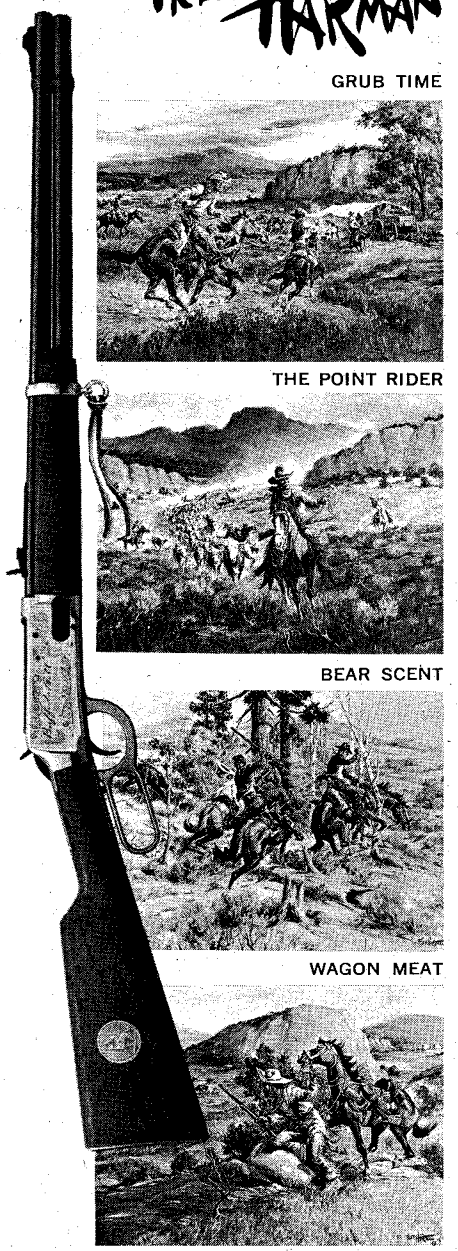

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FRONTIER TIMES

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

December-January 1970
Vol. 44, No. 1
New Series No. 63

True Stories of the West!

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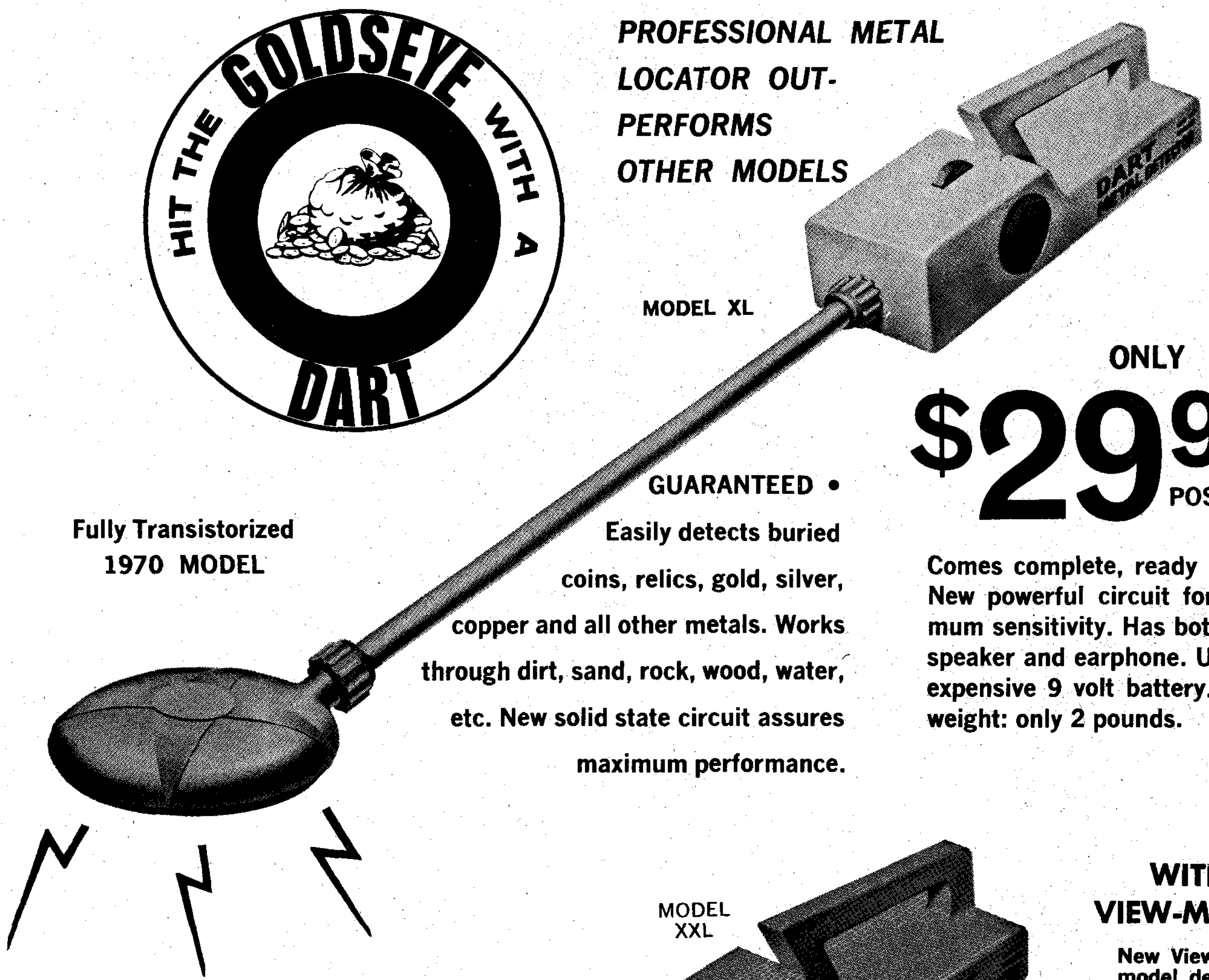

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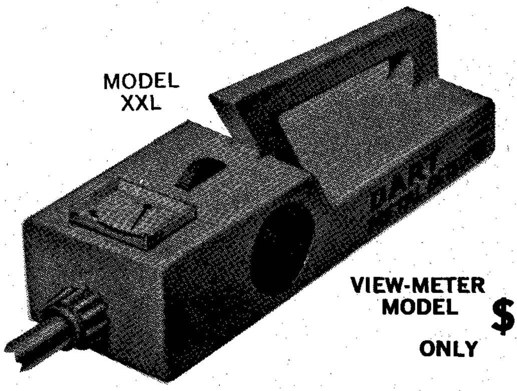

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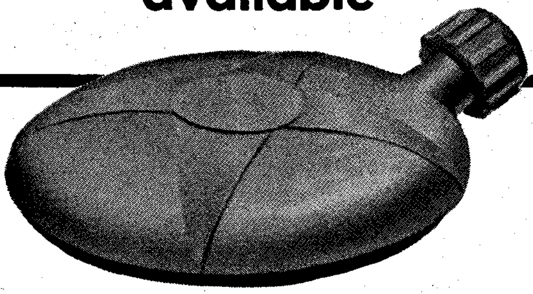

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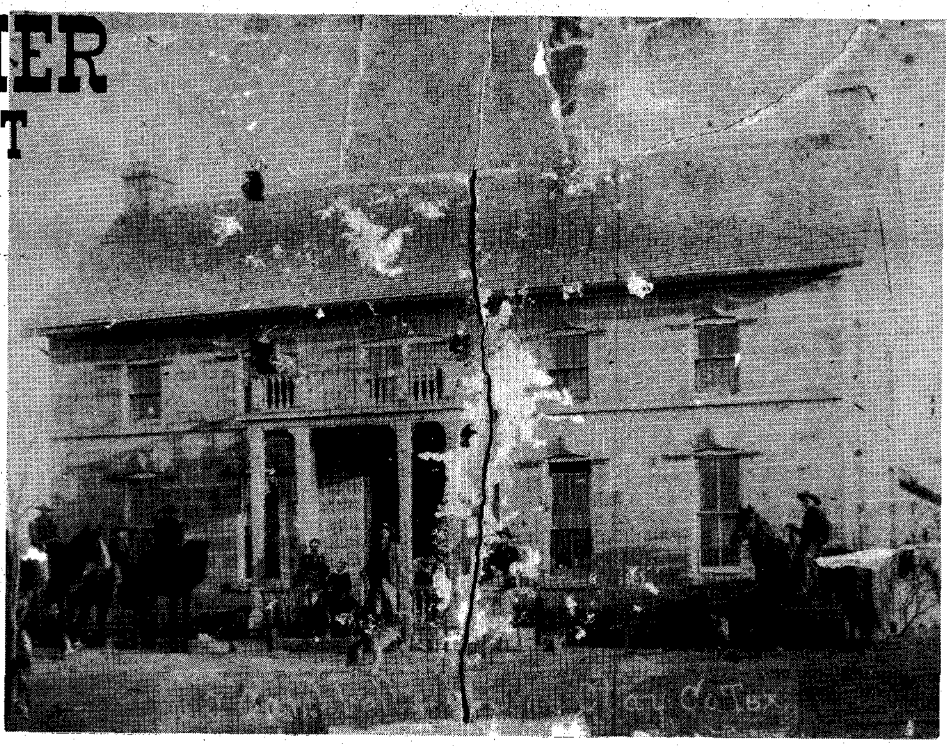

The Joseph Campbell home, around 1890.

Dear Sir:

The Institute of Texan Cultures (it was the Texas Pavilion during HemisFair) is sorely in need of some genuine old Texas Ranger items for display. We are not a museum and do not solicit or accept gifts of relics. We do borrow them for a period of one year for display, always giving proper credit to the lendor.

We have just returned a number of items from a small case in the Ranger area, and need some good replacements. We could use an old carbine, pistol, handcuffs, badge or any other items of similar size which were once owned by an old-time Texas Ranger.

If any of your readers who have such an item would consider lending it to us for a year for display, we would appreciate a letter from them.

Everything we borrow is insured from the time it comes to us until it is returned to the owner at the valuation set by the owner. This is a permanent state institution and we maintain full security with locked cases and guards on duty 24 hours a day. Lendors can be assured their property will be respected, taken care of, and returned when it is due.—R. Henderson Shuffler, Director Institute of Texan Cultures, P. O. Box 1226, San Antonio, Texas 78206

Rock House in Clay County

Dear Sir:

I read with interest the article on the old rock house in Clay County, Texas in the November 1968 FRONTIER TIMES. My husband, Hubert Beare, is the great-grandson of the builder, Joseph Campbell. His mother, Annie Campbell Beare, was the daughter of Tobe Cleve and Ella Arnold Campbell and Tobe was the son of Joseph and Mandai Jane Campbell.

Ella Arnold was orphaned as a young girl when her parents were murdered by Indians and was raised by Joseph and Mandai Campbell. Ella and Tobe were married in the old rock house around 1889-90 when she was about fourteen years old and he was about eighteen. They had obtained their marriage license in Henrietta, Texas, the county seat.

All the Campbell family lived in the old home until around 1900. They were Joseph and Mandai Campbell, her father Alexander Baker, the oldest two (twin boys) were John and Frank, then Joe Charles and Tobe Cleve, and the youngest and only daughter, Sally Jane. While they lived there it was a large cattle and horse ranch. Mr. Campbell had a large herd of horses with his brands listed in the Loving Brand Book. A race track was south, or in front of the home, on the other side of the cemetery. The cattle brand was the jog, bar under tail, and was registered by Joseph Campbell in 1871 in Clay County.

This picture was taken around 1890 before the later porch was built. Alexander Baker, the father-in-law, is seated in back. Joe and Mandai are standing on the porch with their daughter Sally in the middle. On the upstairs balcony is Ella Campbell. The men on horseback are the Campbell sons and George, a Texas Ranger and brother of Joseph Campbell.

Joseph Campbell sold the ranch around 1900 and the family went to Devil's River, Texas in a covered wagon. They later came back and moved to Sugden, Oklahoma where they lived and operated a livery stable. Joseph Campbell died in 1908 and Mandai in 1917. They are not buried in the old cemetery at the rock house but in the cemetery in Sugden. The Bakers, who are buried there, were the parents of Mandai Campbell.

My husband and I and his mother and father visited the old home in 1966. It was still a lovely old place and was occupied. The owner permitted us to take pictures of the house and cemetery and showed us around the house and grounds.—Mrs. Virginia H. Beare, 306 Glenwood Court, San Antonio, Texas 78210

Gold Like Wheat? You Bet!

Dear Sirs:

In reading "Gold Like Wheat" in the March 1969 FRONTIER TIMES, it seems that someone didn't believe that gold came in that shape. But I want to tell you that about thirty years ago I was a prospector and a vein of quartz which I opened was ribbon quartz and there were veins of sugar quartz there, too. By being very careful you can open ribbon quartz a layer at a time and the nuggets will roll out in your hand.

But now a grazing act claim covers this vein. If I can live long enough and get that ground back, I will open it as I have some sense now and certainly would work it as I know right where it is. But this guy won't talk selling and he doesn't know anything about mining so it is just lying there idle.

I am eighty-three now and if I am ninety when I get that ground back, it will get worked as I see now what a fool I was when I was young. Maurice Kildare can tell any of them that gold *does* come like grains of wheat!—Nate Hallock, Box 173, Cave Junction, Oregon 97523

Roadrunner Yarn

Gentlemen:

In your very amusing and informative article about the chaparral bird (March 1969 FRONTIER TIMES) I noted the statement, "Everyone will have a tall tale about him and it may be hard to separate fiction from fact."

This reminds me of a tale (whether "tall" or not, I have no way of knowing) told me about this "clownish critter" in August 1942. The Doolin brothers, originators and owners of the original Frito Company headquartering in Dallas, asked me (a minor executive of the firm) to accompany a Dallas bank official on a trip to assess the value of some 1,100 acres near Big Wells, Texas, in which they had become interested.

Upon our arrival we acquired the services of an official land appraiser, a real old-timer of this area in his late seventies whose name I do not recall. While checking the property in his truck, a roadrunner darted out in front of us, ran along a little way, then went back

(Continued on page 55)

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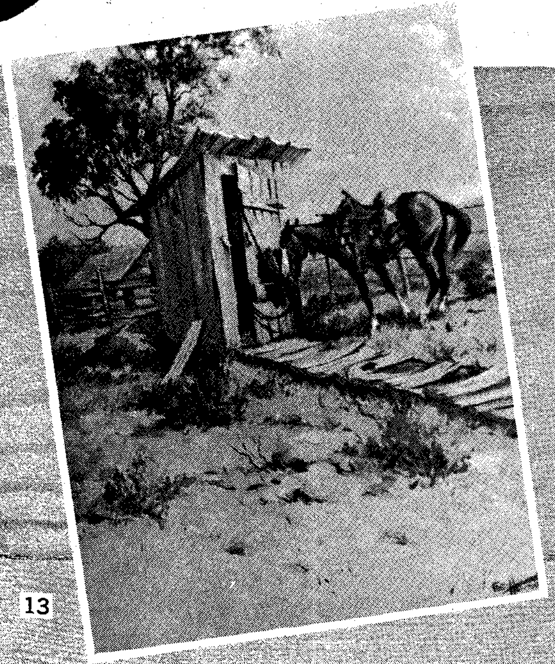
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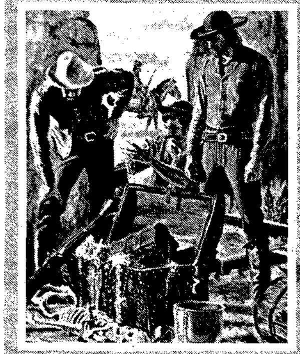
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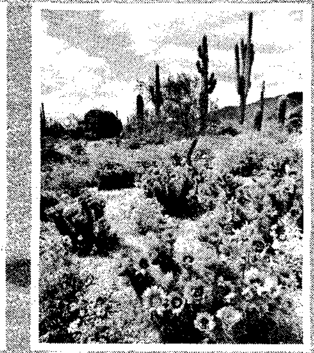
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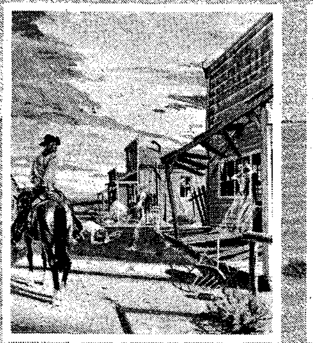
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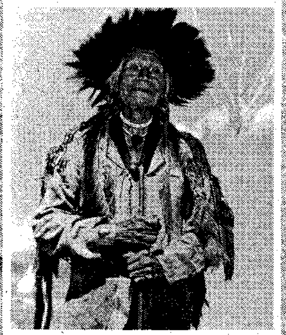
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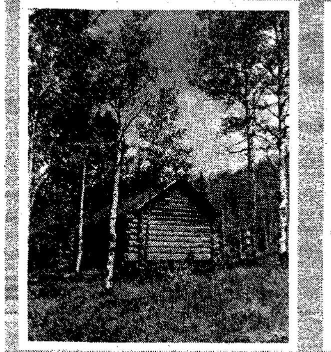
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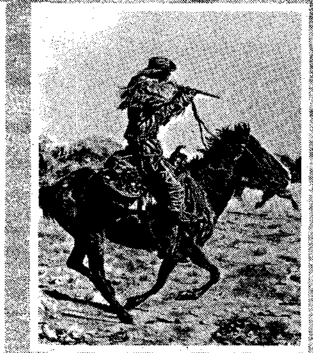
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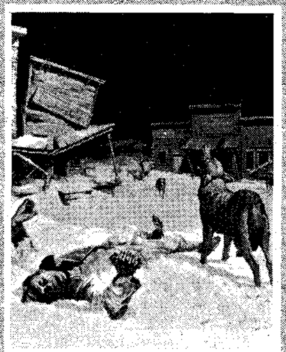
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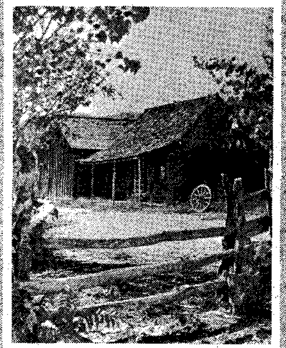
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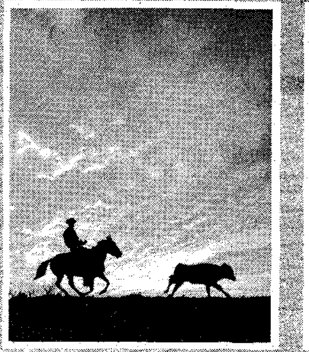
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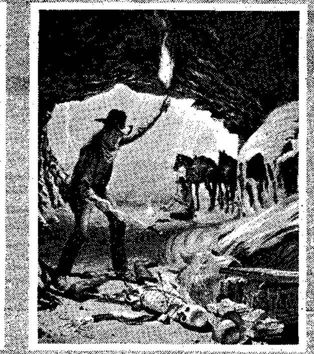
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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Henry Augustus McGee

I would like information on my grandfather, Henry Augustus McGee, believed to have come from Louisiana. He was bushwhacked near Comanche, Texas about 1883 and died about a year later. His name has been spelled in some documents as Magee as the partner in the Guiteras-Magee filibuster.—A. M. Moore, RFD 2, Box 84, Durant, Oklahoma 74701

Martin-Mahaffee-Wilson

In January 1881, Susan Melinda Martin, aged twenty-three, packed her saddle bags, and taking her horse, crossed the Arkansas River from somewhere in Missouri to marry Clinton Mahaffee, aged fifty-five, who had been married before and had a grown family. They settled at Fayetteville, Arkansas where their daughter Rosie Bell was born in January 1884. They moved to Siloam Springs where their son Jessie was born in 1887. Then in March, 1888 Susan died, leaving two small children.

Clinton, being sixty-two years old, couldn't care for them, so he left them with a Charlie Wilson at Inola, Oklahoma. He was believed to be some kin.

I would like to know where in Missouri Susan came from. What happened to Clinton, and to his first family? What kin was Charlie Wilson to him?—Mrs. S. T. Mahaffee, 4212 N.E. 13th, Amarillo, Texas 79107

Rathburn

Cornelius Rathburn (original spelling Rathbone) was born April 22, 1811 in Otsego County, New York. A blacksmith by trade, he moved to Iowa in the early 1800s. Married in Keokuk County, Iowa on October 24, 1844 to Delilah Miller, daughter of Aaron and Sarah Miller (who came from Kentucky to Illinois and then to Iowa perhaps).

Delilah had a daughter, Julian (or Juli Ann) by a previous marriage to a Mr. Myers. Cornelius and Delilah had William Alvin, born 1845 in Iowa; Lucinda, born 1851 in Iowa; and Aaron Thomas (my great-grandfather), born November 2, 1854 in Iowa or Minnesota.

The family moved to Texas about 1857. During the Civil War Cornelius' sympathies were with the Union. One day on the way to the grist mill with his son William he was captured by conscript men. The son escaped to Mexico and later joined the Union Army at Brownsville, Texas. He last saw his father as he was being held by the conscript men. Cornelius was never seen or heard from after that. What happened to him? Was he shot trying to escape? Where did Delilah live after that?

William went to Iowa and later to Minnesota after being mustered out of the army as it was still not safe for him in Texas. Delilah was living in Texas at that time.

Lucinda married a Mr. Payne and had two girls, Elzora and Viola (called Zora and Ola). Elzora married a Mr. Dixon and lived in Blackwell, Texas in 1909, later lived at Copperas Cove, Texas in 1916. Lucinda died November 17, 1928 at Copperas Cove and was buried in Salem cemetery.

Julian married Jake Petty and lived at one time in Uvalde, Texas. Delilah died probably in the later 1860s but where did she die and where is she buried?—Mrs. Beverly L. Despines, Rural Route #1, Box 53, Trivoli, Illinois 61569

Waitman

I am interested in any information concerning persons named Waitman. John Waitman married Magadeline Goforth and they had four children: John L., William, Barbary, and Sarah. His brother, Jacob married Margaret Gelsinger and they had four children: Barbara (Smith), Margaret, Kate (Peck) and John G. Both Waitman brothers moved from Ohio to Henry County, Iowa in the 1840s. They were born about 1768 and 1770.—Max E. Waitman, Star Route, Bridgeport, Nebraska 69336

James Kimble

John or Jonathan Kimble, born March 11, 1790 in Ohio married Hannah or Emma Connor, born September 10, 1797 in Indiana. They had thirteen children, all presumably born in Ohio: Mariah, 1811; Oliver, 1814; Delilah, 1817; George, 1819; Nancy, 1821; Wesley, 1823; Mary Ann, 1826; Jonathon, 1828; Burton, 1830-31, my grandfather; James, 1832; Hannah, 1836; Amanda, 1839; Levina, 1841. Burton Kimble, born July 30, 1830-31 married Maria Calkins, born November 6, 1832. James Kimble, born October 4, 1832 married Hester Calkins, sister to Maria Calkins. Burton Kimble and family lived in Fairbury, Nebraska for a time, then went to Colorado where he and his wife died. James Kimble and family presumably remained in Fairbury, Nebraska where I believe he died. His wife remarried there. I would appreciate any information or clue about the James Kimble family or their descendants.—Mrs. Rozella E. Zerkle, P. O. Box 231, San Miguel, California 93451

E. K. Rambo

I would appreciate information about E. K. Rambo (born 1833 in Lewisburg, Tennessee). Joe and Richmond were his sons by his first wife. Sally, Edward (my father) and William Atwell were born to his second wife, Mary Lee Fowler Rambo.

I am also seeking information on Nathan Matson Rambo (born 1816 in Pennsylvania.—Lucy Rambo Bates, 13622 Birch Street, Trona, California 93562

Fesperman Brothers

We are trying to find our great-grandfather's brothers, two of whom we have located. Paul Alex Fesperman and his family moved to Missouri from Winston-Salem, North Carolina some time after 1850, and William Isaac David Fesperman and his family of fifteen children (three sets of twins) went to Bloom, Texas and were heard from in the early days. Either Mollie Fesperman or Tim Pryrom Pryer lived in Bloom—we are not sure which—the sister, Mollie, or William, the brother.—Mrs. Evelyn Swanson Fesperman, 33193 Manzanita, Ivanhoe, California 93235

John M. Mott

My last hope is with your readers. I would like to know everything I can find out about the family of John M. Mott. We went to New York City and found nothing. In Corinth, New York a plaque was found with "Mott" inscribed. It is 34" x 22" x ½" thick; it has twenty-seven stars and nine stripes. S. Follett was the painter.—E. M. Smith, 61 Main St., South Glen Falls, New York 12801

Collins-Cordray

My grandfather, Henry Collins, Jr. or Cordray was born in 1877 in the Cherokee nation, Fort Gibson. He was Eastern Cherokee. His wife was named Maude Stafford. They had six children. One of the children is my mother, Gracie Collins, born at Fort Gibson in 1902. Any information would be greatly appreciated. —Mrs. S. J., 4221 Stewart Ave., Los Angeles, California 90066

Faria

The person I am trying to locate is my mother. I know she was born in Oklahoma, but I don't know the name of the town. Her maiden name was Marjorie Rilla Bailey and she was nineteen years old when I was born. She was married to Raymond Roy Faria, I don't know how long, but they were divorced about 1943-44. I was born May 10, 1940, and I have an older brother, Roy McKinley Faria, born March 13, 1939, and a younger sister, Fern Elaine, born June 29, 1941. We were all born in Los Banos or Dos Palos, California. Dad was working at the Kline ranch then.

I know mother has a brother named Martin, and the last I heard they were

(Continued on page 51)

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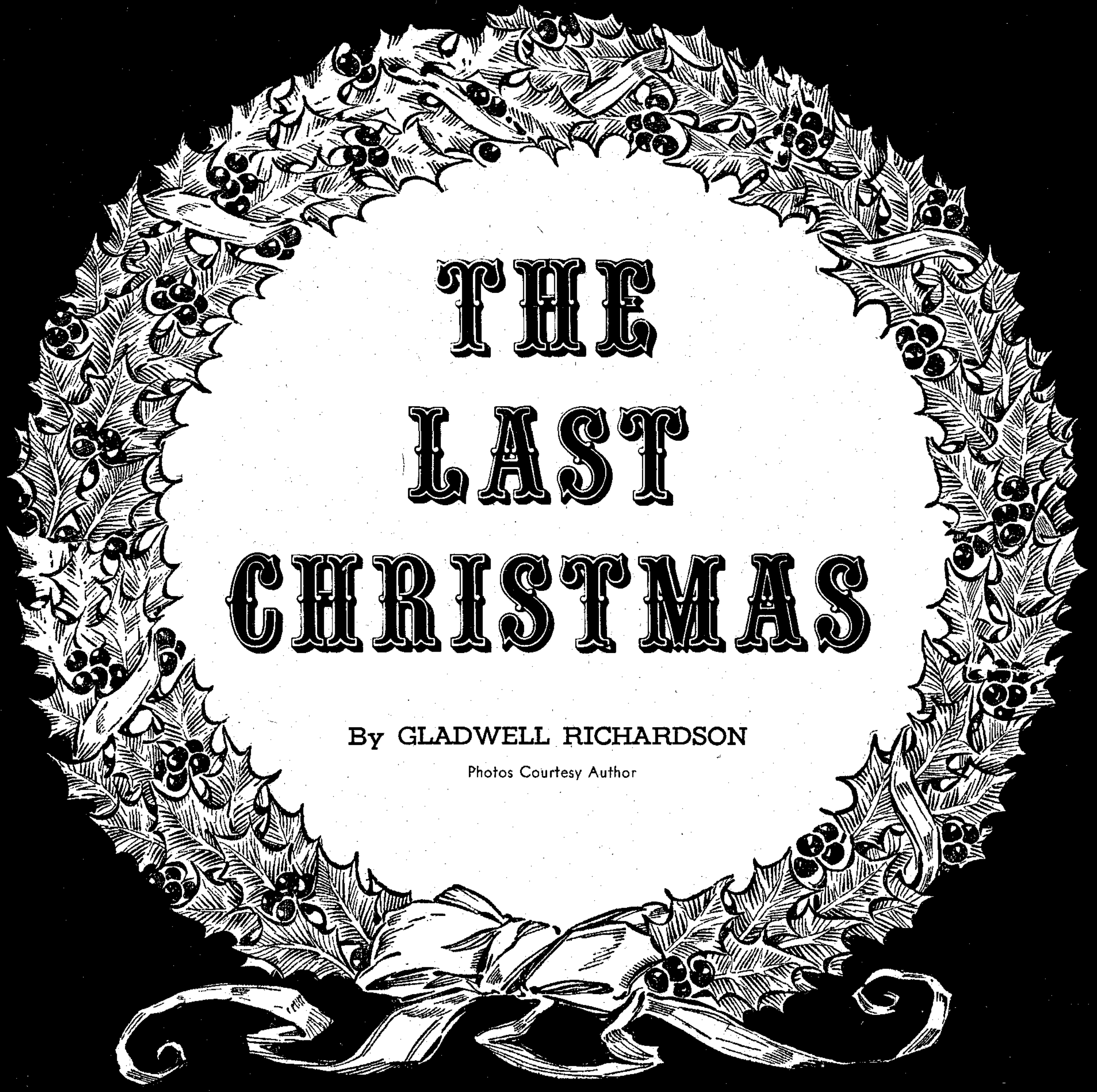


THE LAST CHRISTMAS

By GLADWELL RICHARDSON

Photos Courtesy Author

CHRISTMAS at Inscription House trading post, deep in the picturesque Navajo country of northern Arizona, represented the most important family event in our lives. No matter where her three children and in-laws might have wandered, Mother, whom we all called Susie, always expected them to be present on that momentous day.

Those hallowed Christmas holidays lasted one glorious and unforgettable decade, ending abruptly in 1938. The next year Susie left the trading post on Red Mesa to live in Flagstaff, 140 miles south.

Thereafter she usually had some of her children and grandchildren with her at Christmas time, but as a group we somehow lacked the interlocking spiritual closeness and understanding we had felt in the far country on the reservation.

Out there, back of beyond, each Christmas brought a special togetherness, somehow always more wonderful than the one before. Perhaps in each of us reposed a tinge of sadness, for we knew that they could hardly last forever. Time and death would bring them to conclusion. When they began in 1928 our oldest daughter, Cecile Darlene, was two and a half years old. She was the only grandchild in the family during the entire period we assembled under turquoise skies in the Navajo domain.

For those Christmases Susie held rigidly to one rule—family exclusively. Christmas Eve was the one time of the year when the store remained closed after sundown. Only on this occasion could the entire family be together without interruption. Indeed, barring an emergency it was the brief interlude in our lives when we enjoyed dinner together once a year.

For this fatted-calf feast Susie outdid herself in the culinary arts. She was long famous in the Navajo country for her bounteous meals with homemade condiments. This fact was mentioned in several newspaper and magazine articles and books. Travelers who knew, Indian Service and government officials, Indian traders and their families and Fred Harvey tour cars, always made certain of arriving at the post around eating time.

Often she produced a big, satisfying meal at odd hours for any and all arriving hungry. No one was ever charged for a meal. We who worked in the store ate in relays. It was never closed until the last Indian customer had gone into the deep night. If the roads were open, I cannot recall ever going to the table in my turn when at least two outsiders were not present at the dining table. Often there were two or three Indians—Navajos, Hopis or Piutes.

Susie believed in feeding people well. But no fancy fixings like special course dinners. Just a huge table in the dining room (there were two in the stone post building and a long sun porch was used in the summer time) sagging under the weight of filled bowls and heaped platters. Occasionally she served Arizona's famed mountain-grown pinto beans, known in the big Indian country as "desert strawberries." She had her own special way of cooking them, about which people often made glowing complimentary remarks.

Father, whom we always called by his initials, S. I., explained her method to an Indian agent who had commented to him, "I never ate beans as delicious as those!"

"She is the world's best bean boiler," S. I. replied indulgently. "Know how she does it? Puts a big ham in the pot, adds a quart of beans with the water. When the ham is done she throws the beans away!"

DURING our family Christmas our white employes were gone outside to civilization. The Indian help went home to their family hogans. But Christmas Day was always given over to our Indian customers. Presents were handed out to them, or whenever they came to the post at their convenience. Not infrequently deep snow delayed them.

Several days before Christmas Eve Susie personally selected a big piñon tree on the mesa. It was cut and set up in the long living room leading off the store. Its huge fireplace was back-to-back with the one in the dining room. (The first Christmas tree was in the dining room of the cook shack and there was no fireplace.) Only once did we bring a fir tree from the stock ranch behind the San Francisco Peaks at Flagstaff. One look and Susie refused to use it. She much preferred the branchy, perfumed piñon with the added scent of purple sagebrush.

The tree was decorated with small bells, colored glass globes, strings of popcorn and red cranberries, strips of tinsel and imitation icicles obtained from a mail order house catalogue. In the center ceiling was suspended a huge red paper bell of the accordion type which was used year after year.

From the bell, lines of vari-colored decorations and paper streamers radiated to every corner and side of the big white-walled living room. On a thick cotton mantle representing snow, directly beneath the tree, were stacked presents in colored wrappings and gay ribbons. All wall space between pictures and hanging blankets was taken up by hundreds of Christmas greeting cards from distant relatives and friends.

While the womenfolks were busily engaged in decorating and cooking, we boys and S. I. partook of a jug cached in the store under a pile of Navajo blankets (rugs). For this special occasion only, we were permitted to nip a few without being fussed at for having alcoholic drinks at the trading post.

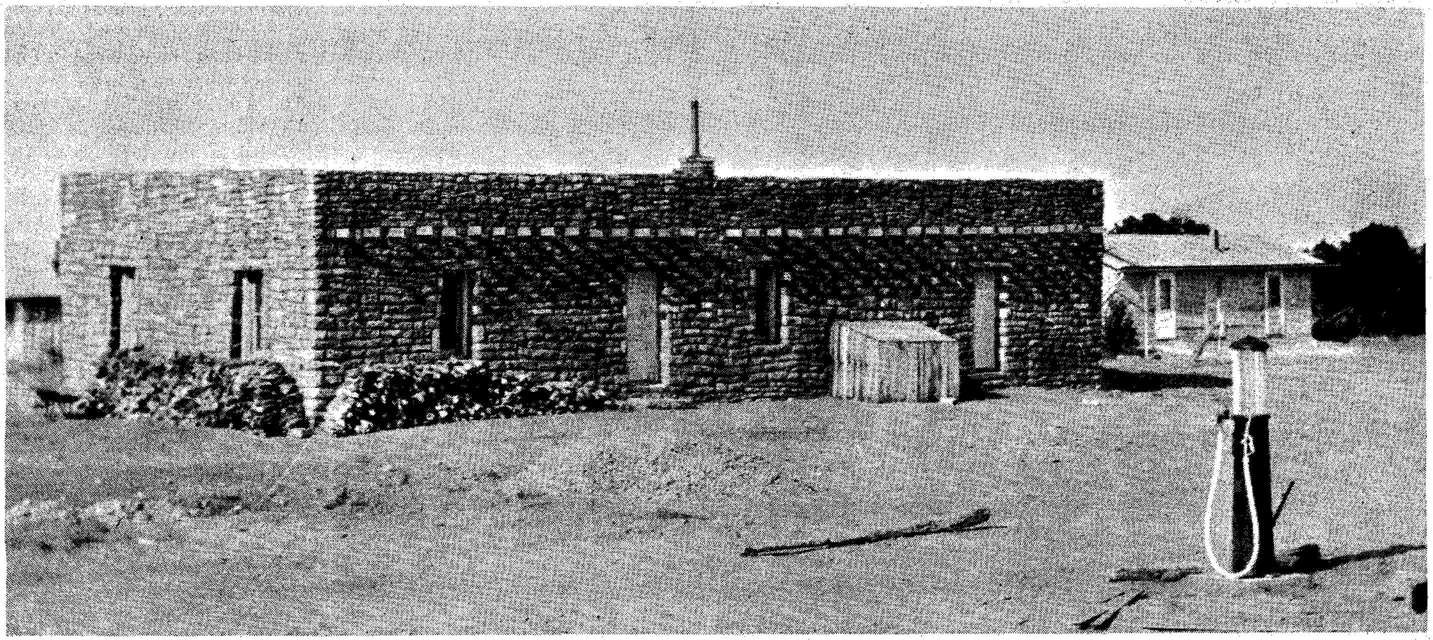
Christmas Eves were always identical. With the store front door barred, the family ate supper in the big dining room before the second fireplace blazing with piñon and cedar logs. Gasoline lights illuminated the banquet scene, with a few candles flickering in the dim recesses of far corners.

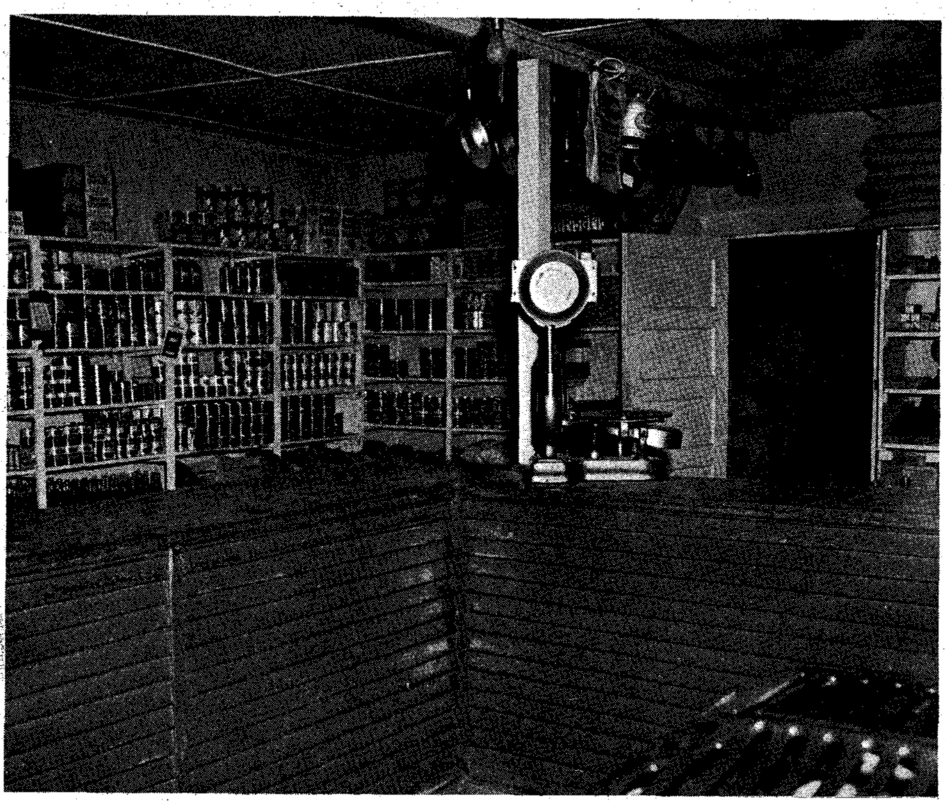
After the dishes were washed the family gathered around the tree in the living room. Meanwhile, either my brother Cecil or brother-in-law Ed Ford slipped into another room to don a red Santa Claus suit and mask that Susie provided every year. Cecile met Santa Claus that first Christmas of 1928, so excited that she could not sit still. His entrance followed an established routine. Advancing slowly from a side door he talked sonorously in a disguised voice.

"Ho, ho, ho! Well, little girl, have you been good this past year? Said your prayers every night and obeyed your parents and grandparents? But I cannot

The first Christmas tree, 1928. It was in the dining room of the cook shack.

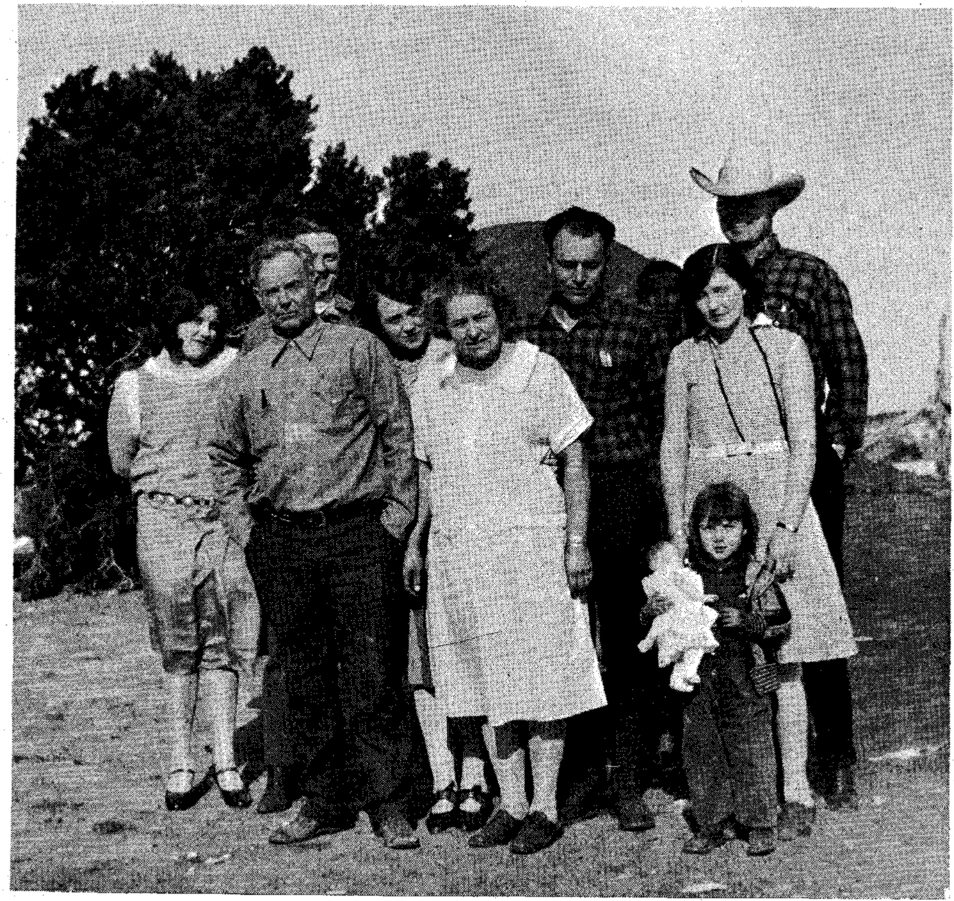
Below, the new Inscription House trading post soon after completion in 1929. The old store was in the wooden building to the right. The gas pump in right foreground was the first in the western Navajo country. Until the new stone store was built, gasoline was poured from metal drums. The wooden box in front of the post is the hay storage box moved over from the old building.





Above, the interior of the new rock trading post, as seen from the "bull pen." The open door leads into the warehouse. The building was constructed in 1929.

Below, the entire Richardson family at Christmas, 1928. From left to right, Irbymae Richardson Ford, S. I. Richardson, behind him Edward S. Ford, Alma Rogers Richardson, Susie Richardson, Cecil Richardson (presently sheriff of Coconino County, Arizona), Indian (unknown), Gladwell Toney Richardson, Millicent Green Richardson, and their daughter Cecile Darlene, aged 2½. This photo was taken in front of the original trading post.



tarry long, having so many more calls to make tonight. Do you have a kiss for Santa Claus?"

The first year it required considerable urging. But after that little Cecile hastily bussed the jolly mask because in a few minutes she would be transported into a dream world and showered with presents. Being the only grandchild those years, she queened it. Her loot filled one corner of the room. Days were required for her to get around to playing with all the toys. But once her interest waned she returned to the collie pups and cats.

LIKE ALL old-time Indian traders S. I. believed that the barest staples, dry goods and some necessary hardware, adequately stocked a trading post. All meals were prepared from the store grocery stock, except for meat bought from the Navajos. Anything else was unnecessary folderol. In the kitchen where Susie reigned supreme, she employed a hundred devices to elaborate upon the monotonous staples when preparing "company has come" meals. That was the way she expressed it.

Her handwritten orders to wholesalers for special items by the case were slipped to truck drivers who hauled our merchandise out from Flagstaff. Otherwise I brought back a grub supply for her on my infrequent trips to town. Some vegetables and melons were purchased from Indians in Navajo Canyon.

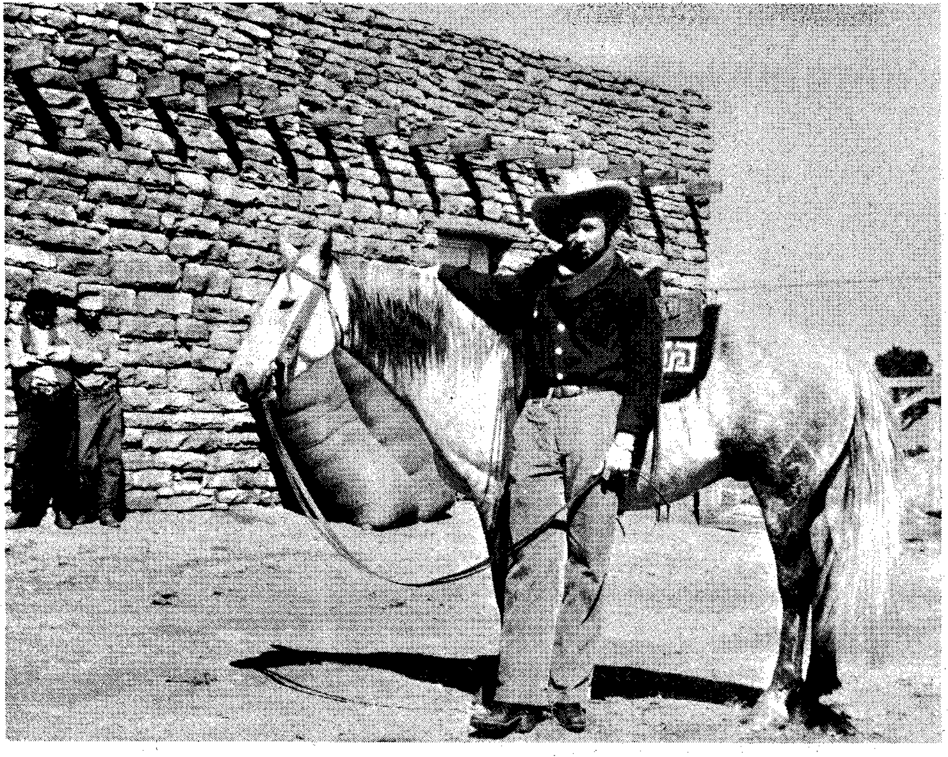
Since for Christmas she needed many extra items she started accumulating them in late summer and all fall. But turkey, lettuce, celery (New Mexico mountain-grown celery which is vastly different from the usual kind) and such easily come-by perishable foods arrived last, a week before Christmas.

Her Christmas Day menu, besides the usual turkey and brown sugar-baked ham, consisted of every other goody she could think of. Turkey dressing contained coarse rubbed sage which she grew in a garden behind the trading post. Her dinners were a gourmet's delight and we spent several days gorging.

She employed many ingenious methods in producing something one would not expect so far from nowhere. For instance, whipped cream for pumpkin and mince pies was contrived from condensed milk. The cans were boiled and buried in a deep snow bank. All bread—loaves, biscuits, buns and cinnamon rolls—was sour dough, started with boiled potato peelings. Ice cream, possible only with winter ice, was enriched with chopped cherries and peach preserves made from fruit brought out of nearby Navajo Canyon. She also used strawberry jam, brought out from town. Another form of quick ice cream was a bowl of fine snow mixed with condensed milk and sugar.

Especially for Christmas, but also occasionally served throughout the year, was a huge tamale, one of meal size. Everything in it came from local sources, the beef, tallow, Indian cornmeal, dried red pepper and the corn shucks in which it was wrapped. Later Millie used the same blue cornmeal to make tortillas. It was ground at the Bonito Park ranch north of Flagstaff.

Susie started cooking three weeks be-



The author in 1929, in front of Inscription House. With him is his favorite horse, "Blue."

fore, with Millie helping. Fruit cakes of several kinds were finished first and stored to age. Chocolate, fudge, caramel, fondants (white, green and red) and other assorted candies were also made and boxed. Roasted and salted nuts were purchased in bulk.

Christmas dinner always began in the same semi-ritualistic way. The family seated themselves quietly, Susie at one end of the long table and S. I. at the other. Then as oldest son, I and Millie and Cecile. Cecil and his wife, Alma, came next, and opposite us sister Irbymae and her husband, Ed Ford. A minute of complete silence preceded the saying of Grace. This was always given by Ed Ford.

The turkey was served to S. I. first and the baked ham to Susie. She would not eat turkey meat (and no chicken she raised herself at the post) and we never knew why, unless she inherited a Choctaw Indian clan taboo against it from her father.

After the amenities were over we were on our own. An hour later we could leave the table. Food was not removed, only the used dishes and silverware. New places were set and more coffee provided. The balance of the day and night, anyone desiring a tidbit helped himself.

We younger folks often danced in the bull pen of the store. The music was provided either by a spring winding record player or a battery powered radio. In that altitude we could receive stations at great distances, but favored Los Angeles and Albuquerque dance bands.

S. I. possessed his Scotch family trait of no sentimental nonsense. Never displaying emotion, and when rarely experiencing it he covered the fact with an icy, brusk manner. To him Christmas was just another day of the year, one costing money when people engaged in sheer foolishness. Not that he was the least "stingy," but why waste good money on something that never had more than sentimental value?

Susie purchased all gifts delivered in their names. His position was, "If I want to buy something for someone I'll do it right now, not wait for a special day to come along." The fact is that he did so, being most generous in many ways in remembering relatives and friends.

HIS ATTITUDE about Christmas included Susie. But one Christmas we changed his mind somewhat. That year more than anything else Susie wanted an antique Navajo silver belt that S. I. had for sale in the store. It was one of the first that silversmiths made before learning to solder a hook on the back of the conchas to fasten onto a leather belt. The old conchas had diamond-pointed holes cut through the center. A thin silver strap was left across the opening. The conchas were fastened onto the belt leather by a thong run over it.

She worried constantly that he would sell the valuable old belt to some rich tourist. During those years a few were stringing through the country inspecting remote places.

That Christmas Eve various members of the family tried talking him into giving it to her. Irbymae, the only daughter and the youngest in the family, could usually twist S. I. around one finger. But not this time so she appealed to me.

"Everyone has tried," she said. "Now you do it."

"He won't listen to me."

"You are the only one who can talk him into it!"

So I thought it over with many qualms. Time was running short to Christmas Eve supper. If approached right his tough armor could be pierced, but I could think of no sure-fire plan, so decided to just go ahead.

Folding the belt, I boxed and wrapped it, tying the package with ordinary store string. Placing it before him in the counter where he was leaning, I said, "S. I., write on it, 'To Susie with love. Irb.'" and handed him a pencil. (Mother always called him Irb because his name was Samuel Irby.)

He exclaimed, "I—God! I can get $350 for that belt any day!" Yet he went ahead and wrote as directed. In fact, he appeared well satisfied with the idea and actually beamed.

The next year he bought Susie a present of his own volition. Thereafter he did so occasionally for others, especially our two daughters, who were the first grandchildren in the family. When the mail went out a week before Christmas, Susie sent a pickup load of individual boxes packed with candy, nuts and fruit cake to Navajo children away from home at schools. Never did she forget any of them and often sent presents on special occasions. She always did for their birthdays and school graduation, including those at the Tuba City boarding school fifty-five miles south of the post.

On Christmas Day she gave Indians sacks of food, and clothing and shoes to children and needy adults. This was all brand new clothing and a few baby blankets, paid for with money she earned sewing squaw dresses and jackets. But she did sometimes receive financial help from friends in the midwest and eastern states. These donations were from people who once tarried awhile at the post and knew of her welfare work among the tribesmen.

Some would send new clothing, especially shoes. But they did not always realize what was appropriate or useful. One Christmas a woman in St. Louis dispatched two cases of women's shoes. Among them were several pairs of spiked heel, rhinestone buckle models. For weeks we were amused by just imagining an Indian woman trying to ride a horse, herd sheep, or negotiate rocks and sand dunes in them. But the spirit of helpfulness behind the donations for Navajo welfare was all that counted.

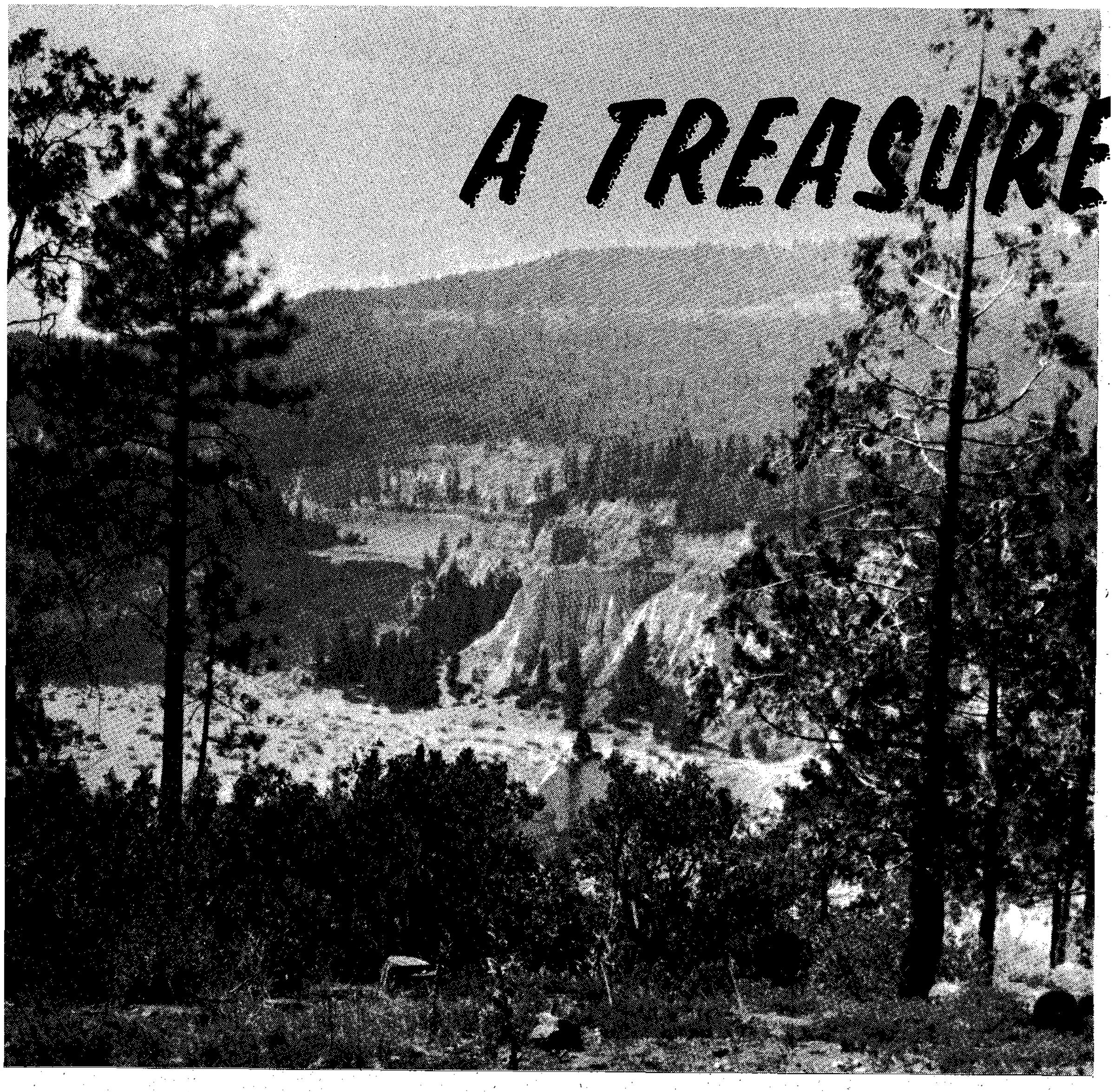
Every holiday season we gathered for the family reunion regardless of climatic risk. Cecil and his wife, Alma, came over from Kaibeto trading post which he managed as resident trader, and later from Tuba City (the western Navajo Indian Agency) where both taught the county public school.

Irbymae and Ed drove out from Flagstaff, and then from the old Crown Point, New Mexico agency where he was district supervisor fourteen years. Millie, Cecile and I went there from Flagstaff if not already at the post as resident traders.

Once we had to fight snow going in from Tonalea (Redlake), or get out quickly lest we be stormed in for the balance of the winter. No real road existed, just the one-way trace laid out in 1924 by S. I. and Cecil to Navajo Mountain, through the sagebrush, over sandhills and through canyons. Once we were all marooned there for four weeks. Only one time did it happen that roads

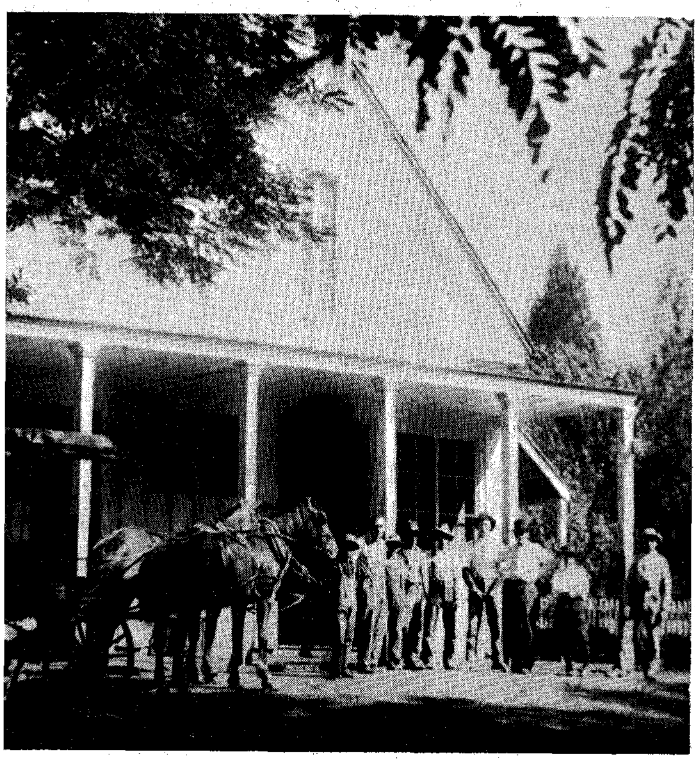
(Continued on page 62)

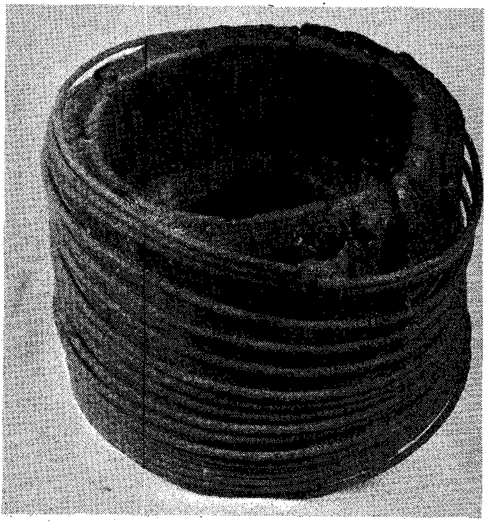
A TREASURE



Above, the Malakoff diggings, where thirty million yards of gold-bearing gravel were washed away to produce over three and a half million in gold.

Left, the North Bloomfield store and post office in the late 1880s or '90s.





Wooden wire-bound pipe such as this was used to carry water for early mine operations.

HAT TRIED TO STAY HIDDEN

—and it did a good job, considering the space involved was only 10 x 20 feet!

By ALBERT E. DAVIES

Photos Courtesy Author

MY FRIEND Oliver could tell many stories of his experiences in the early days of the Mother Lode. He was brought up in the mining country, worked in many of the mines and survived the up and downs of the industry.

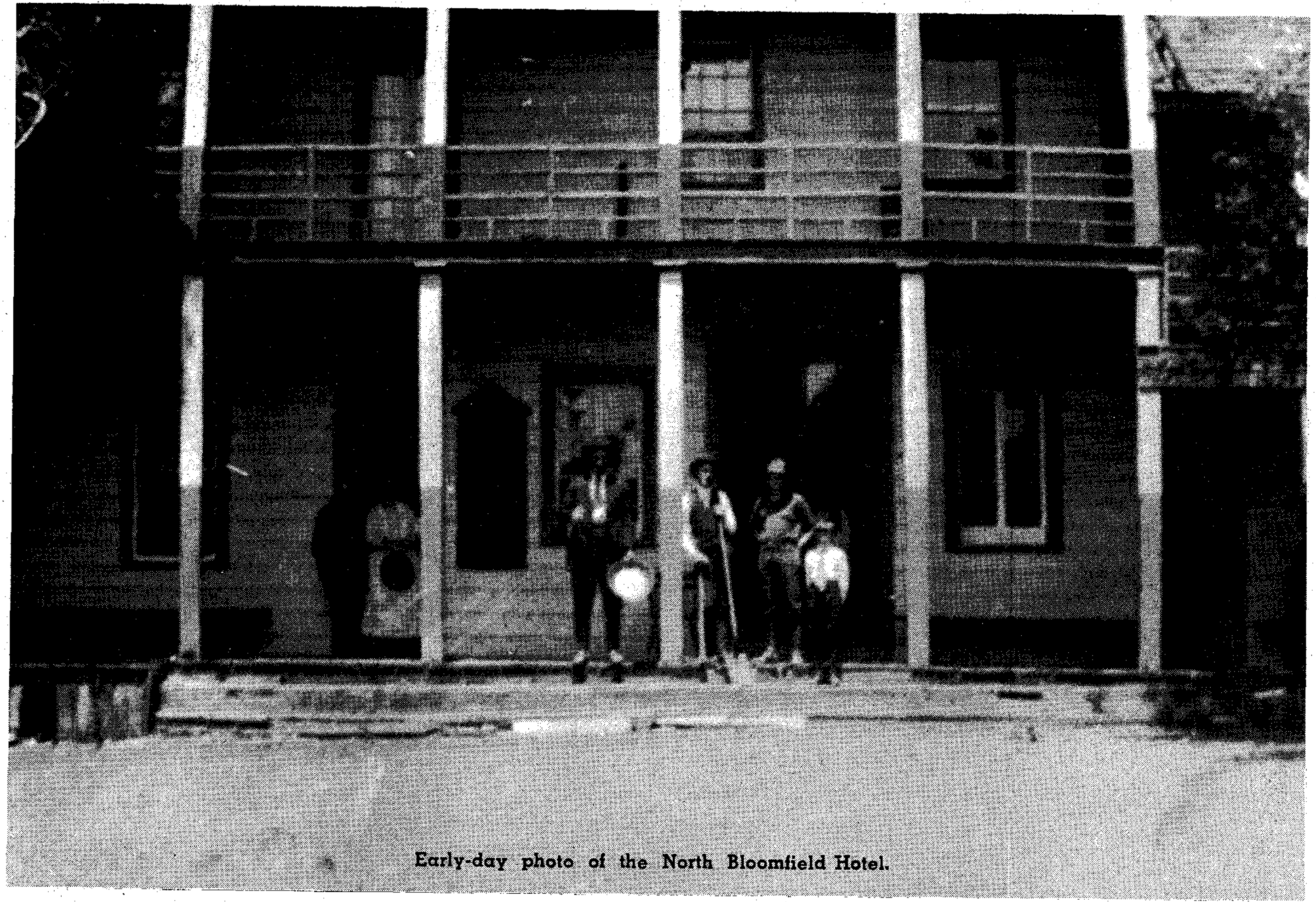
His great-aunt and her husband ran a hotel in North Bloomfield, California. The original small settlement had been dubbed Humbug by some prospectors who failed to make a strike there; later development, however, resulted in the finding of rich gold deposits so it did not stay Humbug very long. As the population increased, stores and other places of business were established and there was a natural demand for a better name. Bloomfield was the name agreed upon but when a request for a post office was made it developed that there was another Bloomfield in California so the town was called North Bloomfield.

As far as the production of gold was concerned, with the advent of hydraulic mining the great Malakoff, with headquarters at North Bloomfield, produced three and a half million in gold between 1866 and 1884. At one time North Bloomfield had almost two thousand permanent residents and was one of the more prominent towns in the district. Even in a Nevada County mining and business directory, published by John Edmund Poingdestre in 1895, North Bloomfield was still going strong. Miner, carpenter, farmer, teamster, butcher, timber man, blacksmith, lawyer, stableman, doctor, schoolteacher, general merchandise storekeeper, hotel keeper and saloon keeper were among the classifications listed.

Mr. and Mrs. Molaris—Oliver's kin—operated the early-day hotel in North Bloomfield, and as was usual in hotels of those days, a bar and dining room were a part of the establishment. It took the two of them full time and long hours to run the place. The stage which ran from Nevada City to Graniteville changed horses at North Bloomfield and in bad weather passengers sometimes laid over there. This always made extra business and there was little chance for either of the proprietors to get away. Anyway it was a long, hard, full-day's trip over the Blue Tent Road even with a good team. The road was cut down the side of a deep canyon to Edwards Crossing of the North Fork of the Yuba River, where it was then necessary to climb out of the canyon on the opposite side and drive along the ridge for many miles to reach Nevada City. This was where the nearest bank was located. In addition to the difficulties of travel was the ever present chance of robbery, as bandits were always on the watch for the lone traveler.

These conditions made it necessary for people in business to devise their own methods of keeping coin. Under the hotel there was about a ten-by-twenty dug basement which was used for storage so it became the habit of Molaris, after everyone had retired for the night, to take their extra coin down into this basement for concealment. His wife was always busy closing up for the night so she never knew exactly where or how their gold was hidden. She did raise the question one time and they started down to the basement so he could show her, but just at that moment she heard the steps of a customer entering above and had to return to serve him.

MOLARIS died very suddenly and as his widow did not feel that she could run the hotel alone, Oliver's dad came up to help wind up her affairs. She explained that the profits of many years were banked somewhere in the dug basement of the hotel. In due time he went down there to try to locate the buried gold. A week's casual poking around did not locate the cache and as his aunt was unable to be of any help, it was

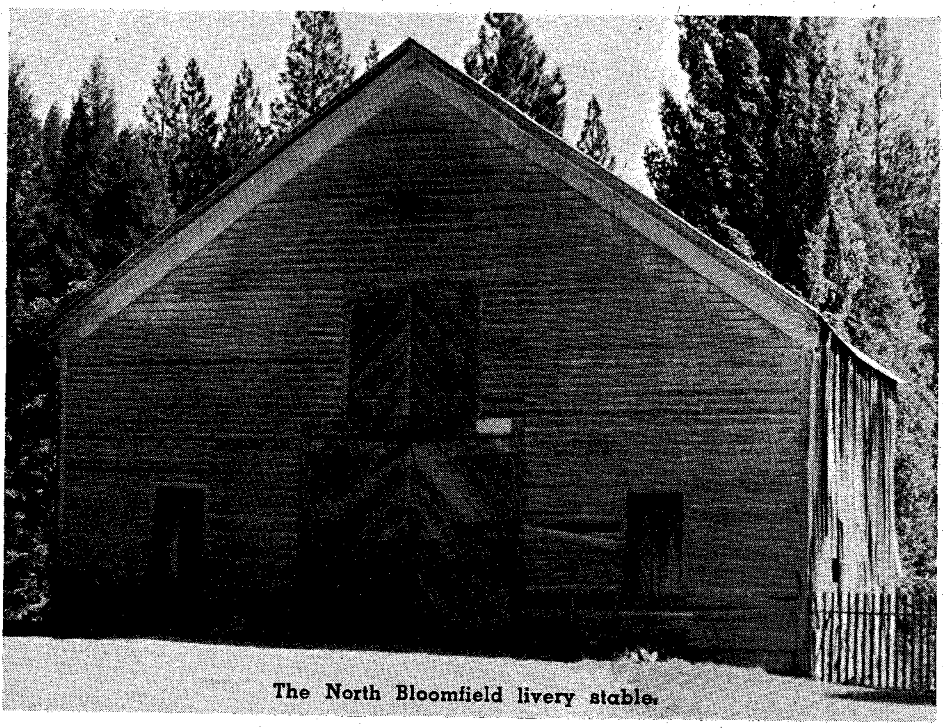


Early-day photo of the North Bloomfield Hotel.

decided that a systematic excavation would have to be made.

When pulling out and thoroughly examining everything that was stored ended with no better results, a careful examination of the dirt floor was made. No disturbed earth was visible in the floor anywhere around the dirt walls. The question was raised of whether the gold could have been taken anywhere outside for burial but there was no outside entrance and Mrs. Molaris was sure that it had to be somewhere in the basement. Digging into the side walls was started, with all of the moved earth being piled in the center. This job went on steadily for a month with no conventional containers of any kind being found.

By this time the widow was getting desperate. She had about four thousand dollars in the safe of the bar, but that would not keep her for the rest of her life, and since she could not run the hotel alone, it would be necessary for her to obtain some sort of employment. Housekeeping and dressmaking were about her only qualifications.



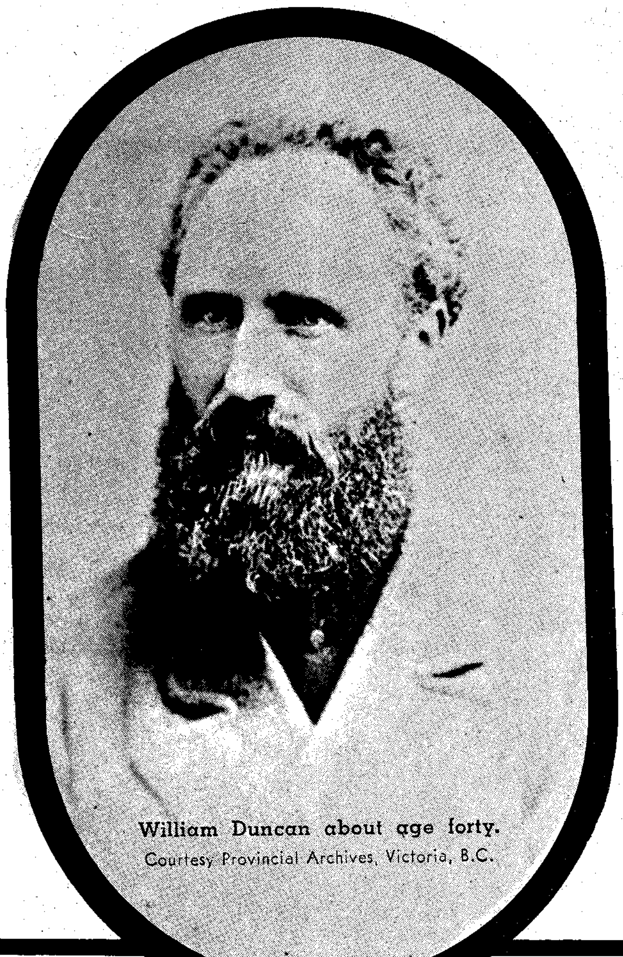
The North Bloomfield livery stable.

After lighting the oil lamps one evening, she and Oliver's dad were talking over the situation and during the conversation Mrs. Molaris was asked if she knew of any old drain lines or other pipes which had ever run through the ground under the hotel. Metal pipe was scarce at the time, and most water pipes were made of wooden staves bound with wire; other wooden pipes of five- to seven-foot lengths were made of drilled logs and then hewn to shape.

The next day they again went into the basement and search was begun for the pieces of pipe which had been thrown into the piled dirt dug from the walls. The first piece found seemed heavy and was packed with mud. When some of the silt was dug away a wad of paper was revealed and when this was pulled out a stream of twenty-dollar gold pieces poured forth.

With hope revived, a further search of the walls was made, then came the job of again moving all of the piled dirt which, in the center, reached up to the floor joists. After all of the discarded pieces of pipe were found and emptied of their contents, about $30,000 in gold pieces had been retrieved, this being in the day when little but hard money was in circulation in California.

DUNCAN WINTERED IN HEAVEN



William Duncan about age forty.
Courtesy Provincial Archives, Victoria, B.C.

By FRANCIS DICKIE

Photos Courtesy Author

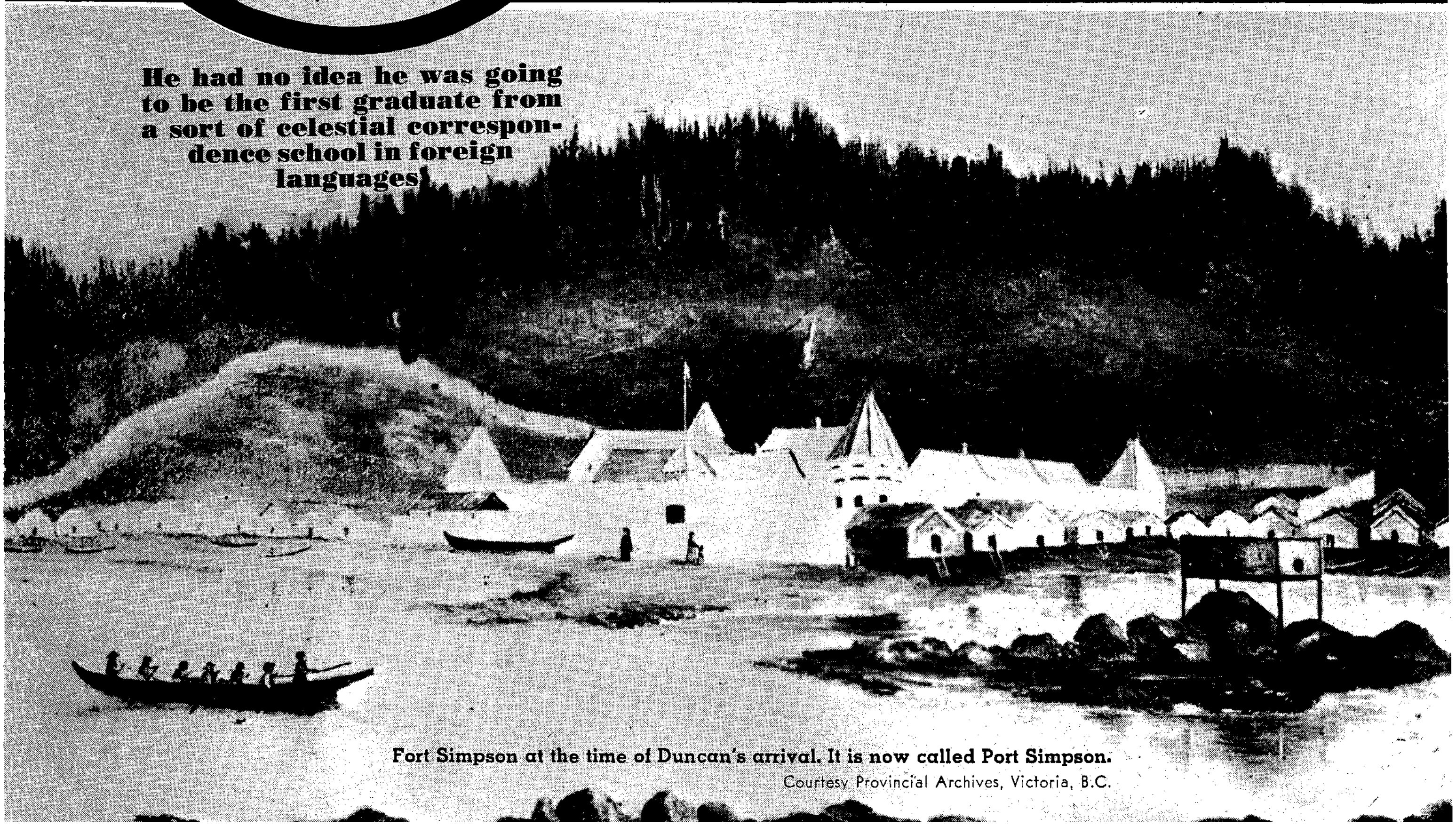
HOW Father Duncan went to heaven for the winter sounds like a miracle. In a way it was, because his faithful Indian helper, Klah, seemed to make Duncan accomplish this dramatic feat.

William Duncan was the first missionary to the Indians on the northern coast of British Columbia. He arrived at the Hudson's Bay Post of Fort Simpson in the late autumn of 1857. A dozen years later he was given the title "Father" because of his successful founding of two Indian villages which thrived under his cooperative plan. These were Metlakatla in British Columbia and Metlakatla in Alaska.

Fort Simpson (now Port Simpson) was strongly fortified by a high stockade in 1859. Along the top of this enclosure were six brass cannons. The factor was

(Continued on page 42)

He had no idea he was going to be the first graduate from a sort of celestial correspondence school in foreign languages



Fort Simpson at the time of Duncan's arrival. It is now called Port Simpson.
Courtesy Provincial Archives, Victoria, B.C.

RAMONA'S REAL FAM

This year marks the eighty-fifth anniversary of the publication of Helen Hunt Jackson's epic of the American Indian, *Ramona.* Like any octogenarian, it's a bit creaky, but the vitality of the real events and people it depicts keeps the book in print and draws thousands each spring to the Ramona Pageant in Hemet, California.

The true love story of Ramona's "parents" could make another novel. Her Scotch father and Indian mother are based on Hugo Reid and his beautiful Indian wife, Dona Victoria, whose interracial romance was infinitely more poignant than the hackneyed affair assigned them in *Ramona.*

By BERNICE L. LIFTON

Photos Courtesy Author

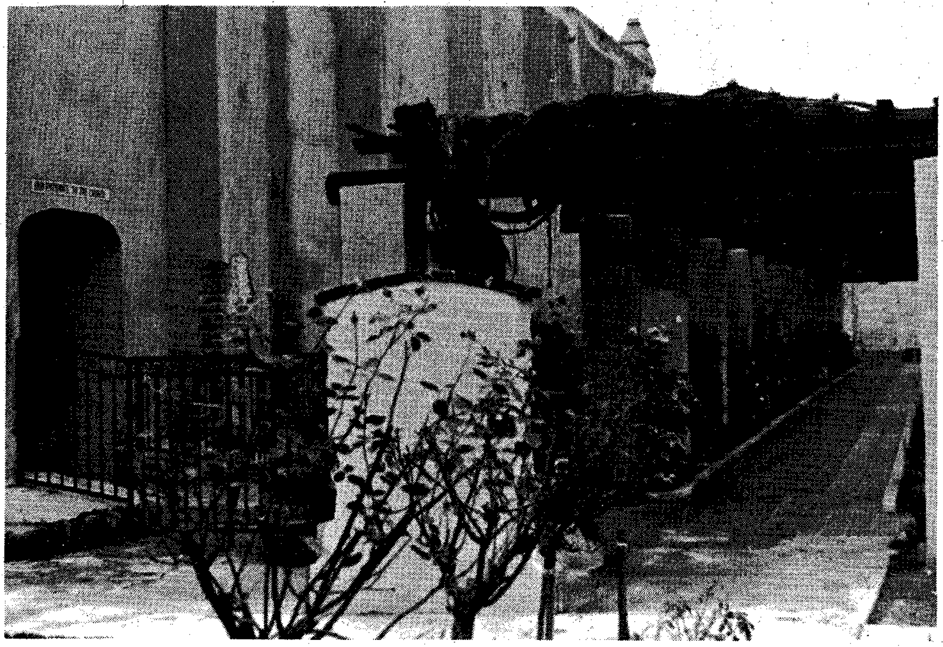
THE MUSIC and laughter of a wedding fiesta rang out on Doña Eulalia Perez' Rancho San Pascual. Though it was the harvest season in the community around the Mission San Gabriel in California, in September 1837, the *paisanos* were taking time from managing their vast lands to give the *novios* (newlyweds) a splendid send-off.

The solemn nuptial mass in the mission church had been followed by a three-hour luncheon feast, prelude to a week of parties and dances. Most of the merry-making took place at night in a cloth pavilion built on the Perez place especially for this wedding. Within the huge three-sided tent, San Gabriel's *dons* in brilliant velvet suits feasted and danced with their ladies, whose lace *mantillas* and colorful shawls added swirling movement to the vivid, candle-lighted pageant.

The festivities seemed deliberately planned to give the young couple as little privacy as possible, and for long hours every night the impatient lovers had to amuse their guests with their skillful dancing. In one dance, called La Bamba, the bride balanced a glass of water atop her black coiffure, while she moved a silken hobble from her ankles to her knees and back again, never missing a beat with her tapping shoes. She and her new husband joined their guests hour after hour in the other dances of nineteenth century California, El Jarabe, El Borrego and the novel waltz. Since the groom was a talented musician, he was called on over and over to entertain.

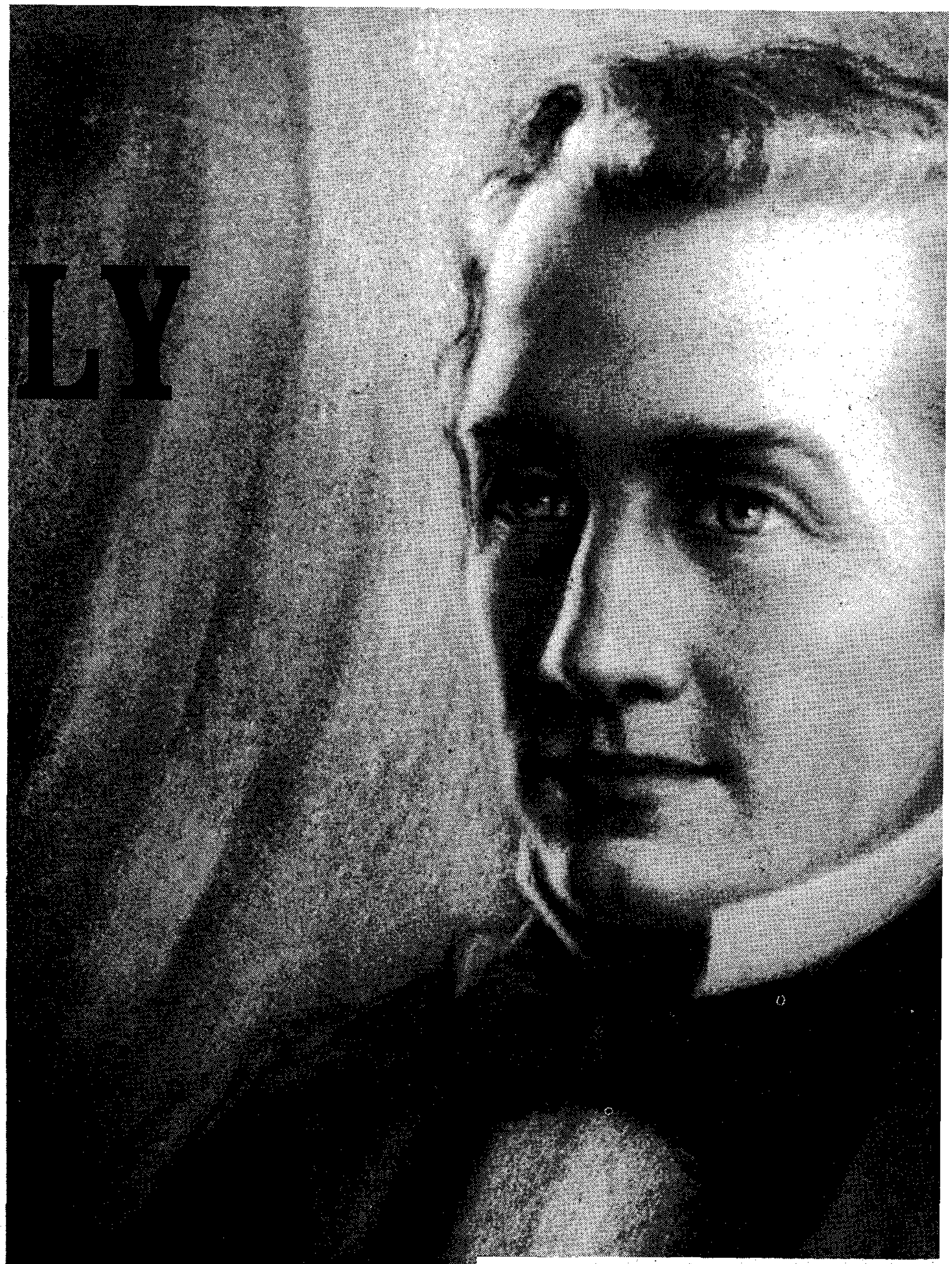
But underneath the endless gaiety of this wedding glittered a chilly layer of ice, for some guests, particularly those of the *gente de razon* (the highest caste) strongly disapproved of the match. If it weren't that Dona Eulalia was the revered matriarch of San Gabriel, they might have found reasons to ignore their invitations.

The groom was an unconventional young Scotsman, Hugo Reid, who had flouted the local mores by taking to wife an Indian woman. To the disadvantage

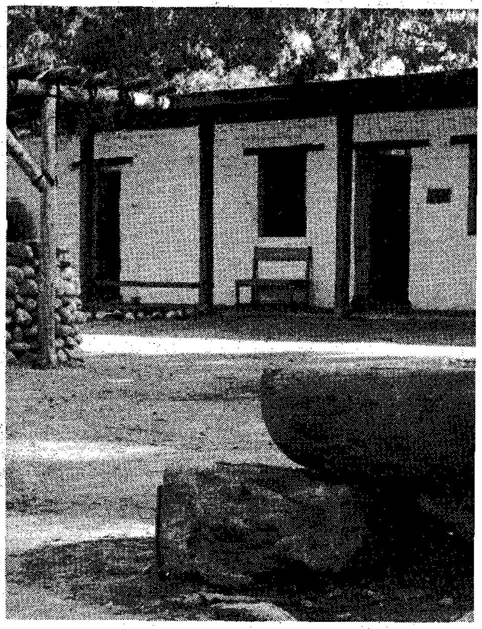


Left, is historic Mission San Gabriel, with a view of the church and arbored walk. Here the infant Bartolomea Comacrabit was baptized, and twenty-seven years later married to Hugo Reid, who decided to call her Victoria. Shortly before the end of the Mexican War, Reid and William Workman acquired title to the mission.

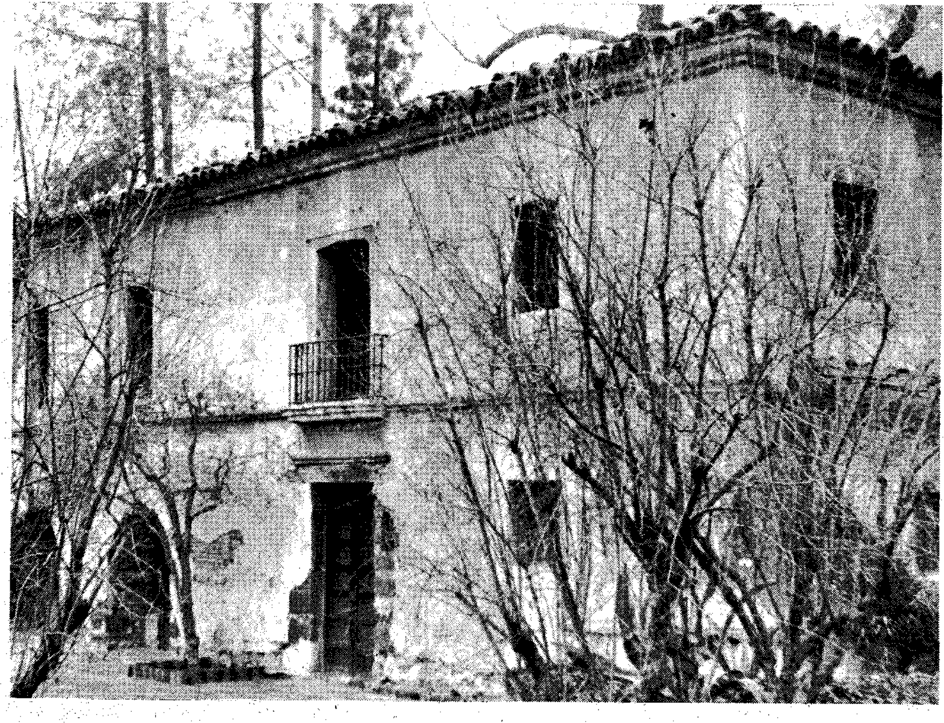
LY



Above, a portrait of Hugo Reid. No contemporary portrait of the "Scotch Paisano" has been found. This likeness, painted by B. Ward McIvor about 1950, is based on extensive research and suggestions by Mr. Thomas Temple, whose grandparents and great-uncle were close friends of Reid. It is displayed in California's Constitution Hall in Monterey.

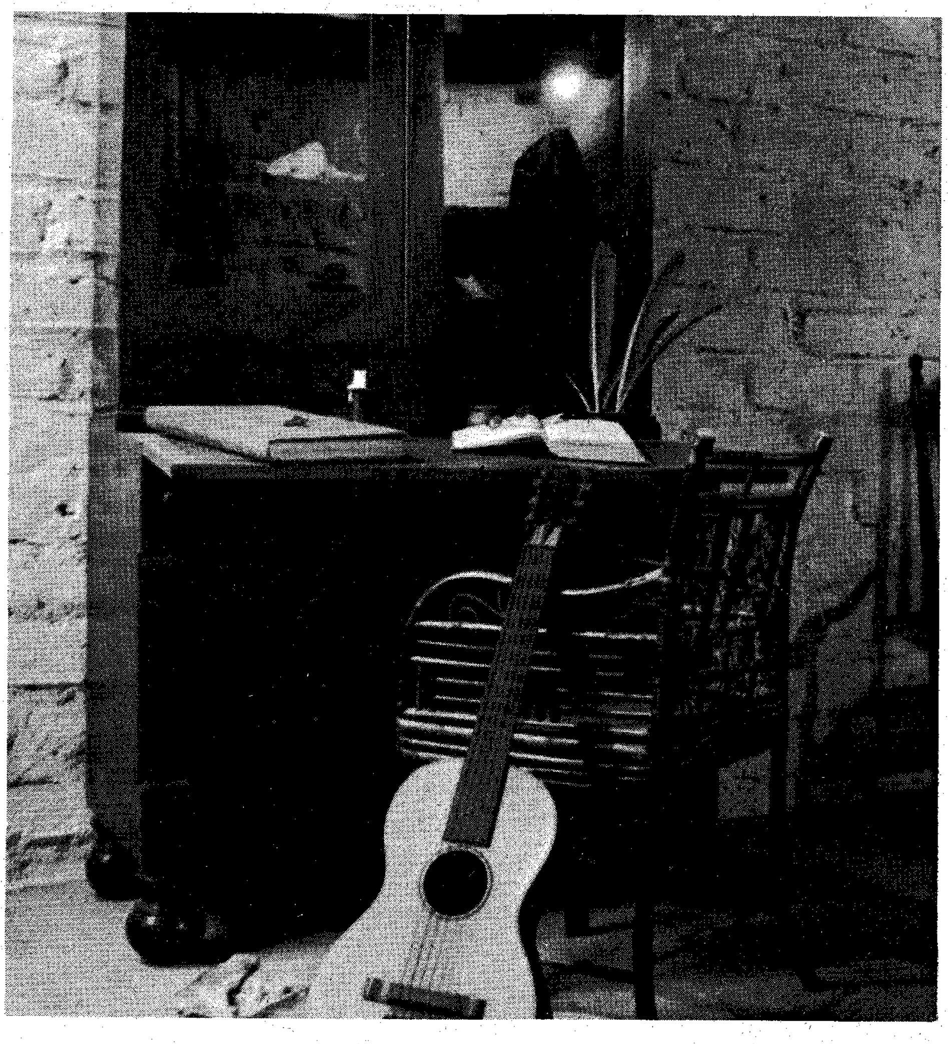


Right, the Hugo Reid adobe as seen from its walled courtyard. This authentic restoration, dedicated in 1961, is based on a thorough archaeological investigation of the site. The cistern in foreground is an Indian artifact.



Above, *El Molino Viejo*, The Old Mill. It was built between 1812 and 1816 to grind grain for the Mission San Gabriel. An engineering mistake caused dampness in the floor and led to the building's abandonment after only a few years. When Hugo Reid bought the holdings of the mission he acquired the building. Members of the Henry Huntington family later made it their home. Today it houses the Southern California branch of the California Historical Society.

Below, the adobe interior. The scholarly Reid's cherished books and writings might have filled such an American Empire secretary. The elaborate rattan chair could have been a souvenir of his trading trips to the Orient. A guitar like this often enriched his fine singing.



of her race, she added the burden of being a widow with four children.

Their love story, altered to fit a nineteenth century stereotype, was used by Helen Hunt Jackson in her novel, *Ramona*, where Hugo Reid appears as Ramona's derelict father, Angus Phail. Since Reid's writings were rich source material for Mrs. Jackson, he was in a double sense Ramona's father. But his outspoken championing of the Indians of California earned him a measure of immortality beyond that of the degraded squaw man protrayed in *Ramona*.

HUGO REID was born in 1810 in Cardross, Scotland to a family of merchants. His parents were prosperous enough to educate their scholarly son at Cambridge, where he was a classmate of Charles Darwin. He might have remained a storekeeper in the town where Robert Bruce had died and Robert Burns had written poetry, if he hadn't fallen in love with a girl named Victoria. She jilted him just before their wedding.

To forget her the disappointed lover fled Cardross, seeking adventure in the far corners of the earth. In the 1820s South America was about as far a corner from Scotland as one could find.

For a while he worked in Lima, Peru, as a storekeeper for the English trader, Henry Dalton. Apparently he used a well-tried way to drown his grief, for a contemporary letter describes him, after downing beer, pudding and six bottles of wine one Christmas day, as "Sturdy Mac, laying on his back, Old Reed (sic)."

After a time Dalton sent him to the Mexican goldrush town of Hermosillo to set up a *tienda* (store) catering to the miners. But the Mexican gold rush petered out, and Reid left Dalton's service. With his friend, the physician William Keith, he sailed to Los Angeles, where they opened their own *tienda* in partnership with Jacob Leese.

The young ladies of the pueblo were delighted with the new *tienda*. In their parents' youth one had had to ride thirty-five miles to the harbor at San Pedro to exchange the hides and tallow of the *ranchos* for the cargos of the trading vessels anchored offshore. Now, in 1834, there were several shops in the center of town where they could find Cashmere shawls, laces, silk stockings, and all the finery which transforms a female into a woman.

Here their mothers could buy English and American furniture to soften austere adobe homes, and table delicacies to liven up monotonous meals. Their fathers could look over new farm tools and, if they could read, might browse through newspapers and magazines not over two years old.

Even though prices in the *tiendas* were often three-hundred times higher than those on the East Coast of the United States, the girls were eager to visit the new store. Probably one of the three young men who owned it would wait on them. They hoped it wouldn't be the disagreeable Jacob Leese. The American Dr. Keith was pleasant enough, but the one whose service they really enjoyed was the tall blond Hugo Reid. If they'd heard his story, they probably liked his attentions even more.

Young Anglos were welcome in the pueblo, where many of them found it easy to fall in love with one of the high-caste *hijas de pais* (native daughters). Conversion to Catholicism and embracing Mexican citizenship seemed a small price to pay for a wife whose whole education taught her how to please a man, and whose dowry often made him a great landholder.

The handsome Reid, his Scotch burr softened by fluent Spanish, was a man to quicken a girl's pulse. An accomplished raconteur, a talented singer and guitarist, he had a friendly manner enhanced by his natural Scots reticence. The knowledge that his quiet sense of humor covered a broken heart was an invitation to console him. No wonder the excited *señoritas* and their hopeful mothers planned *bailes* and *meriendas* (parties and picnics) to fill his spare time.

THEIR hopes were soon ashes, for a beautiful young Indian who came to shop at the *tienda* caught Reid's eye. She was Bartoloméa Comacrabit, wife of an elderly mission Indian and mother of his three children. It seemed to be an impossible romance, but for Hugo Reid there was no other.

California's Indians in the 1830s were the drudges on whose backs the social and economic order rested. Although brave enough to build their courage by covering their bodies with red ants, even swallowing the insects, they had allowed themselves to become childlike ciphers in the mission system.

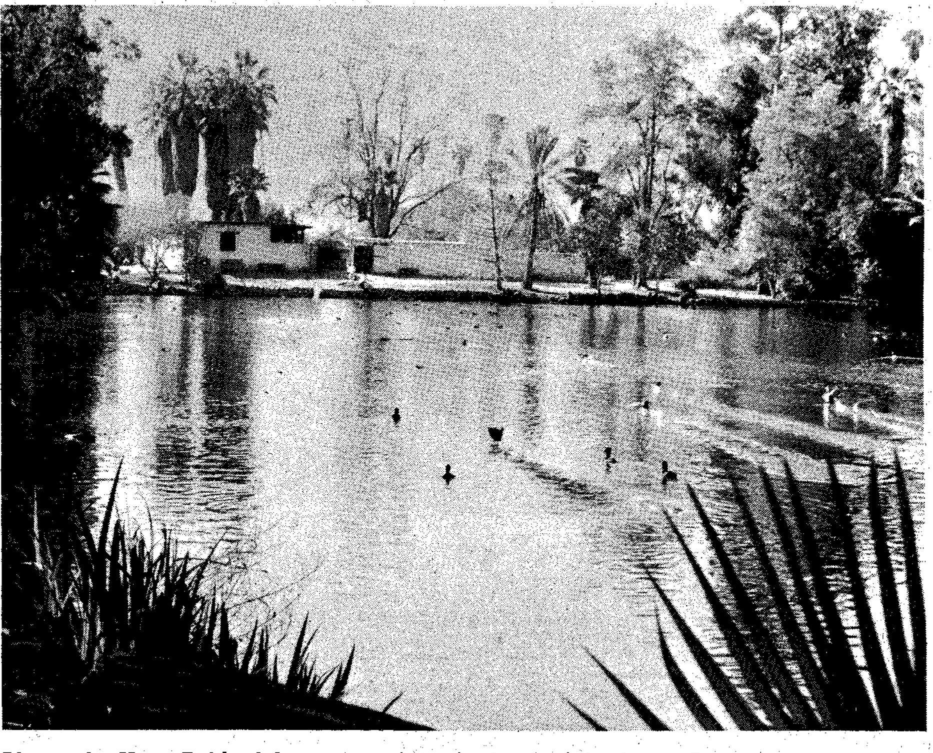
Bartoloméa, granddaughter of one of Alta California's most powerful chieftains, had been taken from her parents at the age of six and raised like a nun at the Mission San Gabriel. There she and the daughters of other Indian families were taught needlework and the Catholic faith by a white *llavera* (housemother), Doña Eulalia Perez. At thirteen the girls were married to adolescent boys, from whom they'd been kept rigidly separated during childhood.

But the beautiful and intelligent Bartoloméa had caught the eye of the sympathetic Doña Eulalia. The wise old woman guided the girl into a serene marriage with Pablo, a middle-aged Indian of as proud lineage as the girl's own. Doña Eulalia took the couple to live on her Rancho San Pascual, where Pablo helped her run the ranch, and Bartoloméa bore her children, the first when she was fourteen.

During her years with Doña Eulalia, the teen-aged Indian wife acquired the speech and graces of a high-born Castilian lady, as well as the considerable skills needed for nineteenth century housekeeping. Through her patroness' efforts she also received title to her hereditary tribal lands, Rancho Santa Anita and Huerta del Cuati, about 20,000 acres. She was one of the few Indians ever to own land under Mexican rule.

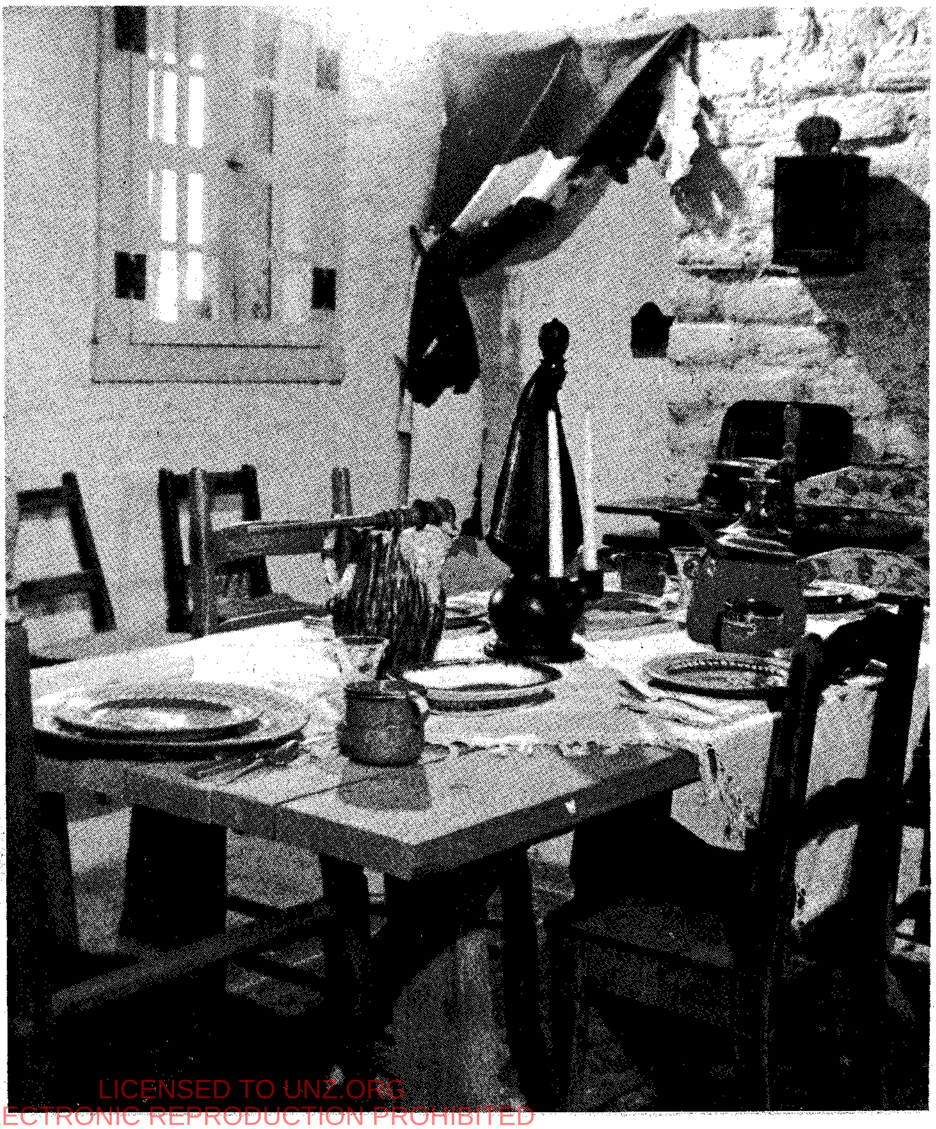
At the time Reid met her, she was twenty-five years old, a slender, elegant beauty. Her proud carriage, magnificent

(Continued on page 44)



Above, the Hugo Reid adobe as seen from the bank of the Santa Anita Lagoon, the only spring-fed lake in Southern California. The adobe and lagoon are features of the Los Angeles State and County Arboretum in Arcadia, California.

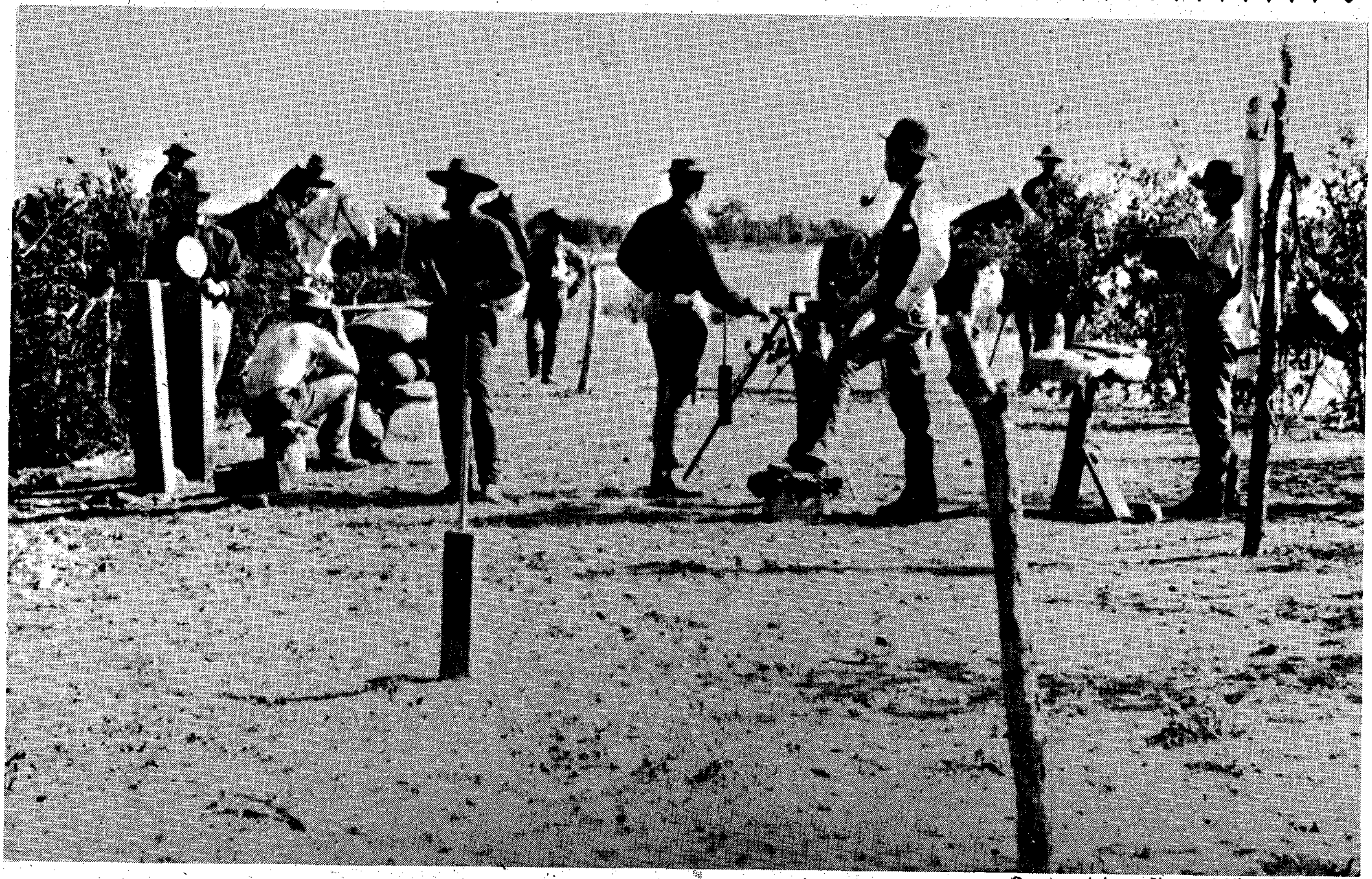
Below, the adobe dining area. The Reids were gourmets, and probably served their meals on a country-Mexican trestle table like this. Pottery, dishes, and glassware came "round the Horn" from Boston.



The heliograph gave Nelson Miles the edge over Geronimo's Apaches . . .

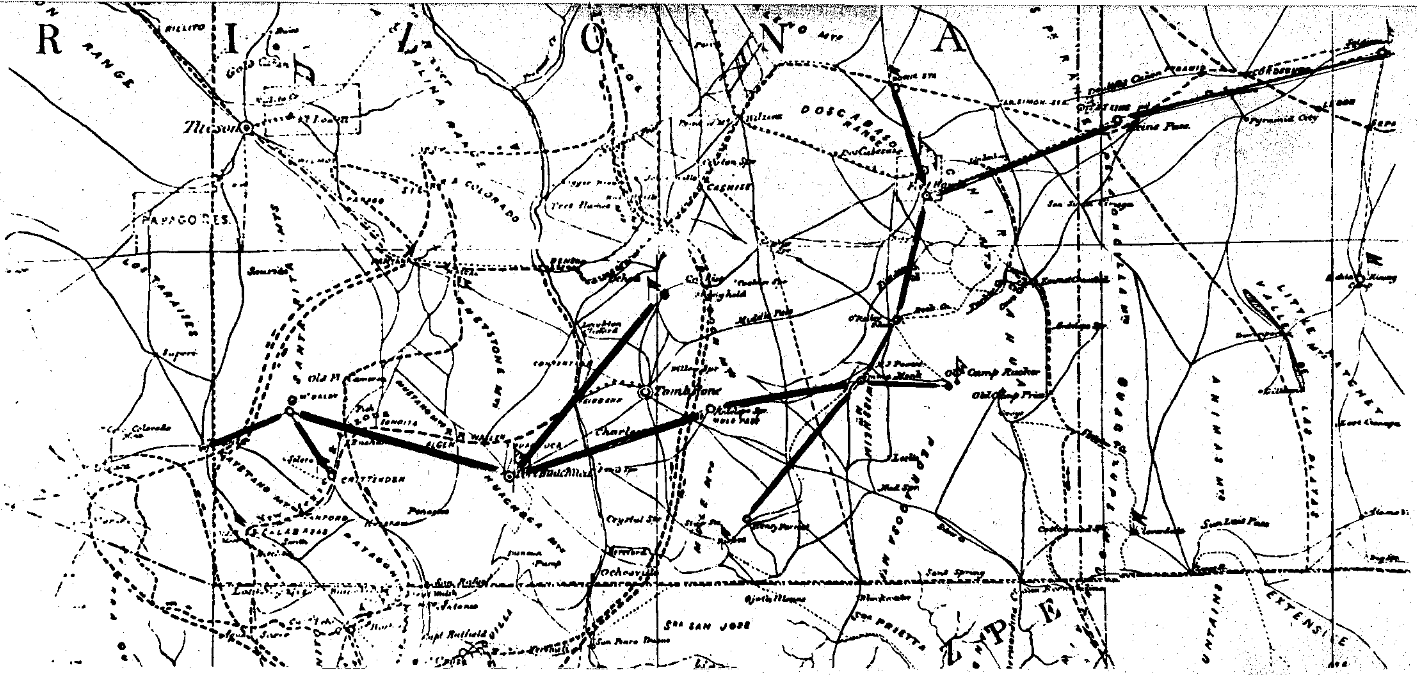
By ROGER E. KELLY

Photos Courtesy Author



Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

Station No. 3 in 1886. From left to right, Pvt. Miller (at the circular mirror), Pvt. Allen (at telescope), Lt. Fuller (holding binoculars), Cpl. Swope (at heliograph), Sgt. Wade (with pipe), and Pvt. Bowker (writing). Others unidentified. Note the posts near Miller which are aligned to another station, probably No. 4. Allen may be sighting toward "Helen's Dome." Heliograph in use is probably a Grugan, but the circular mirror may be a Mance, although Fuller does not list one for this station. Photo possibly by C. S. Fly.

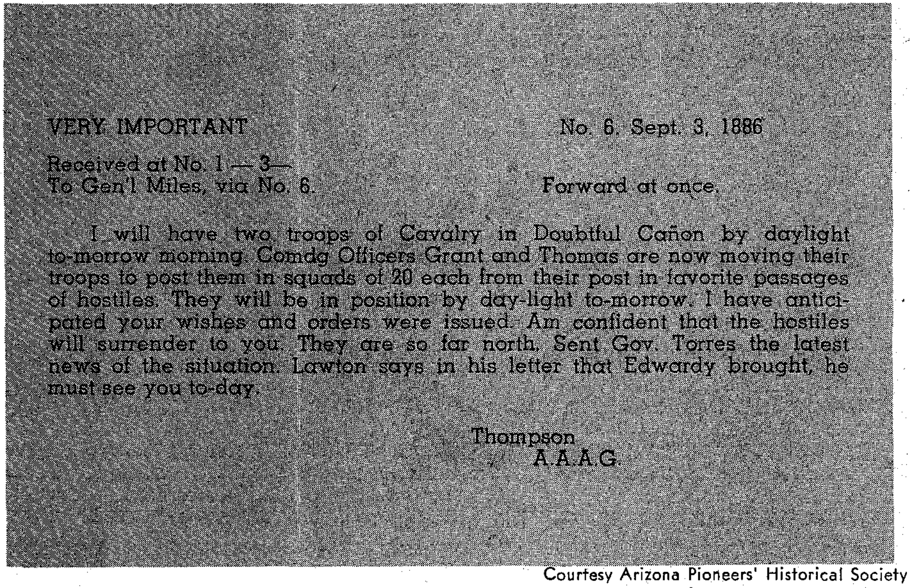


Map showing Arizona heliograph lines in 1886. The map is from Gen. Miles' 1886 report to the Secretary of War. Lines between stations have been darkened for clarity.

NAMES such as Cochise, Geronimo, Crook, and Miles are familiar to anyone interested in the bloody military struggles against various Apache groups in the Southwest. But an interesting aspect of the Army's efforts, that of the use of heliograph communication, has received little attention. The use of the ever-present southwestern sun was, in a real sense, a forerunner of today's sophisticated Army communication systems. With heliograph instruments, military messages were sent quickly over long distances with less danger of misinterpretation or interruption than by flags, courriers, or devices using wire.

As early as the Civil War, the Union Army experimented with small hand-held mirrors but little official action was taken until the late 1870s when further experiments were conducted near Washington, D. C. In the meantime, the British Army had effectively used heliographs during African and India campaigns. These instruments were military adaptations of heliographs patented by Sir Henry C. Mance in 1877. American officers imported two Mance heliographs in the late 1870s and were successful in sending messages about thirty miles. While refinements on the British instruments were accomplished by Army officers, Chief Signal Officer A. J. Myer expressed the official opinion that heliographs were "auxiliary, and auxiliary only, to other and safer appliances." They were operated by a key mechanism which quickly moved a mirror, thus cutting the reflected sunlight flash aimed at a receiving station, but the action of the key was clumsy and needed constant re-adjustment. These early models were also heavy, unhandy, and lacked interchangeable parts.

Below, copy of a message sent during the Geronimo campaign. This message relates to the movement of troops to the Skeleton Canyon area immediately prior to Geronimo's surrender. Copy taken from the message records of station 6.



VERY IMPORTANT No. 6. Sept. 3, 1886

Received at No. 1 — 3—
To Gen'l Miles, via No. 6. Forward at once.

I will have two troops of Cavalry in Doubtful Cañon by daylight to-morrow morning. Comdg Officers Grant and Thomas are now moving their troops to post them in squads of 20 each from their post in favorite passages of hostiles. They will be in position by day-light to-morrow. I have anticipated your wishes and orders were issued. Am confident that the hostiles will surrender to you. They are so far north. Sent Gov. Torres the latest news of the situation. Lawton says in his letter that Edwardy brought, he must see you to-day.

Thompson
A.A.A.G.

Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

In the early 1880s, First Lieut. E. C. Grugan of the Signal Corps patented a "heliotrope" which differed radically from the previous models. Grugan's device had circular mirrors which were larger and which included a spring-action multi-leafed screen which cut the sunlight flash. This improvement made the flash of light "fixed" in relation to the sun and the receiving station. Between 1881 and 1886, Lt. B. M. Purssell, then in charge of the Division of Military Signalling of the Signal Corps, modified the Grugan model by strengthening the moving parts and reducing the mirror size.

After the initial success of the heliograph in the last Apache campaigns, a board of officers was ordered to design a more efficient device for general Army use. By 1888, the board had designed a strong, compact, lightweight heliograph which was used until about 1917. This model, called the "Maus" after Capt. Marion P. Maus, a board member, had interchangeable parts, a separate two-part screen, mirrors 4½ inches square, and could be knocked down into three lightweight packs. The Maus heliograph was used during a large-scale practice operation in the Southwest during 1890, during the Spanish-American War, during the Philippine Insurrection, and during the "police action" at Vera Cruz, Mexico in 1914.

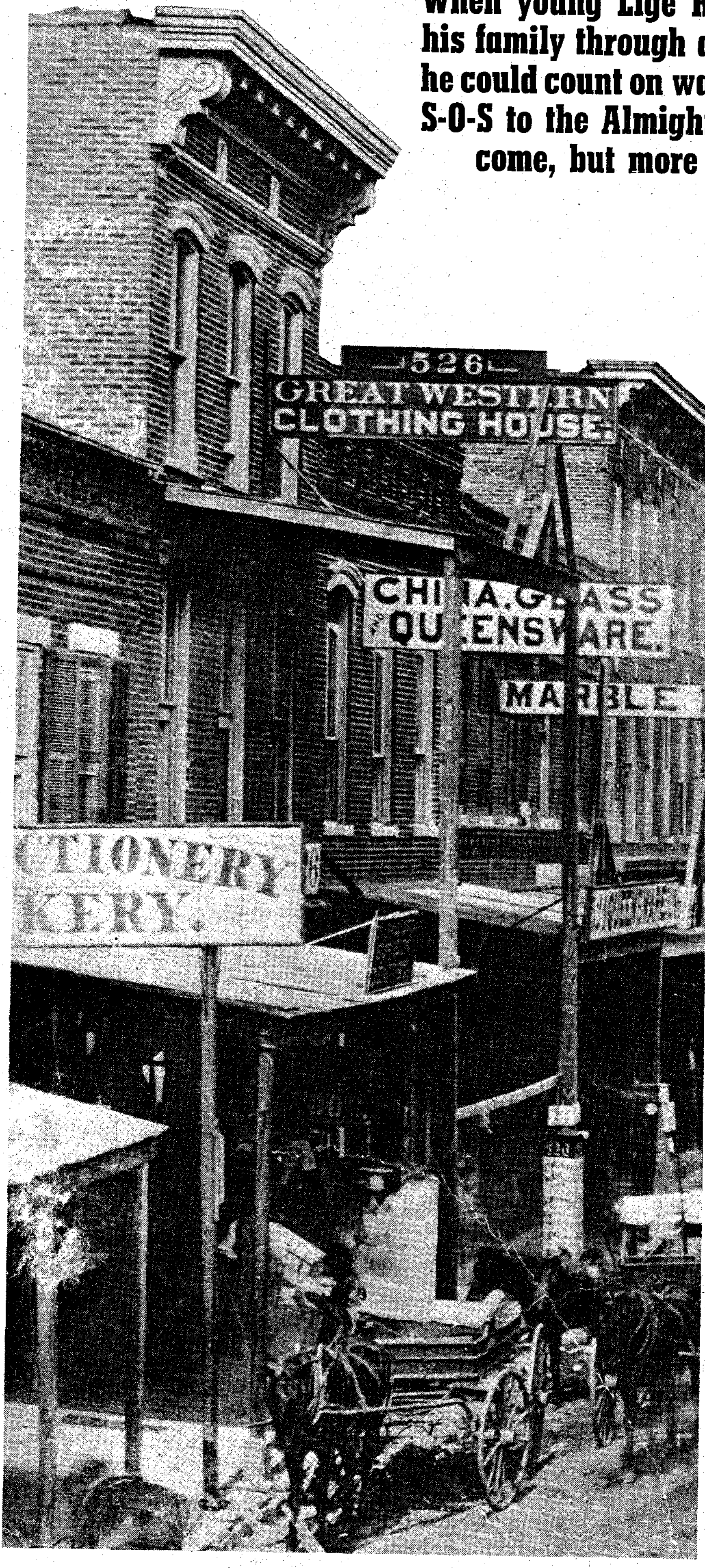
AFTER 1886, official opinions turned full circle. In 1887, Chief Signal Officer A. W. Greely said,

"The use of the heliograph is rapidly growing at our frontier posts, and has become a necessity for field campaigning. The demand for these instruments is far beyond the ability of this office to supply, owing to limited appropriations. . . . It is certain that this instrument for the

(Continued on page 58)

When young Lige Redstone was faced with getting his family through a cordon of Indians, the only help he could count on was his bended knee and an urgent S-O-S to the Almighty. He hated to wear out his welcome, but more than once he had to say . . .

IT'S


526
GREAT WESTERN
CLOTHING HOUSE
CHINA.GLASS
QUEENSWARE.
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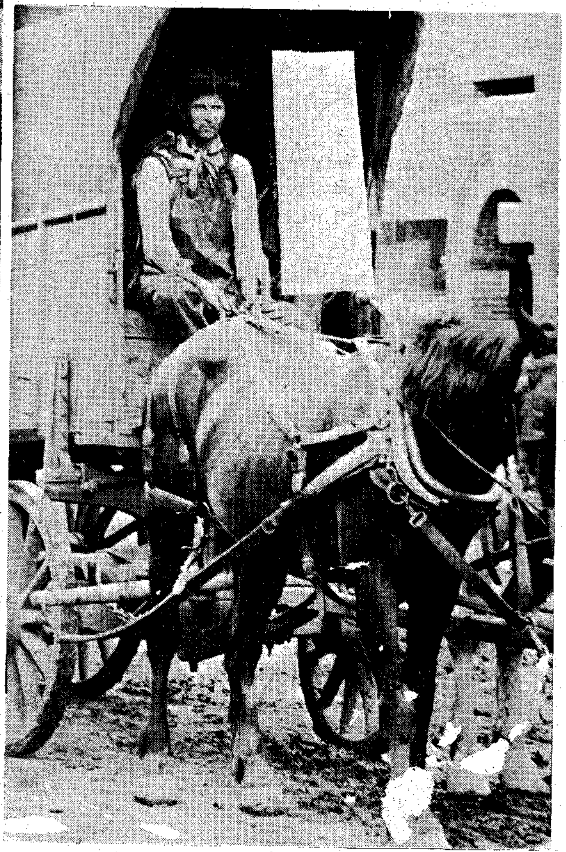
Left, Pueblo, Colorado as the Redstones saw it.

Below, Lige Redstone in the early 70s, at Fairplay or Tin Cup, Colorado. Person blocked out not identified.



"LORD, ME AGAIN"

By WAYNE MONTGOMERY

Photos Courtesy Author

Author's Note:

In the magnificent atmosphere of an old log and rock mansion in front of a giant fireplace Lige Redstone gave me his story, and for the first time here it is. This was in the winter of 1925; I had worked for him almost a year. He could not read or write; nevertheless he became a very successful man.

I'D BEEN AWAY to the war for two years and that's where I first heard of the homestead land. They told us that the President had fixed it so poor folks like us could get free land for just building a house on it and farming it.

I don't know where Ma and Pa was raised but the rest of us was raised on sixty acres of the poorest land in the world, I reckon. Near Russellville, Arkansas. I was twenty years old, George was seventeen, the twin girls, Sarah and Clara, were fourteen. Ma and Pa were about forty years old.

We just lived from hand to mouth, never had anything, never enough to eat or wear. Pa and Ma would just sit and do nothing and they allowed they was born to be poor, and that's the way it was. I told them about this free land and Pa would say, "It takes a heap of money and we ain't got none; they ain't none for the likes of us."

Ma would side with him, but the rest hated this place just like I did. When I would try to talk to Pa he'd look off in the brush for a spell then say, "I reckon I better get Joe and tend the still." I asked Ma if he ever sold any of that stuff and she said, "No. Everybody's got one so they just drink it. I keep tellin' your Pa that it's poison, but he won't pay me no mind."

I heard about a gathering at the Honey Grove School so I went. The preacher was telling these folks about the free land, but he said, "The government ain't going to bring it to you; you have to get off your behinds and go after it. You have to work hard. Most of you got the idea that all you have to do is pray now and again, and the Lord will come and hand you something. He won't—I can promise you that! If you work hard and try and have bad luck, the Lord will help you if you got it coming. But if you just want to sit and starve, then He'll help you starve."

Later I went to this preacher and asked him where this land was and how to get there. He looked off into the brush for a long spell then he said. "Lige, you got more than most of these folks. I don't mean money; I know you ain't got none of that, I mean more on the inside and the outside, too. I believe in my heart that you really want to go. People ain't going to help you because you're poor. People always look down on poor folks. Don't let nothing get in your way and when it gets real bad call on the Lord. If you got it coming, likely He'll help you. Good luck and God bless you, you're going to need it. And remember, it's up to you if you make it or if you don't. It'll be a fight every step of the way."

I WENT HOME with a heavy heart. I knew what Pa and Ma would say so I got down on my knees and asked the Lord to help just a mite by giving Pa a shove.

The day it happened we were all sitting on the porch out of the hot sun. Nobody talking, just sitting. We heard a horse coming up the creek road. We never had company, so we just looked and wondered who was out on a day like this. Ma allowed it was somebody lost more than likely. When he came into sight it was old man Brassfield who owned all this land, hills and all. He just rode up and handed the lines to George and said, "Here boy, tie him up."

George didn't like the old man because he was rich, I reckon, and told him, "If you want him tied, you tie him. The war is over."

Pa yelled at George and said, "Tie up that horse or I'll hit you in the head with something!"

We all knew Brassfield had come for money and Pa, as usual, would put him off. He just sat down and wiped sweat off himself. It was running like water. He always wore a coat no matter how hot it was. Ma said it was because he was rich and it was the style for rich men.

Pa asked him if he would like a drink. "Yes," he said, "I would like a nice cool drink of water."

Pa said, "It ain't cool because the creek is as hot as anything else." Then he offered him a drink of tater-mash drippings but Brassfield said he didn't want any of that poison.

Then he commenced and I knowed right off my prayers had been heard. Brassfield said, "Lige, I got some discomforting news for you." Pa said we never got any other kind and for him to go on. "Well," he said, "you have to move. I sold the Raye place and this place

The first house built by Lige Redstone, near present-day Redstone, Colorado. The tin roof was added later.

Courtesy the Greathouse Family

Lige and his sister near Bear Creek Springs, Arkansas.

of yours and I'll give you one month to move and if you aren't out, I'll get the high sheriff after you."

Pa reared back and would have hit that old man if I hadn't caught his arm. Pa started in cussin' and yellin' like a panther with a .45-70 ball in him.

"Move!" he said. "Why you dirty old skunk, I've lived here more than twenty-five years and you tell us to move like it was nothing. I'm not moving. I'm staying right here!" Then after a while he knew he had to get out and he just sat for hours looking off into the brush. Ma bawled and allowed we couldn't leave here because her folks were buried out yonder and it wouldn't be right.

I gathered the twins and George and told them what I was going to do, and they were on my side. I told Pa he could fix up the wagon and sell the old cows. Ma and the girls could do the packing. Pa asked where we were going and I told him to God's country—Colorado—and get a free homestead. He asked what we were going to use for money and I told him that me and George would work for Mr. Summers cutting wood until we were ready to go.

Lige's mother, Sara, about 1870 at Fairplay, Colorado.

The only thing Pa took for himself was about a dozen jugs of that rotten tater drippings and just what he had on.

About the first of May in 1866 we set out. One loaded-down wagon and one team of worn-out horses. It was slow going and all the folks told us the Indians would kill every last one of us and we ought to leave one of us behind to tell about it. But I knew it would take more than talk to turn me back. So we kept on for about four days, then all the rims came off the wagons and me and George had to push them wheels four miles to the river to let them soak.

The next day we started and on about the sixth day one of the old horses just lay down and died. Right off Pa said we would send George to Ma's folks over on the White River and get a horse so we could go back. I said if he wanted to go back he could, but the rest of us were going on. So I told him and Ma to push and the rest would pull with the horse. Pa cussed for thirty minutes, but him and Ma pushed and here we went down the road pushing and pulling with a horse.

Later a man rode up behind us on a horse. He just stopped and looked for a long spell, then he asked what in tarnation we were doing. I told him the whole story. I told him that we only had thirty-one dollars and we were just about stuck. He asked if we were going to push that wagon all the way to Colorado. I said we would if we had to. He just sat and looked for a long time. Finally he said, "A man that is willing to push a wagon for 400 miles sure needs help. I'm going to give you a horse and when you get where you're going and can do it, I want $15 for that horse." He gave us a horse and we hitched him up. After he left, I got down on my knees and thanked the good Lord.

Ma said, "Look at Lige down there in the dirt wallering like a hog! He's gone plumb out of his head."

"No, Ma," I told her, "I was thanking the Lord for deliverance out of this God-forsaken place."

IT TOOK us a week or so to get to Fort Smith and the preacher was right—people made fun of us and went on. Me and George found some work for a few days and when nobody would let us go west with them because we were poor, we headed for Coffeyville, Kansas, which was out of the way but we didn't know it.

We made it fine for the first three or four days, then the Indians took in after us. They wanted everything from guns to whiskey. I told Pa he ought to give them some of his, but he allowed it was against the law to give whiskey to Indians. I told him it was against the law to make it, too. Finally they rode off a piece and shot some arrows at us but didn't hit anything. I wanted to shoot one, but Pa said not unless we had to.

That evening five wagons pulled around us and camped so we just pulled in close and camped too. We figured this would keep off the Indians. The boss of this outfit came over and told us to move. He didn't want no white trash close to him. He said we'd steal something and he'd have to shoot one of us. Him and Pa got to yelling at each other and he made a run at Pa and I tripped him and he plowed up dirt for ten feet. Then me and him clinched. Every one of us was over six feet tall and near 200 pounds and we fought all over that place but I bested him when I threw him against a wheel and he fell like he'd been hit between the eyes with a boot-jack.

I was glad because I was almost spent. I looked up and here came another man who looked like a bull buffalo and he had a knife. I yelled for Pa because I didn't want to fight a knife. Pa had been watching. He pulled down on this man and told him to drop that knife or he'd put a minie ball right between his eyes. The man stopped and told us to move, they didn't want us. Pa told him if there was any moving to do, he'd have to do it because we were staying right there.

The next day we followed them to Coffeyville. They were slower than we were because they were driving bulls. We couldn't find work in Coffeyville so we lit out for Independence but it was just like Coffeyville, so we pulled out for Wichita. We knew it was a good long piece, so we got some more beans—I hate beans and pone to this day. A couple of days on the way I killed a buffalo calf and this was the best eating I ever had. Ma knew how to dry it, so we put it up.

A few days after we left Independence, we were eating supper one night when three men rode in. We had it made up that when anybody rode in one of us would go around the other side of the wagon and get a rifle. They asked for something to eat and Ma fed them. Later one asked if we had any money. "If you don't, we're going to look you over and you'd better have something!"

I was looking down the barrel of a .45-70 and I said, "You men get out!"

They got on their horses and started to ride off when one turned and jerked a hand gun and shot into the fire. I shot back, and the other two rode off fast because Pa had grabbed his rifle. I reckon we were white trash but no man could outshoot any one of us. Any of us could hit a varmint half a mile off, and a man was a sight bigger. I did something here that I learned in the war, I reckon; I got to this man first and put his poke in my pocket before George or Pa could see me. I was always ashamed of doing it, and I tried to make up for it later. We drug him off the road so he wouldn't be seen.

Pa said, "Lige, you shouldn't have done that. You'll have the high sheriff down on you."

"We're a long ways from any town and it ain't likely they'll find him for a long time," I told Pa.

The next afternoon somebody started shooting from quite a distance. We knew it wasn't Indians so we sneaked up on a little hill and we could see two men. Pa allowed it was the same two we'd mixed with the day before. Pa said, "I might be able to hit one from here," and I handed him the .45-70. He lay down and aimed for a long time and when he fired, a man jumped and fell to where we could see him. And I done the same thing again—took his poke without Pa knowing it.

Later I went into the brush and looked in the pokes. The first had six $20 gold pieces and the other had four of the same.

WE WENT for days, I don't know how long, before we came to Wichita, but we finally got there. This was a lively place, everybody talking about gold, getting rich overnight they were saying. We didn't want to get rich overnight, just some work. We found it and stayed about five days. Nobody wanted us so we lit out for Great Bend. I bet we crossed the Arkansas River a dozen times. We went through another place, maybe Hutchinson, I don't rightly know.

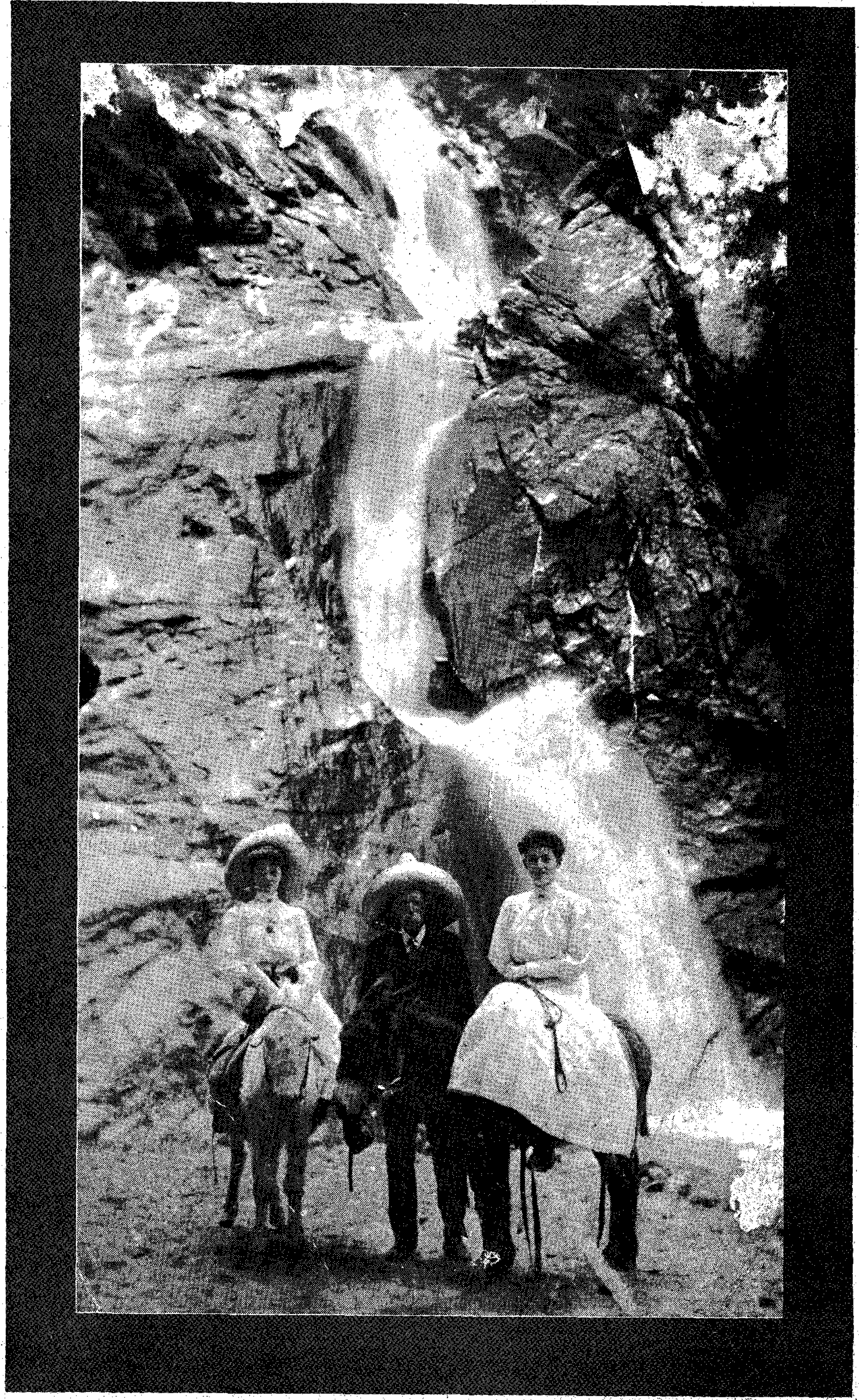
Many people asked me if there was anybody else out there on that road. We passed some coming this way and some passed us going where we were going, but there weren't many.

We thought when we got to Wichita we were near Colorado and when they told us we were just getting started, it made me feel kind of bad, but I'd have gone on if it had been a thousand miles. While we were in Wichita I bought two breech-loading rifles and a breech-loading Colt revolver. I had seen some of them in the Army but never shot one. Pa and Ma wanted to know where I got the money but I didn't tell them. They finally guessed. Pa said he would never shoot one of those guns because they were tainted. Ma said, "When you steal you never get nothing out of it."

We got lost somewhere. We asked a man how far it was to Great Bend and he told us we were going in the wrong direction. "You're headed for Fort Larned now." So we went to Fort Larned. We didn't have any trouble between Wichita and Larned. When we got to Larned the people for the first time treated us like we were somebody. They gave us some water barrels, some powder and shot and bullets for the rifles when they saw we were going on anyway.

An Army colonel came out and talked to us. He said, "It takes a brave family to do what you have done, but from here on it will be worse. There are a lot of Indians in small bands looking for small outfits to murder and worse. But if you must go I would like to advise you on something. These little bands of Indians will allow you are just farm folks and can't fight, so when they come at you, and I know you can shoot, kill off a few and they will likely leave you be. But there will be more of them. So good luck and

(Continued on page 40)



Right. Lige later on in years. Others in photo not identified.

LD SI

he author explains what it
horse who would "kick you
minute and help you look f

By HARRY E. WEBB

Photos Courtesy Author

MOST mustangers referred to him as The Walker Black. Indian "Dicey" called him Old Spook. I called him, at one time or another, everything in a mule-skinner's vocabulary.

I refer to him as a mustang, but he was no more mustang than a thousand others around him. He was a little of everything from the early Spanish pony to our modern Morgans; some Hackney, a bit of Arabian. But to us, regardless of size and ancestry, if they were wild they were *mustangs.*

This story had its inception, I suppose, when I emerged from the Hay Ranch barn cussing like a bogged-down freighter and shaking my rawhide riata which had suddenly acquired as many ends as a centipede has legs. A pack rat had chewed it to pieces as it hung from my saddle astride a manger. To further compound the loss it was the only rope around. The Hay Ranch was one of the Hat outfit's, located twenty miles south of Palisade, Nevada. The barn, corrals, and house lay alongside the narrow gauge (Slim Princess) railroad and stage road.

Suddenly I noticed our weekly stage had halted in the road and the driver, Charley Walker, was hunched forward on the seat arguing with my friend Al Hernig. "Hell's fire, man," I heard Charley say, "might as well send a blind man out to catch bullet-hawks with a dip net!" Charley was an old mustanger of few words but when he did speak you could bet your boots it was gospel.

"Harry'll get him," came Al's voice. Such definiteness made Charley sit bolt upright.

"The hell he will!"

"The hell he won't!" returned Al with finality.

Al was one of the Philadelphia Hernigs of dairy fame, and like many city fellows was nuts over horses, saddles and such doodads. When he took a notion for something he got it; there was a heap of mule in Al. If he called a Clydesdale an Arabian, it was an *Arabian.* Also, or worse, he had a hero-worship complex about my abilities. I had met Al when I was in the East with a Wild West Show and he thought I could do anything the book called for.

For instance, I was hardly back on Nevada soil, where I was working for the Hat outfit, when he wrote asking me to get some elk tushes as he'd joined the Elks Lodge. For a while this had me stumped. There weren't any such critters in the whole state and I was supposed to shoot him a couple *right away.* The only things in my neck of the desert were Indians, mustangs and whirlwinds, but with the help of a Jackson Hole friend, Al had his molars in jig time.

Anyway, a year had rolled by and here Al was on a look-see around the West. He'd expected to have to fight Indians every step to the ranch but he figured it was worth it for the three-day stopover. He'd taken a notion to ship home a mustang—hence his pestering the stage driver to sell him one. Charley had an overabundance of them. To him they were just so many junipers on his place. Buy one and he'd throw in two, all for ten dollars. Providing, that is, *you* caught them. But being a mustanger, and square, he didn't want to unload one on Al. He'd never take advantage of a tenderfoot. Oh, wouldn't he?

"Harry will get him," persisted Al. "Just because you guys can't catch him doesn't mean *he* can't." Al was getting himself and me, too, more disliked by the minute. Charley was shouting something about the so-and-so dudes as he wrapped the lines around the brake staff. I meandered over.

"What's th' rumpus?" I asked.

"None-atall," said Charley, stuffing something in his pocket. "I've just sold this gentleman the Owyhee Injun Reservation, is all!"

"What's the deal anyway?" I asked, when Charley was out of earshot.

"I just bought a horse," Al said, hopping about. "I offered him a hundred dollars," he all but whispered, as if it was a downright steal, "and he finally took it."

"Any particular one?"

"Old Spook," he said triumphantly. "The one—"

"Al," I interrupted, "you don't know a mustang from a load of hay or you wouldn't give a plugged nickel for one. At least, not *that* one! Who's gonna catch him?"

"You are," he said, as if it were as good as done.

WELL, I'd asked for it by regaling him half the night with wild yarns about this mysterious black pinto that roamed the ridges and coulees of the great Cortez Valley. He wasn't exactly a pinto, of course. Outside of a white head and white stockings to his knees and hocks he was jet black. Instead of being chalk-eyed like most "paints" his right eye was black as coal. That is, until he got mad. Then it glowed like a big ruby.

Indian Dicey had given me Old Spook's pedigree and the amazing story of his early life. It was an unbelievable story, yet one confirmed by other mustangers. Old Spook was the foal of an ordinary "broom-tail" and sired by a hotblood stallion that had escaped the Dean Ranch to mingle with the Cortez Valley mustangs for two years before he had been recaptured. Charley Walker and some Indian mustangers had corralled the pinto's band and for the promise of a pint of whiskey Dicey had volunteered to ride the queer-marked stallion that had been the object of many a long, hard chase. Forefooted and saddled while he was down, Dicey had stepped aboard.

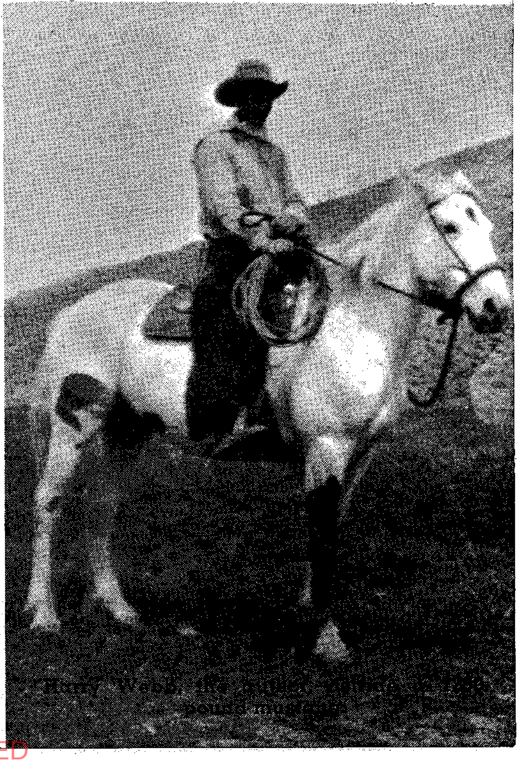
With murder in his ruby eye and dynamite in his feet this bellering critter had gone higher'n the moon and swapped ends faster and wickeder than anything his small audience had ever witnessed. Finally the latigo broke and Dicey and saddle came down on top of the stockade corral. Someone forefooted and busted the raging animal and in a few minutes he was wearing Charley's Bar H brand and was minus his reproductive glands. The instant his feet were free he leaped up, landed on the seven-foot fence, and hung there a moment before tumbling out and streaking for the hills.

That was in 1906. The black's bridle teeth showed him to be over five years old at the time. Although he was seen at intervals and chased aplenty he escaped being corralled again until July 1910 when, by a lucky break, Dicey, Shelton Raine and Joe Walker, brother of Charley, slapped the gate shut on him at the Tom Jewell ranch in Pine Valley.

Once again the suggestion was made, augmented by a jug of spirits, that someone "scratch out" the so and so right then and there. The lot fell to Shelton and in a matter of minutes the pinto was forefooted, saddled and, with Shelton all set, the fireworks began. But the glossy ten-year-old had profited by his years and before many jumps Shelton dropped his quirt and went for leather. Then came a terrific crash as the gate broke in splinters and, with his rider left among the wreckage, the black was out and away once more. This time, however, he didn't get far. Hitting a barbed wire fence he slid along the top strand until a post sheared off and he fell squealing and kicking in a tangle of sawing wires. By the time Jewell and Dicey got to him, bent on holding him down until they recovered Shelton's saddle, his pumping life stream had already run twenty feet down the slope.

Jumping on his gory, flailing head Dicey at last got him by the under jaw and nose, but Dicey's bulldogging was wasted energy; the cyclone of a moment before was fast sinking into helplessness from loss of blood. From his right breast to the top of his neck was a gash you could lay your arm in, and unable to stomach the sight Jewell held a wobbly .32-20 Colt and sent a bullet through the black's neck right behind the ears. The men then returned to the corral and bolstered themselves with generous swigs from a gallon jug.

"Now," someone said, cussing, "we'll



Harry Webb, [illegible]
[illegible] pound mustang

have to wrangle a team in the morning and drag his carcass away!"

When morning came Jewell stood on the porch in his drawers gazing about. Then he let out a startled yell that aroused the others. Unbelieving, they hurried partly clad to investigate. Even though they'd consumed a lot of whiskey there sure wasn't any mistake about what they were seeing. Weaving splotches of blood led up a sandy wash. Numerous wallowed places showed where the animal had fallen, lain and risen to stagger on. Making no effort to overtake him, Jewell and the others returned to the house. Well, one good thing, they wouldn't have to wrangle that team!

MONTHS LATER the black was jumped out of a gulch on Stafford Mountain, bordering Cortez Valley. But this time there wasn't that seal-sleekness to the coat nor the beautiful arched neck that had caused mustangers to halt their mounts and gaze in open-mouthed admiration. He was now bony and shaggy. It no longer mattered, however. All who knew of his deep scars—and few didn't—had lost their desire for ownership. Their only interest was wonderment as to how the horse could possibly have survived not only the tremendous loss of blood but Jewell's bullet also.

As the months passed he was unmolested in so far as mustangers were concerned. Nor were they interested in the chunky roan always seen trailing close upon the black's heels. Sometimes they would be flushed out of some coulee but more often the two would be sighted atop a peak, as if alert for their enemy on horseback. Let a rider a mile off turn in their direction and they'd be gone.

This uncanny wariness came near to being their undoing. Mustangers and cowhands who thought they had a fast mount took to giving them a whirl, at first for the fun of it, then finally in dead earnest. The two inseparable geldings had become a cactus in every mustanger's boot. If it wasn't a single foe disrupting their browsing it was finding themselves fogged by whole relays of determined riders. These were tough customers to elude, but "Old Spook," as Dicey now called him, had become a master at dodging and sneaking.

One March day, when mustang vitality is at low ebb, half a dozen riders were scattered at strategic points, with Willow Corral Pass the stake-out for the *remuda*. That day their grain-fed mounts had forced the two weary-legged fugitives to near run their hearts out before night ended the chase. At least seventy-five muddy, slushy miles had been put behind them. Had Old Spook but known it, though, his escape was by the mere skin of his teeth. Two riders, who had lately turned to killing mustangs for their hides, yanked carbines from their scabbards just as the weary victors topped a ridge but a few yards away. But a third man, with a six-shooter in his fist and a sense of fair play in his gizzard, slid his mount to a halt and hit the ground.

"I'll kill th' first s-o-b that plugs one o' them horses!" he yelled.

So the steaming renegades were spared to put the shelter of a hill behind them and drop down into the night.

Summers and winters passed with other pitfalls aplenty to guard against, the most subtle of all being the secret corral which sprang up overnight in some canyon, its flaring wings hidden in the hillside bushes. But Old Spook countered these by leading his roan partner along high divides and never running in gulches or canyons when crowded by his enemies. He also learned to forego water for days on end when waterholes were "flagged" by mustangers. But now, on this August day in 1915, let us return to my friend Al.

ALL AFTERNOON and well into the new day I argued with him that I couldn't catch the black even if I had the best mount in the country, let alone the worst. The only horse on the ranch where I was stationed, that could be called a mount, was a blue-roan I used to chore around on as I watched over a field full of brood mares and their colts. "Blue" was a *ridgeling*, and was mine to worry over for the simple reason that no one on the home ranch would have him around. These half-eunuchs of horsedom are the pure essence of worthlessness. They'll haze every mare to a whisper and chew the backs off any gelding they can out-run. And, that not being fault enough, he was a *ringtail*. Before a ringtail horse can be jumped out to head a critter he must first wind up his tail before his brain seems to grasp the idea that he also has legs.

Anyway, here I was with Blue for a mount, a hunk of rat-eaten rawhide for a lariat, and I'm going to jog twenty miles or so to *find* and *catch* an uncatchable mustang. There was no use arguing with Al, though, so to keep the peace and convince him I had at least tried I decided to go off somewhere and lie in the shade of a cutbank 'til evening then come in with a big "no luck" tale.

At two o'clock in the morning I decided I might as well feed Blue some rolled barley, drink some java, and get going. Nothing like an early start. It would also look pretty legitimate to Al. A smoky moon was sliding behind Cortez Range to the west when a sudden desire gripped me to cross over and take a look-see down in the valley. But long before we had gained the summit the east was already a blaze of fire. Going to be hottern'n hell with all the blowers going, I told myself. Ten o'clock found us on the shimmering Cortez Valley floor with Blue panting like a lizard and me asking myself what I was supposed to do now. Hunt some shade, I reckoned. Then Al's unshakable faith began taking effect and I found my eyes scanning distant horizons in spite of the absurdity of the whole business.

Suddenly my gaze was riveted on a tiny speck that had topped a rise a mile across the valley. Mustangs. I started to move on. Then the huddled, drab picture changed color. Just how was not perceptible; yet something had changed it from *just* mustangs. There was no mistaking that blaze of white! My heart raced as I bent low over Blue's motionless neck. Then I had to laugh. Times on end I had come in close contact with this wily critter when I had a top mustang-horse between my knees instead of a mount that would be as useless as a plow mule.

The little group would mill around, pause, then come forward a few yards—Old Spook's method of looking things over. What puzzled me was the fact that he had taken up with any bunch. They came forward slowly, warily. A good thing they were looking into the sun. Growing bolder they began playing and scampering like kids as they galloped down a trail that led to a mud spring near some dilapidated buildings.

When a depression hid them from view I lost no time in getting behind a small knoll where sly peeks told me of their progress until they were abreast of me but a few yards away. But I had been mistaken. Old Spook was the only wild one in the bunch. All the rest were gentle

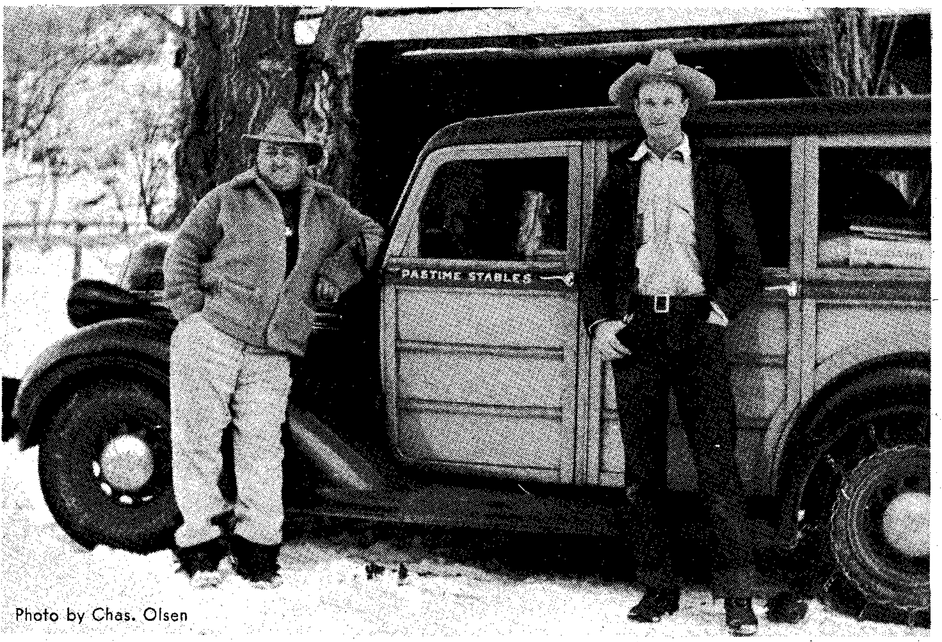


Photo by Chas. Olsen

Al Hemig, left, and the author. Al and a friend had driven from Philadelphia to reminisce over Old Spook. Photo taken at the author's ranch, March 2, 1939.

Morgan mares and a few colts belonging to Ed Thomas, the former owner of the tumbledown premises a short distance away. With his glossy mane waving out from the high arched neck he was more regal than ever I had seen him. He passed so close I could see the white splotch on his neck, a reminder of where the .32-20 slug had passed through. I wondered about his roan partner, probably dropped by some hide-hunter's rifle.

Old Spook was plenty pinched in the flanks yet he showed no signs of sweat and this revealed a story as if I had witnessed it. Indians, preparing to catch mustangs, had flagged all the waterholes around Stafford Mountain, Willow Corral and Scotch Gulch. For lack of other material they do this flagging by uprooting large clumps of sagebrush and standing them, roots up, about the water holes. Mustangs give these terrifying objects a wide berth. After a few days Mr. Injun slips out, removes the brush and is ready to rope any mustang that's fool enough to tank up.

THE SIGHT of those Morgan mares made me want to shout in glee. They'd been corralled, pampered and petted by their owner until you could almost walk up to them on the open range. Oh, for a decent mount! Such a chance came but once in a lifetime. The horses were nearing the abandoned homestead so, there being no cover between us, I thought I might as well show myself. I recalled having seen a small sheep corral near the spring and I began laying plans. The mares were on home ground now and should be easy to corral in any sort of pen.

Mounting, I came from behind the knoll. Just as I expected, Old Spook spotted me instantly. He whirled, circled, came back a few jumps, then tore through the mildly interested mares as if he had to be in Texas by sundown. I moved closer. The corral was still there and the mares headed for it as if used to being there. Old Spook dashed back into the bunch and I whipped up. Never let a mustang slow up. That's when their noggin starts working. Before I realized it we were abreast of the open-end corral and on past it. I whipped and spurred and the mares turned easily, only to dodge past the opening going the other way. It was whip, cuss and gee-haw Blue around until horses were going in every direction, with Old Spook running rings around the whole layout.

Two sixteen-foot panels had been removed from the corral but the mares simply wouldn't pause long enough to see the hole. And still, for some reason, Old Spook stayed with them. It was uncanny. I firmly believed it was ordained that I was to capture him. Spur, whip, shout and turn, with the dust so thick I collided with a cow as she dashed out of the waterhole. Dust so dense I wondered if Old Spook was still with us. He was!

Poor old Blue was so winded, so slow in turning that I came near jumping off and going it afoot. Then, without making sense, Old Spook streaked through the opening with the mares hot on his heels and Blue right among them. Tired as he was, this blasted ridgeling was running true to form and letting sex crowd all else out of his head. Seconds later, what with fighting Blue to keep him away from the mares, I had us fenced in.

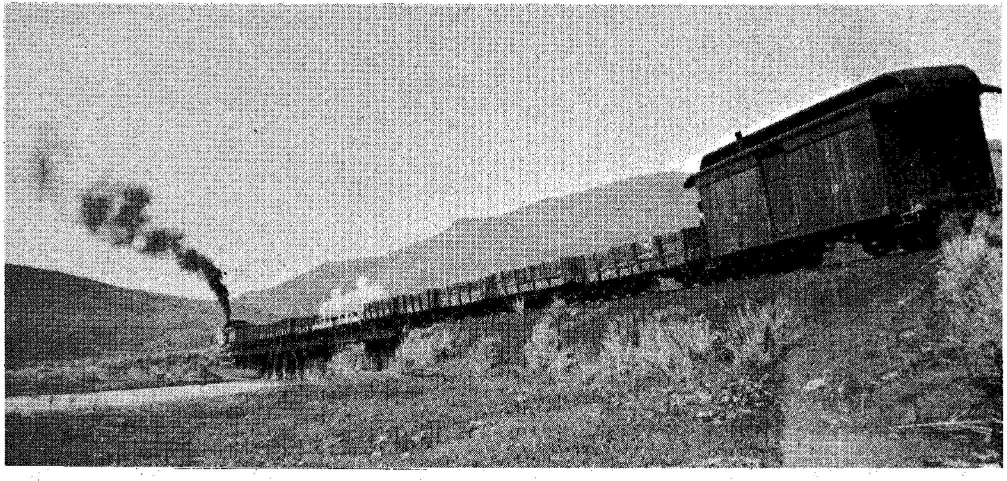
I unbuckled my riata. Never expecting to have any need of it I had, however, brought along this twenty-foot piece of the honda end. As I tied the end fast to the saddle fork I cussed every pack rat ever to be born. I'd have to work fast before Old Spook got his bearings.

Trouble soon commenced. The instant I eased Blue toward the crowding mares he threw his mouth wide open and lunged for Old Spook who knocked down a couple of colts and cleared the fence. But he stopped just as suddenly as he departed, so jerking back a panel I was soon whipping at an angle around him. Hearing a commotion I turned to see the mares coming hell-bent right in my dust. By now Blue was so addled he could only wring his tail and trot, but I somehow got the band back in the corral. How? It was one of the world's mysteries.

This time Blue went "cold jawed" and plowed in among the squealing, kicking mass and had his fore-legs over a mare's ridgepole when my kneecap stopped a pair of hind feet. Then, when I was bent double with pain, another old biddy almost kicked my face off. I'll never know how I got there but I found myself on the ground far outside the corral with the mares and my quarry still inside.

Swinging Blue around like one would a sawlog in a pond, I spurred back and got the panels wired up. But every time I started toward Old Spook he would tear through the bunch and threaten to hop the fence. How in Sam Hill was I to get close enough to snare him with a twenty-foot rope? That was the problem. With the tiny loop ready to be tossed I eased ahead and when Old Spook's eye told me I had reached the limit of sneaking I socked in the spurs and threw. But instead of the one quick jump needed to shorten the distance Blue only went "oomph" and wrung his tail. Old Spook done a lot of milling around but didn't jump the fence so I dabbed another loop that bounced off his ears. If he just had horns, I told myself after a dozen throws, I'd of had him easy! There simply wasn't enough loop left to go over his head.

(Continued on page 63)



The "Slim Princess," the narrow gauge locomotive, puffs its way along the eighty-one-mile trip to Eureka, Nevada.

Below, local citizens gather for a group photo the day the "Slim Princess" left Palisade for the last time.

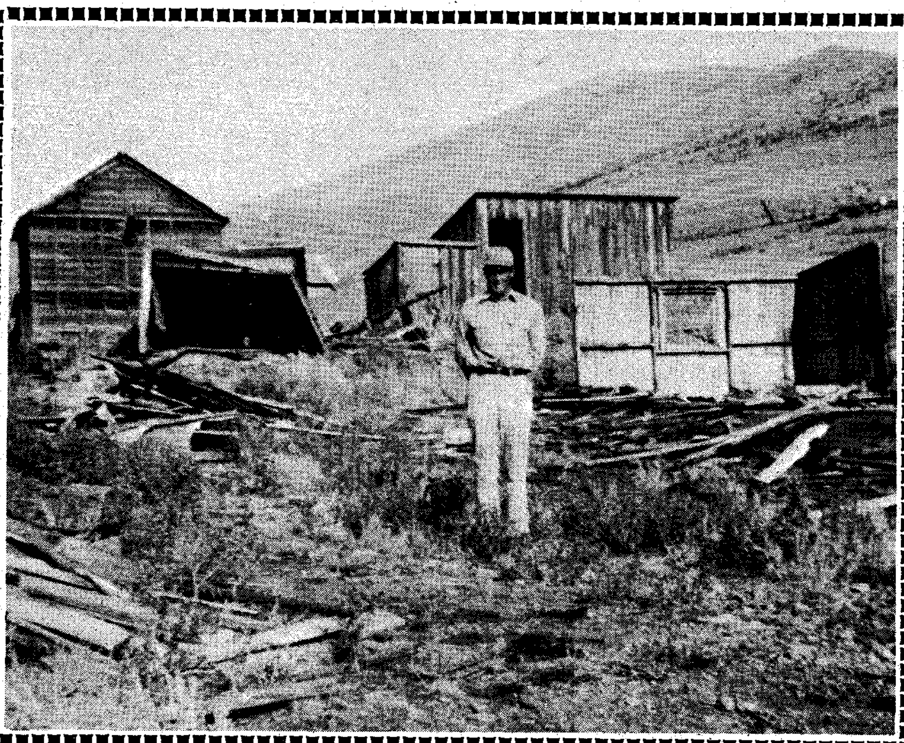
GOLD - OIL -

By RALPH DORN

Photos Courtesy Author

International boundaries are the skip-ropes of the lawless. Once in a while a man's foot will get tangled up, but mostly he's in the clear with a yard to spare

Below, Gold Butte, Montana in 1949. The author stands before the remains of a once bustling town.



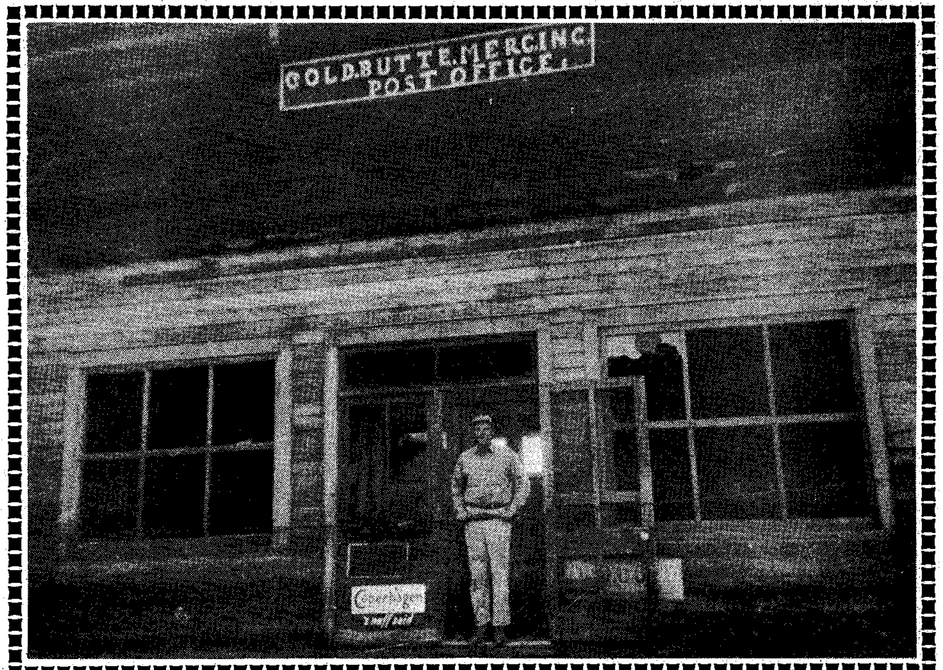
SWEET GRASS, Montana, a prairie huddle of old buildings on the Alcan Highway in Toole County, hugs the 49th Parallel that separates it from its Canadian twin, Coutts, Alberta. Both are Customs-Immigration ports of entry. There are dozens of holes beside dilapidated wooden sidewalks—the basements and cellars of long-gone houses. The wails of bitterns and cries of coyotes are rarely heard above the day and night rattle and roar of traffic on the highway that starts here for the long pull to Alaska.

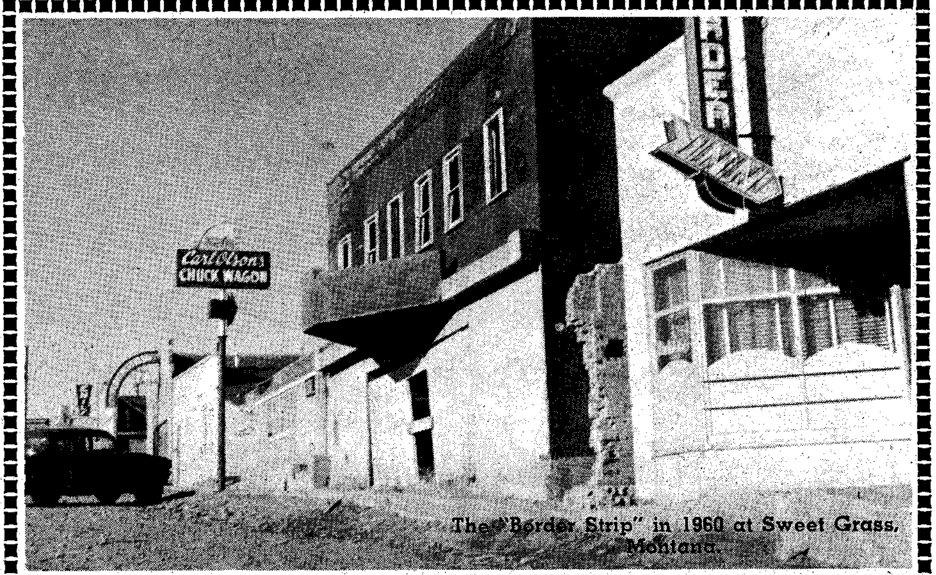
Now called the Border Strip, sixty-five years or so ago it was lush with homesteaders, cattle, sheep, wheat, and gold in the Sweet Grass Hills east of the narrow-gauge which served the area at this point. Then came homes, stores, a school,

The U.S.-Canada border: Sweet Grass, Montana, and Coutts, Alberta.

RUMRUNNERS and MURDER

Below, Gold Butte in 1949. Author stands in front of the Gold Butte Mercantile and post office.





The "Border Strip" in 1960 at Sweet Grass, Montana.

saloons, gambling, churches, banks, a hospital, an oil refinery, a customs brokerage. Population rose to well over a thousand. Incorporation helped the economy.

The violent Volstead era made fortunes for rumrunners; except, of course, for those killed by whisky highjackers, their unidentified bodies often found in dry coulees, some hastily buried on the open prairie or tossed into aspen groves. An enterprising Canadian, taking advantage of our Prohibition laws, operated an alehouse-Bevo tavern straddling the Parallel back of the federal building. A large room with a demarcation line drawn across the floor, patrons could drink McCallum's Scots Whisky in Canada and dance in Montana to a fiddle and banjo.

Judging from the known murders, suicides, and assorted crimes which have occurred since 1900, this land breeds almost as much violence today as in its earlier seven decades. Old-timers say the region is cursed. Blood-spilling was commonplace. Winking red lights on the flat back of what is now the Great Northern depot lighted a "Line" as colorful as any in the West. Commerce was international. It may be apocryphal, but it is told that a Mexican who insulted a "soiled dove" was dispatched and buried standing up on a hillside at the edge of the flat, his casket the clothes he wore. A madam, stepping out one day in a curtained Ford with a fancy man other than her regular Mac, was inadvertently killed when the latter shot at his rival at the wheel, snipping off his bowtie and embedding the bullet in her throat.

GOLD BUTTE, twenty-five miles away, was the hub of a gold strike which produced several millions. Klondikers who didn't make it at Dawson City joined the minor stampede and the town was a rip-roarer while it boomed. Unmarked graves on buttes overlooking the deserted camp attest to the wild times that matched nuggets with bullets. Veins and placering

(Continued on page 54)

DEATH pped Up at STANCIA PRINGS

By JAXON HEWETT

Photos Courtesy Author

WHEN Manuel Antonio Otero, a descendent of the old Spanish family who had fled to a refuge camp near Los Lunas, New Mexico during the Pueblo Indian revolt of 1680 walked into the *hacienda* on the Rio Grande, he grasped his brother and smiled broadly.

"Ah, Manuelito," the younger Otero said affectionately, "you are the happy one today!"

"*Si!*" Manuel sailed his black, broad-brimmed and silver-conchoed hat across the room. "I have only now agreed to buy one-half the Baca lands beyond the San Moreno, the Manzano Mountains. It is a most beautiful valley!"

Manuel's beautiful valley was what we know today as the Estancia Valley. Most of it lies in Torrance County, central New Mexico. The exact definition of the term "Estancia" has been lost somewhere among the Spanish, Indian, Mexican, and Anglo interpretations, but is generally considered to mean "A Place of the Tired." The town of Estancia, county seat of Torrance County since 1905, takes its name from the still abundantly flowing Estancia Springs. Fed from these cool, pure waters, cottonwood trees tower above the historically treeless plain.

In 1819 the *Alcalde*, acting for the King of Spain and the Governor of New Mexico, granted the Estancia Valley, or some 415,000 acres of it, to one Bartolme Baca. Because news traveled slowly, neither the *Alcalde* nor Baca knew that Mexico had declared herself an independent republic. Thus she laid claim to the Province of New Mexico, which included Estancia Valley. Baca never knew the King of Spain had not confirmed his grant. If he had known, Mexican law provided for such contingencies and either Baca or Otero could have cleared the title easily. But Mexico was many weeks' journey away, and whether she was a republic or a colony of Spain made little difference to Manuel Antonio Otero on the day he made his purchase.

The Estancia Valley was a sheepman's paradise of rolling plain and waving grasses. In addition to the springs at Estancia and Antelope, some six miles to the north, much water bubbled up all along the foothills of the Manzano Mountains to the west. In early spring rivulets of water from melting snow flowed out of the mountains onto the plains, sometimes continuing until frozen over in late fall. Summer rains often swelled these streams to great widths, perhaps even washing seeds of mountain fern and wild oats out into the fertile valley. Here lambs and sheep and wool could be produced beyond Otero's wildest dreams.

Under the cottonwoods at Estancia Springs Otero built a modest ranch house where he or some of his herders stayed while looking after his thousands of sheep. "Ah, life is good," Manuel often

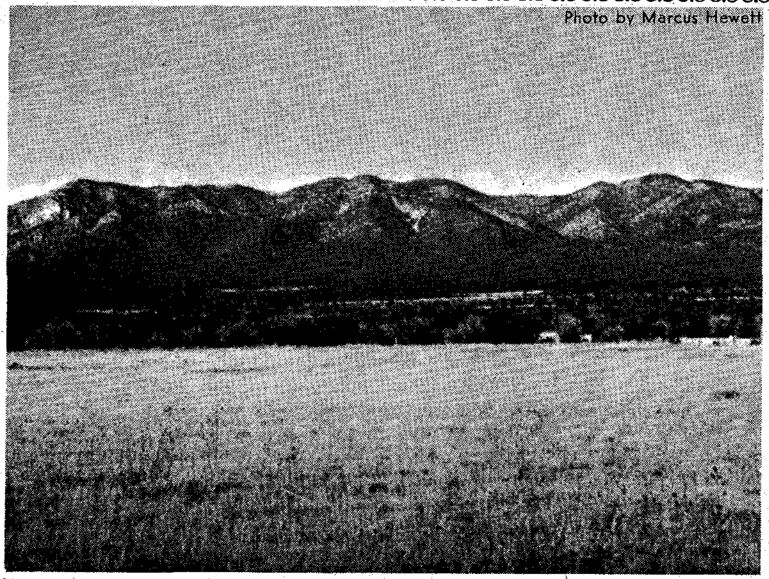
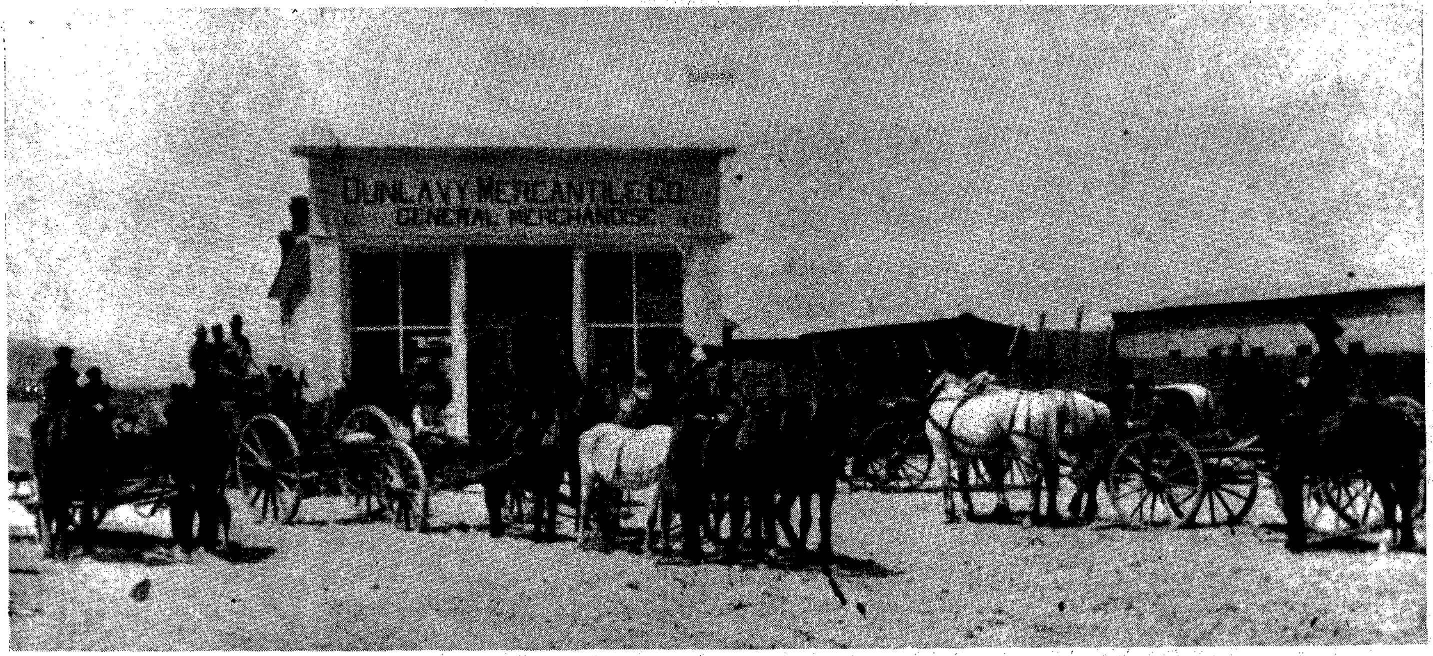


Photo by Marcus Hewett

[illegible] San Moreno or Manzano Mo[illegible] [illegible] Baca land grants of central [illegible]



Photos this page courtesy J. M. Terry

Above, the first store in Estancia, around 1904. The trees of Estancia Springs can be seen in the distance (far left).

Right, a group of picnickers under the old trees at Estancia Springs.

Below, Estancia, New Mexico around 1905. This shows the train depot and a Santa Fe railroad car.

said as he stroked the arched and shining neck of his big stallion and gazed at the lush green valley. His happiness was even more complete when his brother purchased the other half of the old Baca Grant. Now the holdings of the Oteros in the huge oval Estancia basin boasted a boundary line of more than 140 miles.

BUT storm clouds were brewing. In 1845 Governor Armijo, acting on behalf of the Republic of Mexico, granted to Antonio Sandoval, for services rendered to the Mother Country, 300,000 acres out of the heart of the Bartolme Baca Land Grant. The Oteros, unaware of this latest transaction involving their land, continued to run vast flocks of sheep in the valley.

It is doubtful if Sandoval ever personally inspected the Estancia Grant lands. When feelings between the United States and Mexico erupted into war, Sandoval deeded his holdings in New Mexico to Gervasio Nolan, a nephew of Anglo-American parentage.

All this time, secure in their belief the Baca title was valid, the Otero family became more and more annoyed by the increasing numbers of strangers, usually Anglos, who kept moving herds of cattle and sheep close around them.

A man by the name of McAfee established a small ranch at Antelope Spring. McAfee's ranch served as a way station on a stage route from Santa Fe to Pinos Wells and Fort Stanton.

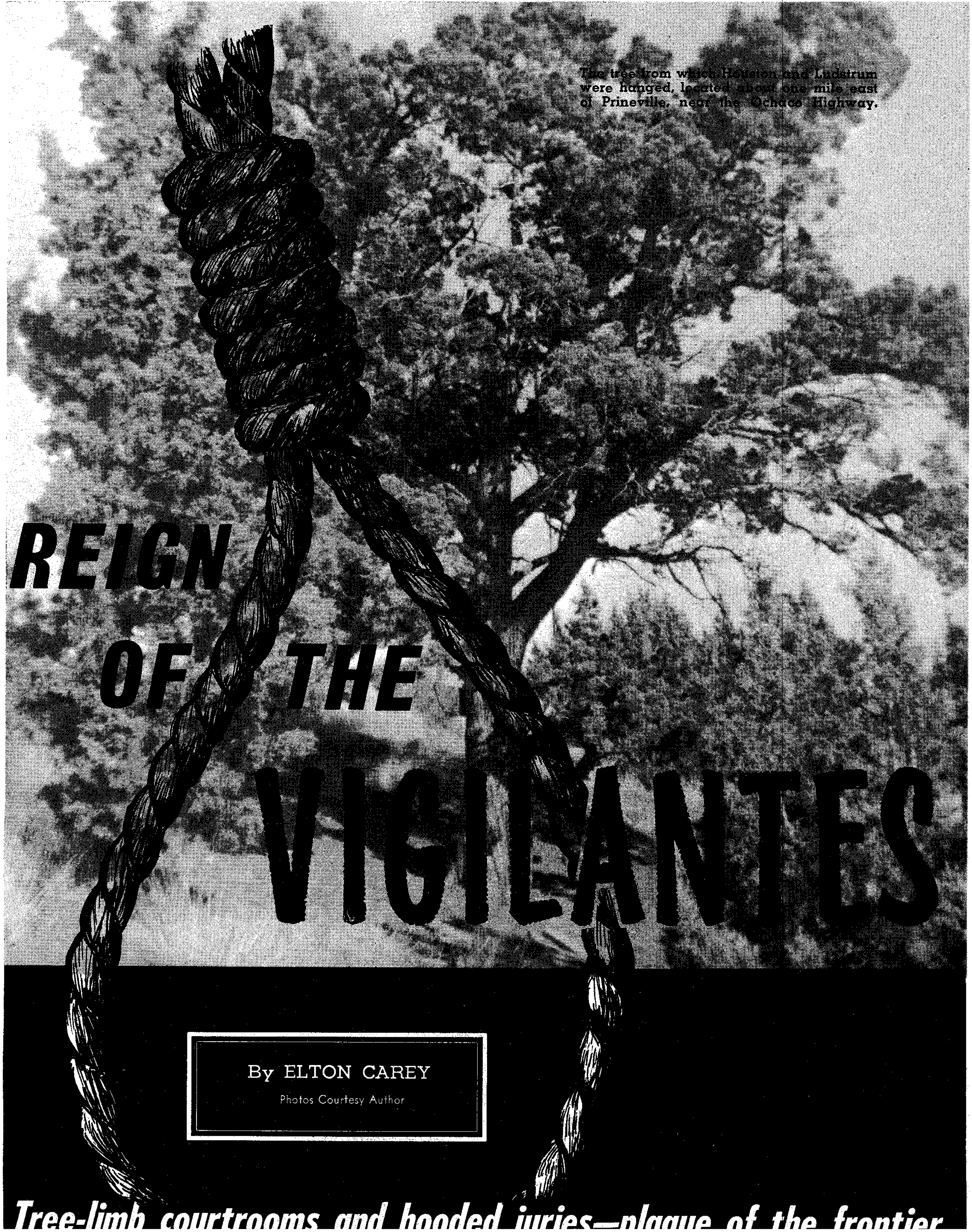
Small bands of Apache Indians gave the Oteros some trouble by raiding sheep camps. According to stories handed down to younger generations, these marauding

(Continued on page 57)

REIGN OF THE VIGILANTES

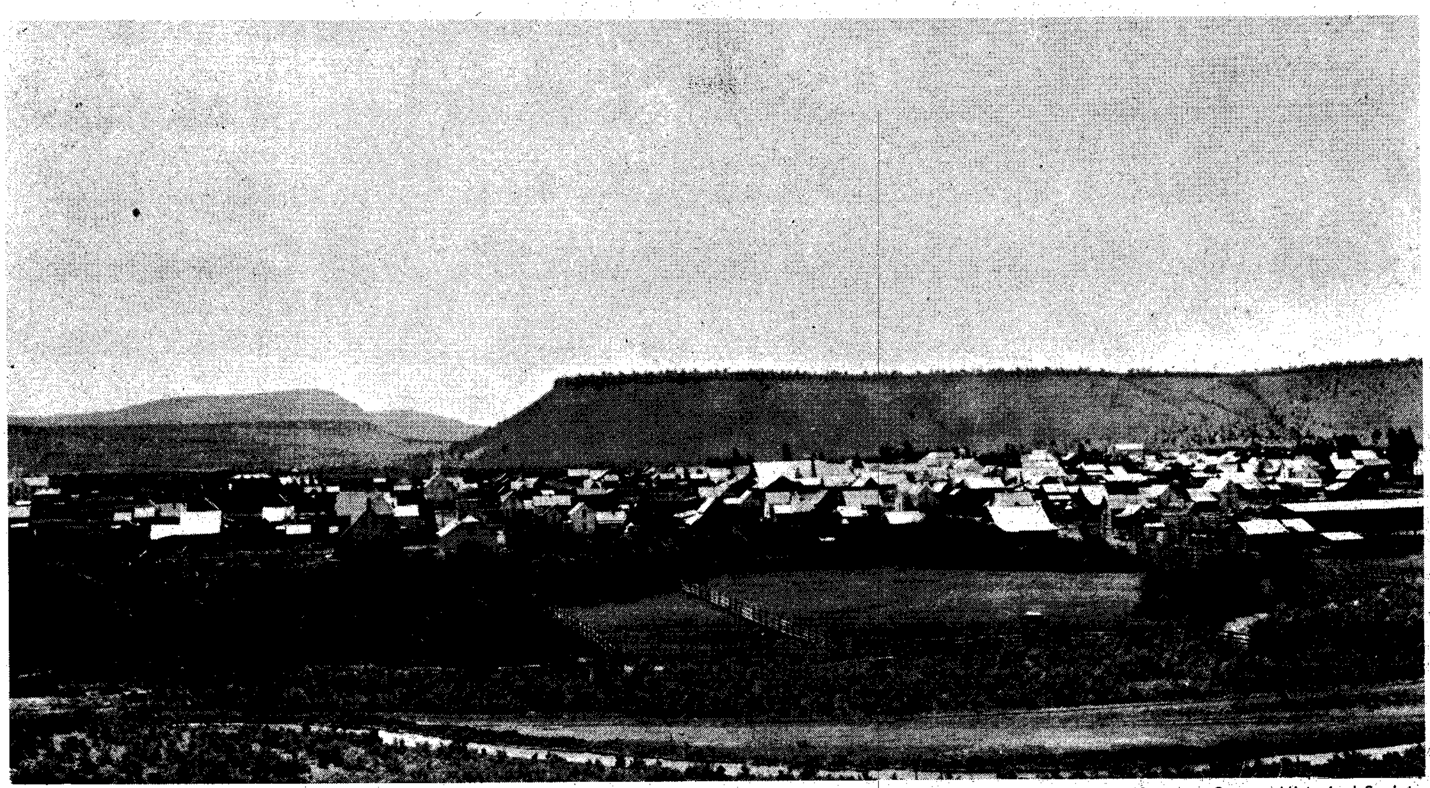
By ELTON CAREY

Photos Courtesy Author



The tree from which Houston and Ludstrum were hanged, located about one mile east of Prineville, near the Ochoco Highway.

Tree-limb courtrooms and hooded juries—plague of the frontier



Courtesy Oregon Historical Society

A view of Prineville, Oregon looking south. In the foreground is Ochoco Creek. Photo taken in the early 1900s.

"FRIEND STORRS:

"I wrote you in my last letter, of the beginning of a terrible tragedy; and today I will give you as I hope, the end. The people turned out and left in several directions looking for Mr. Langdon.

"He had a brother working on Mill Creek about seventeen miles from here, and six men went there the same night after the shooting. At one o'clock in the night they approached the cabin where his brother was stopping. They saw a light but before they could surround the house the dogs gave the alarm. Our guys were so near they saw him run but it was very dark and he got away.

"A runner was sent back to town and every man able to bear arms turned out, determined to get him if possible. They scoured the whole country and guarded all the avenues where it was thought he was likely to escape.

"J. M. Blakely and a party of men thought he would return home, as the boys at Mill Creek had captured his horse and gun.

"They were stationed just south of Langdon's house when they saw a man approaching on a horse. They were not certain of the man; however J. M. covered him with his Winchester before he knew he was near anyone. He surrendered and they started immediately for town.

"In the meantime Justice Powers had issued a warrant for a man by the name of W. H. Harrison who had been stopping at Langdon's, and when the inquest was held over the bodies of Crooks and Jury, gloated over them and said it served them right. Striking his breast and saying, 'big Injun me.' They were trying to make him accessory after the fact.

"They all came over to town together, Harrison and Langdon the prisoners, arriving here about two o'clock.

"Blakely woke me up, saying they had captured Langdon and wanted to turn him over to me. I went down to the stable office where they had him, put the shackles on him and took him into the hotel. I had a good fire built and told Langdon to take some sleep on the lounge. I sat down by the stove to guard him.

"The town was soon aroused, at least quite a number of men came into see Langdon, as I supposed through morbid curiosity. Deputy marshal W. C. Foren came in and stayed with me. Harrison went to bed and about four o'clock got up and sat by the stove in charge of Nickols. At about five o'clock in the morning, as I was sitting by the stove with my back to the door, the door was suddenly opened, and I was caught and thrown backward on the floor, and firmly held while my eyes were blindfolded. Immediately a pistol was fired rapidly five or six times. I heard someone groan just about the time the firing ceased.

"Harrison was hurried from the room. I could tell it was him by his cries.

"The doors were closed and I was allowed to get up. I went to Langdon and found him dead. I looked around and a masked man stood at each door, warning by ominous signs for no one to intrude, or to leave the room. As soon as they were satisfied that Langdon was dead they quietly left the room.

"At daylight I took some men and searched for Harrison and found him hanging from the banister of the Crooked River iron bridge.

"The town is quiet today. Powers held an inquest on the bodies, but I am not informed what the verdict in either case was. I feel conscious of having done my duty as an officer so there I let the matter rest.—(Signed) J. L. Lukey"

THIS LETTER from Deputy Sheriff Lukey of Prineville, Oregon to Sheriff Storrs at The Dalles, which was the county seat of the then undivided Crook County, marked the end, of the first chapter only, of over a year of bloodletting in this new land.

In 1877 pioneer Barney Prine started a settlement on the bank of Crooked River which later became the town of Prineville and after the division, the county seat of Crook County.

When Barney first settled on the river, there was only a huge rye grass flat which covered thousands of acres. In many places the grass was over six feet high. The huge valley was formed by the juncture of Crooked River, coming from the south, and Ochoco Creek, flowing from the East. Both streams were heavily lined by a lush growth of willows and brush.

On the spot Barney chose for his home, he built a blacksmith shop, a hotel and a saloon. The construction was of willow logs. It is said that his first invoice for goods cost him eighty dollars.

His first liquor was a case of Hostetters, and the iron for his blacksmith shop was taken from a broken-down immigrant wagon.

A few settlers lived farther up Ochoco Creek and also farther south on Crooked River, and it was not long before a town began to grow around this nucleus, as peogle began filing on homesteads wherever a likely piece of ground could be found. About thirty miles north of

(Continued on page 48)

BREAKING TRAIL IN AN

"Vacations" meant finding two ruts heading west, teaming up with somebody as hellbent to go somewhere as you were, then slipping and sliding, digging and pushing, cussing and braking twenty or so miles a day!

By HOWARD BECKNER

Photos Courtesy Author

Preparing to cross the Colorado River near Needles, California. Taken in July, 1915. A. J. Beckner stands by the lead car, his wife and daughter can be seen inside.

FLAGS WERE FLYING and firecrackers were popping; the tiny town of Ramona, Kansas was celebrating. Not because we were leaving; it was simply the Fourth of July back in 1915. The day was, however, an additionally exciting one for us. My father, A. J. Beckner, was taking his family "Overland"—1913 model!—to California.

Perhaps only those with a good memory and hair turned grey with the passing years can recall those old Overland cars. Fortunately ours, a limited production model, was constructed a little sturdier and provided with a bit of extra power. Nevertheless, had Dad realized the difficulties ahead, undoubtedly we would have traveled by Santa Fe train instead of Santa Fe Trail. No paved highways and no route carefully planned by an efficient automobile club lay ahead. We were beginning a trip destined to take more than three weeks, but one that could now be negotiated easily in three days.

Considerable gear was necessary for cooking and eating, shelter and sleeping, and for emergencies of the road. Only minimum space remained for passengers. There were four of us, Mother, Father, my younger sister, and I, a boy of fourteen. (Seven and a half months later we were five.) We were a gay group typified by Sister in her taffeta dress, as we headed westward.

Before we had covered fifty miles, however, it began to rain. It rained and it rained. Ours was a touring car with a cloth top, and the only means of enclosing it was with rather crude button-on storm curtains. The road was through prairie country and often consisted of merely two ruts with tall grass between. Soon the chains had to be put on over our narrow, high pressure tires—and seldom were they removed during the rest of our trip.

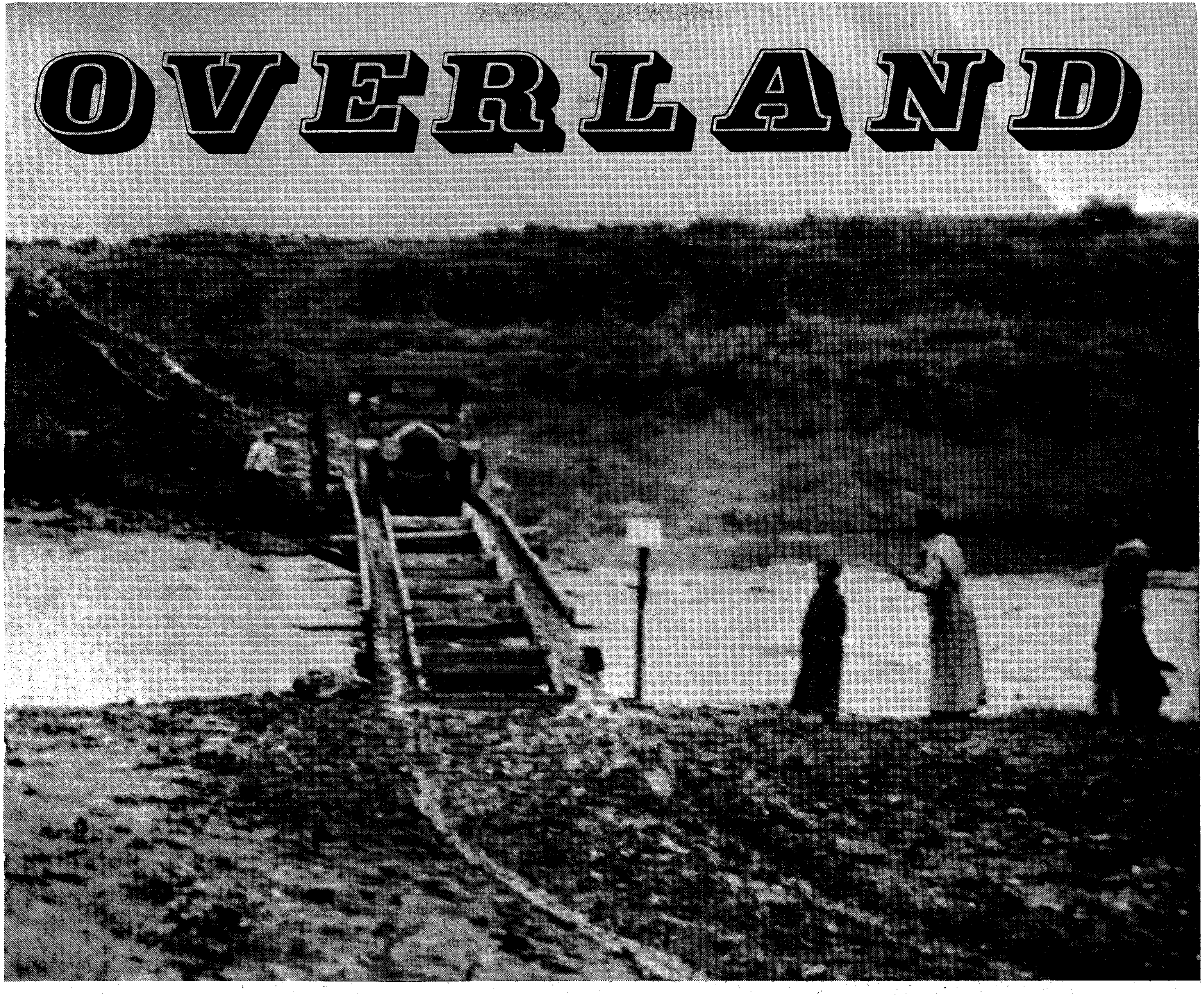
Though we started alone it became apparent that progress—and possibly even survival—depended on traveling in small groups. We were plowing along through the mud when we came upon a little Metz roadster. It was stalled in those ruts; its gearless "friction drive" just wouldn't transmit enough power to the wheels. As we were far from any town, we could not leave it there. Dad succeeded in going around it and, getting out his big heavy rope for the first time, proceeded to tow the roadster for many long miles.

Night stops had to be made in the rain, and pitching our bulky floorless wall tent with its heavy awkward poles was something less than a thrilling camp experience. If and when the weather permitted, camp cooking was in order. Otherwise we ate when and what we could.

While still in Kansas, we came upon a huge mudhole with three or four cars held firmly in its grasp. By carefully choosing his way, with wheels churning, mud flying, and car bouncing Dad managed to go by and reach comparatively solid ground. Stopping there he walked back to ask the stuckees what he could do to help.

"Only one thing now, I guess," a man replied. "Could you let us have some water out of your radiator to warm the

OVERLAND



Crossing the Little Colorado. The sign on the post warns that "anyone crossing does so at his own risk."

baby's milk? We have been here so long ours is cold."

ON ANOTHER occasion, while driving after dark to make up lost time, we mired down in a sandy rocky wash. It was still raining as Dad and I struggled to erect our wet wall tent on a bit of higher ground. Dad then went back for Mother and Sister, carrying them on his back to our dripping shelter. The makeshift beds inside could be considered dry only by comparison.

I also recall another damp dark evening when we made camp at what seemed a promising spot. This was up against a high stone fence which afforded a bit of protection from the wind and rain. Remembered, as well, is the distinctive "fragrance" which came from the dirty corral on the other side.

One stop of two or three days en route had been planned. This was to be near Springer, New Mexico where one of Father's sisters and her family were giving homesteading a try. During our short visit there the sun momentarily dominated the rain clouds. Hopefully we started on. Though our trip was in a normally semi-arid area, alas again came the rains, and again out came the chains.

Staying on the main road under these conditions in that mountainous country was no easy task. Our progress had been so slow that we often drove into the night even though finding our way was a real concern. I shall never forget a certain moment of doubt experienced as we ascended a light rise which tipped the headlights upward. This doubt, or perhaps our guardian angel, caused Dad to stop. He and I crawled out to investigate. There, only a few feet in front, was a sheer drop of several feet into the torrent of a flash flood which had cut the road.

Soon after this experience we joined up with another California-bound family in a Model T Ford. Realizing the need for mutual aid, from then on we traveled together until we reached the California border at Needles. Actually for several days our group was a foursome. One evening about dusk, as Dad was leading these four cars, our wheels suddenly sank in what had appeared to be reasonably solid sand. We were far from any town, and food supplies were nearly exhausted. The men thought that perhaps together they could get the lighter Ford across to go on for help. But when alongside our car, it too dropped into the quicksand, effectively blocking any possibility of further progress.

Help now was essential. Two of the men started ahead on foot hoping to find someone to come to our aid. Several hours later they returned with a Mexican-American whose team was hitched to the running gears of a wagon. With the women and children perching on the axles and braces as best they could, and the rest of us walking, we were taken to the home of our "good Samaritan."

It was a tiny shack totally unprepared for a sudden influx late at night of fifteen or sixteen rain-soaked, mud-splattered hungry people. But nowhere could

(Continued on page 50)

NUGGETS

MR. SPENCE

By G. W. Daugherty

SHORTLY AFTER Oklahoma became a state, my family moved to a farm in Stephens County in the Thomas community. Thomas was one of the more progressive settlements and soon had a large one-room school. I was very fortunate, as we lived just across the road from the school. Many of the students had to walk long distances. One of the families, Ox Turner's, lived a little over three miles but his children were in school every day. Mr. Turner was a very large Swede and had acquired the nickname Ox because of his size. Mr. Turner was also a member of the school board.

School had been open about three weeks when it came to a sudden stop. Several of us boys had taken it upon ourselves to whip the teacher and he decided to move on. Several days of vacation followed as the board tried to hire another. The first and only applicant for the job was Spence Kincannon. Mr. Kincannon was a large German who preferred to be called Mr. Spence. The board explained to him why the vacancy had occurred but he didn't seem concerned and accepted the job.

The following Monday, school was to start again. Mr. Spence appeared on the front steps with an old Colt .44 stuck into the top of his pants, what was left of an old broken buggy whip in one hand, and the school bell in the other. Each of us filed inside with our hats on and took a seat. The largest boy in school, Jeb Turner, had been chosen to start the ball rolling, for we fully intended to run Mr. Spence off, too.

Now, I would like to stop right here and set the record straight. Some rumor monger started the tale that Jeb was twenty-four years old. That was nothing but a bare-faced lie. Jeb wasn't but twenty-one! I know, for he was just three years older than me. When everyone was seated, Jeb spoke up, "Where do you expect us to hang our hats? There ain't no pegs."

Without changing expression, Mr. Spence drew the old Colt and fired twice, making two small holes in the back wall. Then he spoke, "Drive you some pegs in them holes and hang them up there." All hats were promptly removed and lessons began.

By mid-morning, five of us had qualified for a taste of the buggy whip and by dinner the total had swelled to eleven. Before the first day of school had ended, every boy in school, except one, had been properly introduced to the old whip. Three of the Turner boys and two of the Howard boys had endured three sessions. Thus ended the first day of school.

I was just bubbling over to tell the folks about the first day's activities but was careful to omit the part about me getting a licking. I knew if Pa found out about me getting a licking at school he would tear me up like a sow's bed.

After supper we were sitting in the front yard and Mr. Spence was sitting on his front porch enjoying the cool of the evening, when the quiet was broken by the incessant clattering in the distance of a Model T. The only car in the community belonged to Mr. Bishop, president of the school board. It was not hard to figure out that company was coming.

Mr. Bishop wheeled the car to a stop in front of the schoolhouse and five members of the board removed themselves from it. One of the men was carrying a gun. It has been so long now that my memory fails me as to exactly which man had the gun. Upon seeing the gun, Mr. Spence arose and quickly went into the house. He reappeared at the door with the old Colt stuck into the top of his pants. His right arm hung by his side in a very casual manner and his left rested lightly on the facing of the door. His face wore a mask that I was to learn well in the years to come, for Mr. Spence always looked the same way when his patience was tried.

Ox Turner quickly stepped upon the porch, all the while rolling up his shirt sleeves, and asked, "What is this stuff about you whipping my boys three times today?"

Without changing expressions or mov-

The quarters in which Mr. Spence lived, directly across from the author's house.

Photo Courtesy Author

ing a muscle, Mr. Spence replied, "Yep, that's right. I got a hard fast rule, I whip ever boy who needs it and ever time he needs it."

He paused, then continued, "I have another hard and fast rule, too. I whip their fathers if they don't like it!"

Ox was so taken aback that he nearly fell off the porch backwards in his haste to retreat, all the while mumbling something that sounded like, "I was just checking."

I might as well admit we did not run Mr. Spence off. He stayed and taught at Thomas many years. When he finally resigned to accept a better paying position, there was a social held in his honor. He lived to be a very old man and was buried on December 7, 1941.

THE PISTOLERO

By Brice Armstrong

IT WAS the summer of 1966 and I had three days off coming. My wife was on one of her many trips back north "to see Mother," and I had no plans. Then I remembered Gil Tudor, a young rancher friend down on the Mexican border in the Big Bend of the Rio Grande in southwest Texas. I immediately threw some dungarees, boots and a sleeping bag in the car and headed south.

Now, the Big Bend of Texas is like no other place on earth. Geologists and biologists have often proclaimed it is like an island; indeed, many species of plants and animals found there are not known anywhere else. Jagged mountains are covered with snow in the winter; desert plains exist where you would think even the jackrabbit and the rattlesnake would starve.

Then, with a small spring rain, it rapidly unfolds into a wondrous colorful world, nothing like the dry cactus and forbidding rock of only a few minutes ago. But don't let that fool you.

Several times, on horseback and in a car, I have had to outrun a flash flood caused by one of "those little ol' rains." Not many people live there; there are not too many people who can adapt to that sort of lonely life. It takes a special breed.

And Gil Tudor was one of them. He's a little fellow, not much more than five feet tall. But he's what the Texans call "a real doozy." He was shot up in Korea, unwittingly became a dope addict through the heavy medication given him, kicked the habit in a Central Texas hospital and headed for the lonely Big Bend where he married a rancher's daughter and fathered a beautiful little blonde girl.

When I drove up to his adobe ranchhouse that afternoon I noticed the place was peculiarly quiet. I didn't see Mrs. Tudor and her Mexican maid puttering around in their small flower garden, and I noticed the daughter's "snake swing" was empty. (A snake swing is a small children's chair with a cross bar on it, hung on a swivel from a porch rafter high enough to keep the child from any rattlesnakes foolish enough to invade the yard.)

GIL ducked out from behind a large packing crate as I halted the car near the front door. I noticed he was wearing a .38 revolver in his belt and carrying his favorite .30-30 rifle.

The story was soon told: Gil and a neighbor had gotten into an argument over grazing rights on nearby Cigar Mountain, threats had been made and guns had been oiled. (Who was legally right, I never found out.) It seems, however, about two weeks before, Mrs. Tudor, carrying the baby, had started toward the corral and several rifle shots had been fired, kicking up the dirt behind her. The following week the same thing happened.

It was about here that Valentin entered the picture. Valentin was Gil's Mexican foreman, and a good one, although some people said he had left Mexico a few years earlier between sundown and sunup. But he was one of our favorites; our little boy David would hit the ground running when we would drive up to the Tudor place and head straight for Valentin. The grinning foreman would push back his wide-brimmed *charro* hat, hoist David into the saddle, and the two of them would be gone for hours. I never worried; Valentin was one of those border characters who would fight a tall bear with a short stick to protect a child in his care.

After the second shooting incident, Gil sent his wife and daughter to Big Spring, Texas, to stay with relatives. It was then that the Mexican foreman approached Gil.

"Señor Gil, I have discovered the man who did the shooting is a *pistolero*, a hired gunman from Old Mexico. He was not shooting to kill—yet. First, he's just to scare you and your family. He was hired by the neighbor who wants those grazing lands. Do not worry, señor, I will take care of the matter."

And Valentin rode off, some four days before I arrived for my holiday.

Gil and I cooked up a couple of steaks, had a few beers, checked all the guns in the house and went to bed. It must have been about two a.m. when I awoke. I could hear a horse stamping in the back yard, then a soft voice call, "Señor Gil! Señor Gil!"

Gil by this time was at the back door, rifle at ready. I followed with one of his shotguns. Then, in the bright moonlight, we recognized the mounted man, Valentin.

"Señor Gil," he said as we approached. "I found the man across the river, just like I thought. Here's the proof."

With that he untied a burlap bag from his saddle and dumped a human head on the ground. It was obvious he had tracked the gunman into Mexico, killed him, then cut off his head rather than bring home the whole body.

The distraught Gil ordered Valentin to take "that thing" back into Mexico and bury it—deep.

A year later Gil and I were discussing the incident—well out of earshot of our wives.

"That was a very hot night," I remarked, "up about 90°."

"Hot?" he groaned. "For weeks afterward I could feel the flames of Hell!"

THE NEAR MISS WAS NO LADY

By Patty Dowlin Kluver

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN," said the rodeo announcer, "in the arena is the famous outlaw horse, Old Froze to Death. He has never been ridden by a man. Wild and defiant, he is ready and able to test his skill against the ability of any contender. To the cowboy who dares challenge Old Froze to Death, the management will award the sum of fifty dollars. Who among you is a reckless gambler?"

Wary silence greeted the announcement, while the spectators glanced furtively around, searching for someone more foolhardy than themselves. They listened as the announcer repeated the offer, and then a murmur swept through the crowded grandstand when they saw the challenge being accepted.

Striding across the arena was a well known man-about-town, his derby hat and cane as incongruous as the costume of his companion, a fragile wisp in feminine attire. Clinging tightly to the arm of the dapper gentleman, her steps were precarious and faltering through the loose dirt of the enclosure. Slowly, the couple approached Old Froze To Death, who was blindfolded and restrained by several sweating men.

The spirited throng stared unbelieving when the unknown lady gracefully placed her high-buttoned shoe in the stirrup, to swing lithely on the back of Old Froze To Death. Her fashionable ruffled gown and petticoats cascaded in folds along the sides of the quivering bronc. She adjusted the rein in a dainty, gloved hand, and with a saucy nod of her feathered hat, indicated she was "set."

Those who were present at the rodeo, held at Forsyth, Montana, in 1921, were privileged to see a performance unequalled in the annals of the sport. The mysterious princess of the prairie rode the mustang as easily as if seated in a porch swing, while her skirts ballooned, swept, and fell in protest to the violent action. The decorative laces and bows, attached to her bodice, danced to the gyrations of the rangeland rebel, Old Froze To Death.

The shrill of the whistle projected the "pick-up" man upon the scene, astride a powerful chestnut gelding. Rapidly, horse and man bore down upon the still protesting bronc. A deft pick-up would be of heroic proportions.

Did our would-be hero catch the lass around her slender waist? He did not! Unaccountably, his was the most infamous pick-up in the annals of rodeo. His strong arm encircled the lady just above her knees and her desperate reach for his shoulders fell short. Her tiny figure twisted, flipped, to hang upside-down beside the racing red horse. The gorgeous feathered headgear skimmed inches above the ground, while the voluminous gown and undergarments, following the law of gravity, did likewise.

"For gosh sake, don't drop me, man! Don't drop me!" cried the hapless heroine.

"No, I won't!" replied the distraught

pick-up man, as he jerked and tugged to control his frightened mount who raced on, battered by the flailing garments, to charge directly past the grandstand.

The paying public watched, transfixed, as the terrifying scene developed. In breathless silence they awaited the trio pounding toward them. As the maverick bearing the man and hanging maid sped by, there was a gasp, and then a roar of laughter. Rather than a stolen glance at a pair of filmy pantaloons, the sharp-eyed sports along the rail beheld blue denim, silhouetted by shining rivets. Even the most casual observer knew the victim of the near miss was no lady.

The stars of this ranch country rodeo drama make no excuses. Their contribution to the golden memories of the sport have somehow been unheralded. There was but a single performance of their act; yet, around the hotels and lounges of Forsyth, anyone who didn't see, or hasn't heard of the event is labeled "stranger."

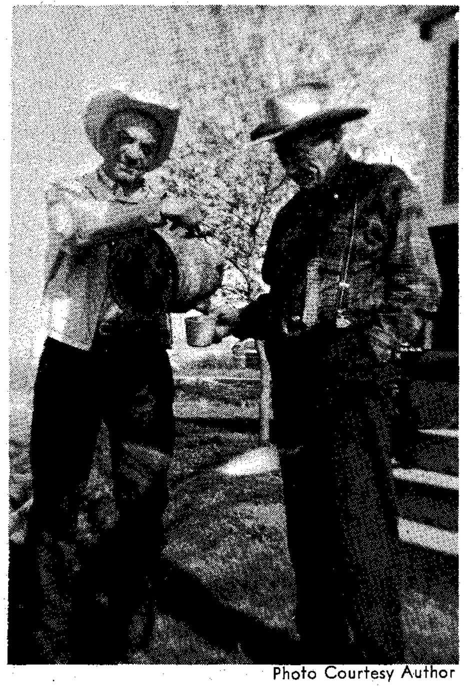


Photo Courtesy Author

Evan McRae, the helpless maiden, pours a cup of coffee for Mac Philbrick, the infamous pickup man. Frank Levi, the dapper man in the derby hat, got left out of the picture. Zounds!

(Continued on page 72)

"Lord, It's Me Again . . ."

(Continued from page 25)

keep your eyes open. Don't let them surprise you. Keep one man out in front and one in the back and when they come, get the women inside on the floor and pray to God the Indians don't get them."

So we headed west again. He gave us a compass and told the girls how to read it so we could tell where we were going. He told us to keep the hand pointing right and we would get there if we would just follow the hand.

We made it good for about six days when we ran into the biggest band of Indians we had seen yet. We saw them a long way off and were ready when they came at us. We had unhitched the team and took the harness off them. George was holding them so they wouldn't run off. These crazy Indians scared them to death.

We had two heavy boards that we brought for this reason—to get behind—so me and Pa were waiting and we both knocked one off his horse the first time around. Pa was shooting the Henry and I tried one of the new rifles. We got two of them so they rode off a piece and talked. We could see them in plain sight. Pa said, "Lige, take that .45-70 and when they come again, get the one that is painted up like the devil himself."

They couldn't shoot but they could ride. Lordy, I never saw such riding in my life. The one I was looking for came in and he leaned way over so all I could see was his foot, so I shot his horse with the .45-70. He went down and threw that Indian about thirty feet, then I grabbed a new rifle and put him down for good. I had hit him plumb center and he didn't move. Pa got another one, so they rode off and I saw our horses tearing out across the plains towards those varmint Indians. They grabbed the horses and here we were again with no team. Pa said, "If you hadn't stolen that money, this likely wouldn't have happened!"

PA GRABBED his jug, took a big pull on it, coughed and spit and couldn't get his breath. I told him he should leave that stuff alone or he'd turn into a real sot. He said, "Lige, I only took it to get the dust out of my throat." It sure takes a lot of it, doesn't it?

Them devils just sat and talked. I could see they didn't like our brand of shooting. Then they rode off a piece behind a little hill. I was watching them. They built a fire out of buffalo chips; the ground was covered with them. They had some jugs and started drinking. That stuff must have been as bad as Pa's. They would take a drink and beat themselves, jump up and down, and yell. I saw two of them riding off somewhere, I figured to get help.

Me and George took turns watching. Later the two came back and had some more jugs. They were all drunk but they didn't bother us anymore. I have been asked why they didn't come back and kill us all. I rightly don't know why, unless it was that they didn't like our shooting and figured they would get us when we set out afoot, but when they got drunk they forgot about us.

They kept this up until way late. I told George when the Indians went to sleep we'd get our horses back. "Lige, are you crazy in the head? I'm not hankering to get caught by those Indians!"

"I'm not either," I told him, "and I'm not hankering to walk with nothing to eat."

"All right, you are the boss."

So when those Indians all lay down on the ground and went to sleep we slipped in first, making sure there was no guard out. We crawled in on all fours. At first the horses made a little fuss then just stood and watched us. I started cutting them loose, and instead of them going off they just stood. When we came to our team, George took them back to the wagon. The others wouldn't leave so I got on one and then they all followed like I allowed they would.

When I got back they were hitched and ready to go. I kept the horse I was riding and we took one other likely looking one. All of the others followed us for a spell and then drifted off. By the time we camped they were all gone. I'd like to have seen those Indians when they got up and found no horses.

We went for a long time, maybe six days, and didn't see any Indians, then I was walking in back and George was in front, when eight Indians slipped up might nigh on us. I turned and started to shoot but one was waving a white rag tied to a stick. I knew from the war that he wanted to talk, so I waved for him to come in. He rode in and got off his horse. He said he wanted us to give him the girls—they had seen them and Ma walking—so he could trade them to the soldiers. While he was talking, I leaned my rifle against the wagon. I had an idea, so I just grabbed this young buck—he was about eighteen—and threw him to the ground.

"Ma," I said, "fetch me a rope." So I tied this buck with his hands behind him and jerked him to his feet. Ma brought me a big butcher knife, and this boy's eyes bugged out like he had seen a haint or two.

I said, "You tell those varmints if they give us any trouble I am going to cut your head clean off." So he did and I tied him to my belt so he couldn't get away. We went on down the road, his friends back about a hundred yards watching, but they didn't get close.

After several hours those Indians started out across the plains like the devil himself was after them. Soon some soldiers showed up—about fifteen of them—with three wagons. I told the sergeant what had happened. He said, "I'll just kill the boy." But I talked him out of this. "He saved our lives," I said.

That night we camped along the road with the soldiers. They had the young buck tied to a wagon wheel and when everybody got to sleep I cut him loose. I knew the sergeant would kill him if I didn't. The sergeant was real mad and prophesied, "Now he'll likely come back and kill all of you."

THE SOLDIERS took us to a trading post, they called it, but it was nothing but a hole in the ground with logs over it and dirt. The soldiers left us there and we spelled the horses for about four days and got ready to leave, and about twenty Indians rode in and took our horses, every last one of them. They didn't want anything else, just the horses. I always figured that trader put them up to it.

So here we were again—no team and God only knew where. I got down on my knees and said (and I remember it well), "Lord, it's me again. Looks like I never do anything but ask for help, but now it ain't so much for me as it is for Ma and the girls. Bringing them out here was my doing, not theirs, and I'd like to get them safe to some town where they are no Indians. Me and Pa and George can make it some way, but women are different. They always need help, so if it's not ask-

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ing too much I'd like for You to give them a hand. And I promise not to ask for Your help again."

We talked to the trader. We didn't have enough money to buy a team—he saw to that. So he said finally, "Can you build a house? Because if you can, when it's done I'll give you a team and see that you get to Pueblo." There was nothing we could do but accept his offer.

He gave us a tent to live in and some food; it wasn't much; but it was better than beans. We worked night and day, the girls and Ma, too. One day I was working like a beaver when I looked up and there sat the young buck I'd cut loose. He grinned and I saw he wanted to be friendly so I went over to him. He said, "You do me good one time—now I do you good. No more Indian bother you." And he rode off.

The man in the trading post, I think this was called Howe's Station, said about the boy that he was a chief. His father had been killed and so he was a chief, Osage I think he was. The man said he learned to talk at some school but he was so ornery they ran him off.

About the middle of October we were ready to move on again. The man gave us a team and wagon; ours was spent. We pulled out for Pueblo. We didn't have any Indian trouble and it took us at least twenty days. When we got to Pueblo it was winter time and snowing. We got a job from a man cutting ties and he was real glad when he found out we weren't gold hunters. He gave us enough lumber to build us a big one-room house. For the first time in our lives we had money, clothes and good food. We all worked, Ma and the girls, too. We had our first Christmas here and we really put on the dog! We didn't leave out anything. We never had any more bad luck; I guess He figured we had it coming after what we went through.

We worked all winter and in May of 1867 we were ready to look for a homestead. We went to Fairplay. First George homesteaded 160 acres about 45 miles south of Fairplay, but I went on until I came to the place I wanted. And it is this place right here or part of it. This place is near to Redstone, Colorado.

Ma and Pa and Ma's folks are buried in the cemetery beside the road. After we had been here for about twenty-five years, me and George decided to go back and get the remains of Ma's folks and bring them out here. Ma's only regret in leaving Arkansas was leaving her folks, because they didn't have a regular burial by a preacher. So when we got back we had a regular funeral like they had just died. Ma was happy about it, and that's all

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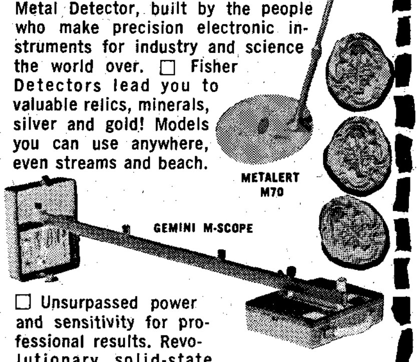

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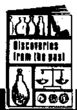

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that counted. She was eighty-six when she died and Pa went a year later. He and Ma had been together so many years that when she left he never got over it. He just didn't have no hankering to live.

While we were back in Arkansas we paid the man for the horse. He was old by that time. When I told him we had come to pay for the horse he said, "I didn't sell a horse. Fact is I don't have any. I just live here with my daughter and her young'uns."

After a spell I told him who we were and he nearly fell over. He said, "I knew you'd come back some day. I knew you were honest." We gave him fifty dollars and he told us it was only fifteen, but we told him if it hadn't been for him we'd still be pushing that wagon.

I owed one more bill and I figured I'd better pay it. I had put it off for a long time, so I went to our preacher and told him about stealing the money off the two dead men.

"Well," he said, "Lige, you have done a lot of good in your time, and I reckon if the good Lord didn't want you to have it, He would have punished you. But for the good you have done for mankind, I reckon you have been forgiven, so on the great Judgment morning you'll find you have a clean slate."

I gave him the amount I took from those men and went home. I felt a good deal better. I was all paid except one, going on.

We heard later that those three men had killed a whole family for their food, and were wanted everywhere and had a price on their head. But the law figured the one left had killed the other two for their money, so they just hung him.

Author's note: I visited the little graveyard in 1965. On a large flat marker is inscribed, "Lige Redstone—Born 1846, Died 1944—He will always be remembered" and on this stone stands an imposing statue of a white horse.

Duncan Wintered in Heaven

(Continued from page 15)

Thomas Clark. He gave the new missionary a little cabin inside the walls of the fort, as the Indians were treacherous. In fact, Factor Clark, to be safe from surprise attack, allowed only two Indians at any one time to enter the post to trade; and this only between the hours of twelve and four each afternoon. The signal for the Indians to enter was a brief raising of the fort's flag.

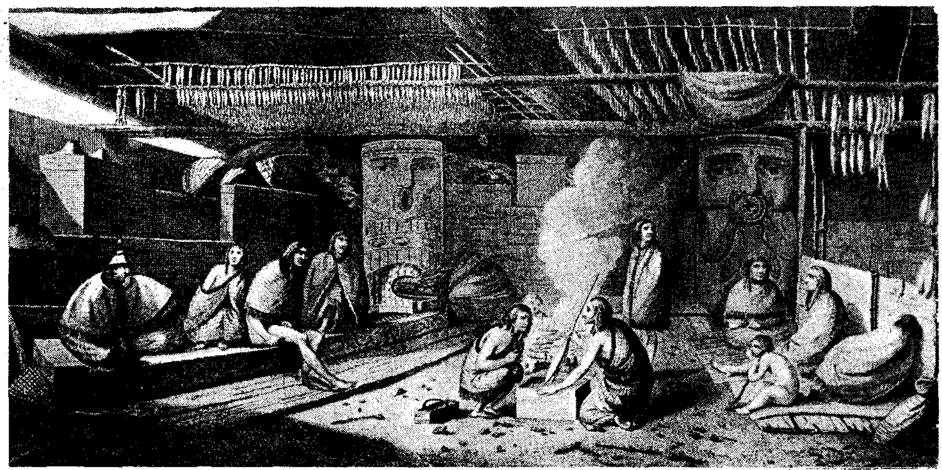
Duncan realized that before he could make any headway in Christianizing the Indians, he must learn to speak their language. He was unusually fortunate in that Klah, son of a Tsimsyen chief, had attracted the interest of Factor Clark and had been taken into the post. Klah had learned English and as a clerk in the store served as interpreter when his tribesmen came in to trade. Klah liked Duncan at once. He soon offered to teach the missionary the Tsimsyen tongue. In turn, Duncan quickly converted Klah. Soon Klah was eager for his people to accept the new religion.

Klah knew the quickest way Duncan could succeed with the Tsimsyen was to make the tribe believe Duncan was a great medicine man with very special supernatural powers. But Klah, having been converted, was aware Duncan would never knowingly consent to such deception.

Thus Klah was torn between loyalty to Duncan and his understanding of his own people and the most effective manner of dealing with them. Finally he decided the greatest good to the greatest number was more important, and that mild deception in assisting the eventual conversion of his tribe was excusable. So he went ahead with his plan.

DUNCAN had been at the fort only a short time when winter drew near. Then Klah visited the larger of the twenty community houses of the tribe situated along the beach near the fort. In an awed voice he told his people that Duncan was about to spend the winter in heaven with the departed spirits of the tribe. But while his spirit was there, his body would remain asleep within the stockade until spring. Klah also stated that during Duncan's visit to the Tsimsyen spirit world, he would learn from them to speak the Indian language.

To make good this amazing miracle,



Courtesy Provincial Archives, Victoria, B.C.

A community house, typical of the kind used by Indians of the British Columbia coast as late as 1880. Their sizes varied, some being as large as 40 by 60 feet. The fireplace was some 12 feet underground. Sleeping platforms lined the four walls.

and to transform Duncan into a great medicine man in the Indians' eyes, Klah was now faced with the difficult task of keeping the missionary out of sight of any Indians. Fortunately, Factor Clark had warned Duncan not to go outside the fort, and Klah was further aided by the fact that only two Indians at a time could enter it. As the trading hours were limited, the stay of each two was necessarily brief. Even with these restrictions in his favor, Klah had a very difficult four months.

Klah's hurrying Duncan into the cabin, at times, and some of his Indian friend's strange statements soon caused Duncan to fear Klah was losing his mind. He confided this fear to Factor Clark. However, Klah had previously taken Clark into his confidence regarding his plan, and Clark reassured Duncan. Clark also aided Klah in keeping Duncan out of sight of the Indians during the winter.

At last spring arrived. For months Klah had worked very hard and spent long hours teaching the missionary the Indian tongue. And Duncan luckily was one of those people to whom the mastering of another language came fairly easily. So by that early spring day when Klah visited the Indian village with the announcement that Duncan's spirit had returned from wintering in the Indian land of the spirits, the missionary had a fair command of the Tsimsyen dialect.

During the few days before that one upon which Klah had announced to the tribe Duncan would address them in the largest of the community houses, Klah worked with Duncan upon the first speech he was to make. In the preparation of this, Klah phrased the words so cleverly that the missionary had no idea that woven into them were references to what Klah had already told the tribesmen in the previous months.

In one portion of the address, Duncan was to say, "I have now slept in your far land many moons." While this was quite true, it conveyed quite another meaning to the listening tribesmen who packed the floor and the benches of the sixty-foot house. Among some other phrases Klah brought in the words, "In our Father's House are many community houses where the spirits dwell in great happiness; of this I assure you all."

By these and several other pointed allusions in the speech which Klah so cleverly arranged, the listening Indians were convinced Duncan had dwelt in heaven during the winter, and he became in their eyes a very great medicine man.

Klah had carefully explained to Duncan that the flowery language of the speech was best suited to appeal to the Indian mind. As these were all sufficiently Biblical, Duncan was quite satisfied with the explanation. Perhaps the most convincing thing to the Indians was the fact that this white man had learned to speak their language, something very unusual at that time as the traders seldom did.

Klah's belief that the end justified the means was conclusively demonstrated by the tribe's soon embracing Christianity.

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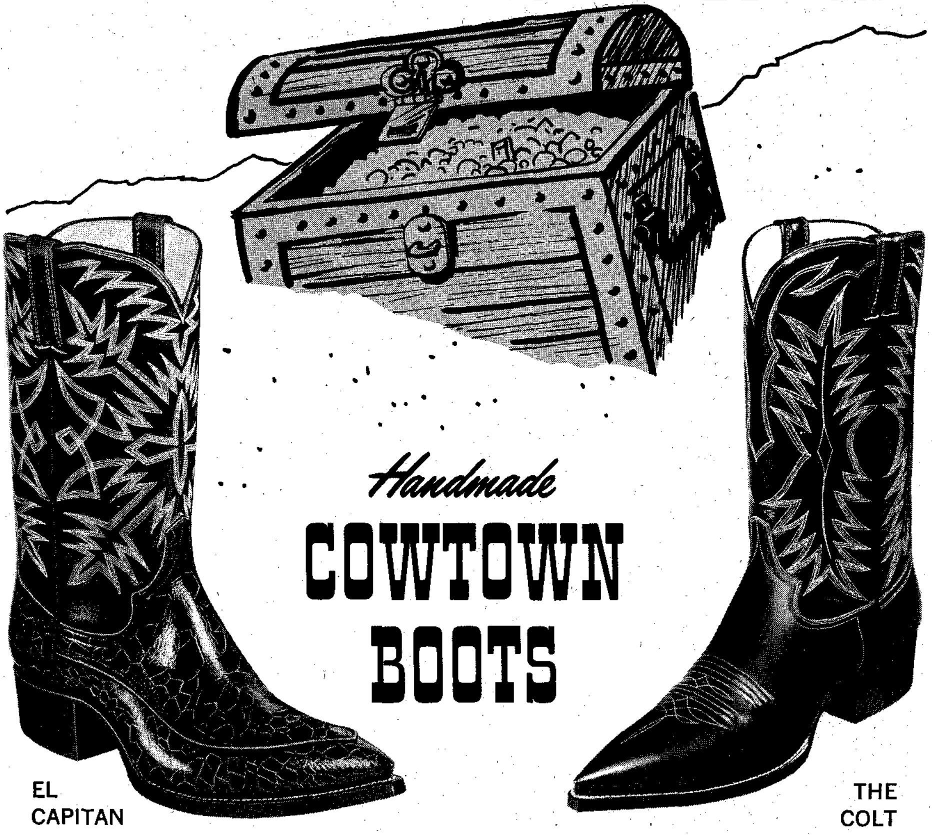

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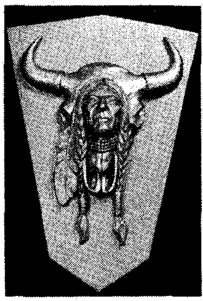

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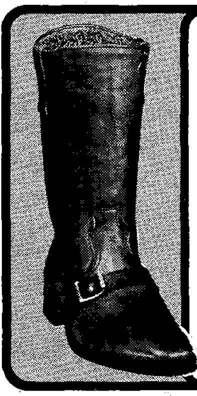

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Ramona's Real Family

(Continued from page 19)

dark eyes, and smooth olive complexion were magnets for the impressionable young man, and he became a frequent visitor to Rancho San Pascual. The disappointed ladies of Los Angeles, unacquainted with Doña Bartoloméa, scorned Reid as a derelict "squaw man."

A worried Dr. Keith soon found reasons to pry his friend loose from this unpromising affair. Jacob Leese's cantankerousness was keeping customers away from their *tienda*, and both young men had antagonized the Mexican authorities by innocently aiding an uprising of Sonorans.

The merchants closed their store, and the two friends returned to Hermosillo, where Reid taught in a boys' school for a year. To forget the exotic Bartoloméa, he determined to remain a "sober, steady young man, occupied from six in the morning until eight at night." For diversion he translated popular English songs into Spanish, and wrote friends that his version of "Home, Sweet Home" was "all the go."

It was a short-lived bachelorhood. On hearing that Bartoloméa's husband had died when her fourth child was born, Reid returned north to become the widow's suitor in earnest.

HUGO REID must have been certain that fate had meant him for this woman whose background was so different from his own. He had to reject both his Scotch Presbyterianism and his Scotch citizenship before he could receive official sanction for his marriage. And only after four witnesses testified to his worth as a human being did the ecclesiastical judge and the governor of the province consent to the match.

On becoming a Catholic, Reid chose "Perfecto" (The Accomplished One) as his new Christian name. And, either to remind himself of his faithless love, or to honor Britain's queen, he changed his beloved's name to Victoria. After making their elaborate wedding, the socially impeccable Doña Eulalia sheltered the newlyweds until they could build their home and find friends who didn't consider an interracial marriage degrading.

Victoria had been terrified of earthquakes ever since 1812, when she'd seen the San Gabriel Mission's bell tower collapse during a disastrous tremor. So Reid designed their two-story house, Uva Espina (Gooseberry), of clapboard and adobe, reinforced with large beams. It was an innovation in Southern California.

Then he turned to his wife's beautiful Rancho Santa Anita with its shimmering lagoon, called by one historian "the most picturesque spot in Southern California." Hostile whites were challenging Victoria's claim to her tribal lands, and in 1839 Don Perfecto petitioned the district prefect for a clear title. According to Mexican practice, he strengthened his claim by building huts for his Indian laborers, corrals for his animals, and an adobe for his family on the shores of the lagoon.

It took six years for the leisurely Mexican government to make a final grant. In 1841, when considerable string-pulling won him a provisional deed from Governor Alvarado, Reid wrote, "His Excellency has attended to the papers of my ranch in the same manner in which I would dispose of a dish of lima beans for breakfast—fattening myself in so doing!"

Though ownership of their land was provisional, the Reids built on it a good life, orderly and comfortable. Historian William Heath Davis was Doña Victoria and Don Perfecto's guest for two months at Santa Anita. He found them enchanting. Don Perfecto was a "cultivated and educated man, a big-hearted man, a thorough accountant. . . ." And "a Castilian lady of standing could not have bestowed on us any greater attention or graciousness than was extended to us" by Doña Victoria.

He was surprised and delighted with the "excellence and neatness of the housekeeping of the Indian wife. . . . The beds were exquisitely neat with coverlids of satin, the sheets and pillowcases trimmed with lace."

The Reids were epicures, and Davis' description of the succulent meals served him every day testify to his host's prosperity and his hostess' talent.

The "Scotch Paisano," as Reid came to be called, threw himself with youthful vigor into his new roles of rancher, *Mexicano*, and family man. Stimulated by his friendship with Jean Louis Vignes and William Wolfskill, pioneers of California's fruit and wine industries, he was one of the first cattle ranchers to cultivate orchards and vineyards, and he soon became a skillful vintner.

HIS INTEREST in his new country's politics was keen, and in 1839 his neighbors elected him *regidor del muy ilustre ayuntamiento de la Ciudad de Los Angeles* (member of the Los Angeles City Council). Twice a week the Reids rode the twelve miles from their San Gabriel home to the pueblo. Don Perfecto went on horseback but his wife, as frightened of horses as she was of earthquakes, jogged serenely behind in an ox-drawn *carreta*. She and the children visited the families of the prominent merchant, Abel Stearns, and the respected Juan Bandini with whom the Reids had formed the tie of god-parenthood, a close bond in Latin cultures. And Don Perfecto pondered such civic matters as whether or not serenaders who strolled the pueblo at night without a permit should be fined.

Reid delighted in his beautiful Indian family, and wrote to the childless Abel Stearns, wishing him "a baby to wet your trousers when you're all dressed up." In a tender Hispanic mood he'd call Victoria his "Rose of Castile," but when he reverted to earthy Scot, she became "The Old Woman."

He loved his wife's children enough to become their teacher. To the Cambridge scholar the three-months' annual schooling San Gabriel children received seemed pitiful. Daily, the three oldest children, the handsome sixteen-year-old Felipe, his carbon copy, José Dolores, and their small sister, the dainty María Ygnacia, studied arithmetic, Spanish grammar, English and French. Geog-

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raphy lessons, really tales of their stepfather's travels, brought the romance of education to the children and satisfied Reid's curbed wanderlust.

Unfortunately, the lessons became a sore point between husband and wife. Indian that she was, Doña Victoria thought that the Santa Anita lagoon, with its tules and migratory waterfowl, was schoolroom enough. In a book-poor land, where even a great *hacendado* (landholder) signed his will with an "X," she saw no need for literacy. Although her husband taught her to read and write, she was sure indoor studying was unhealthful, and when Don Perfecto developed a chronic "chest complaint," she was positive.

But to Hugo Reid life without intellectual challenge was too meager. For a university man, the sleepy backwater's lack of newspapers, theater, even a post office, had become stifling. Bullfights, bear-baiting, and cattle roundups couldn't substitute for exciting ideas. Ink, lifeblood of scholars, was at times so scarce that Reid concocted his own out of "three parts water, two parts mud and one part tadpole—well ground."

The constant hospitality expected by his gregarious neighbors weighed heavily on him. He wrote that he was "in one day tormented with two *alcaldes*, their families and a hundred more persons." Sick spells kept him from supervising his ranches properly; his whole situation was getting on his nerves.

Reid tried to escape. In 1842 he and Dr. Keith, who must have found medicine slow in Los Angeles, embarked on the first of two long trading voyages along the California coast and to the Orient. Leaving an untrained Victoria to manage their lands as best she could, he hoped to recoup any losses in ranch revenue by large profits in goods from the newly opened Chinese ports. Some trading ships showed profits of three-hundred percent, but the openhearted Reid apparently wasn't as skillful as other merchants at evading the ruinous Mexican import duties. Wiser, but no wealthier, he returned to his neglected ranches. They didn't go right, he said, *per falta del amo* (through the master's fault).

IN 1844 he put Santa Anita on the market. The magnificent shawls and Oriental jewels that he'd brought Victoria from his trips may have assuaged the hurt she felt at being left alone for a long period, but they couldn't hide the bald fact that he was selling her dowry.

Three years later, his former employer, Henry Dalton, bought Santa Anita from Hugo Reid for $2,700—about twenty cents an acre. A sick sense of failure must have deepened his sorrow at seeing some of the finest land in Southern California slide through his fingers. He made the sale, he wrote, "*con dolor de corazon* (with heartfelt sorrow) for the situation is beautiful and the ground enjoyable."

But larger problems than his own shaky finances had caught his attention. California was buckling under the pressure of the imminent Mexican War, and Mexicanized Anglos like Reid were becoming important links between the Latin regime and the Yankee. His neighbors, still confident in his judgment, elected him *juez de paz* (justice of the peace) of San Gabriel in 1846. Soon after, the last Mexican governor of California, Pío Pico Rivera, attempting to keep the Old Guard in power, sold the entire San Gabriel Mission and its lands to Reid and William Workman for $7,000.

Reid's new office was more headache than honor and his new lands were no bargain. The missions, neglected since their secularization in 1834, were falling apart, and the *paisanos* were claiming the idle acreage. Although the Indians were entitled by law to a fair share of the mission lands, the more aggressive whites shoved them aside. Many Indians took to the nearby hills, burning and ravaging outlying *ranchos* in revenge.

Don Perfecto resolved to stop saying "Damn!" and plunged into the turmoil between Indians and whites. The understanding gained from his years with Victoria earned him the red men's trust, and they even asked him to perform their marriage ceremonies and baptize their babies (one wonders what the *padres* thought of this). To keep the peace, he formed a police force using some of the Indian malcontents, but the raids continued.

He spent so much time settling Indian-white disputes that he left the management of his *ranchos* to a friend, Jim McKinley. But McKinlev, a bigot, couldn't get along with Reid's Indian laborers,

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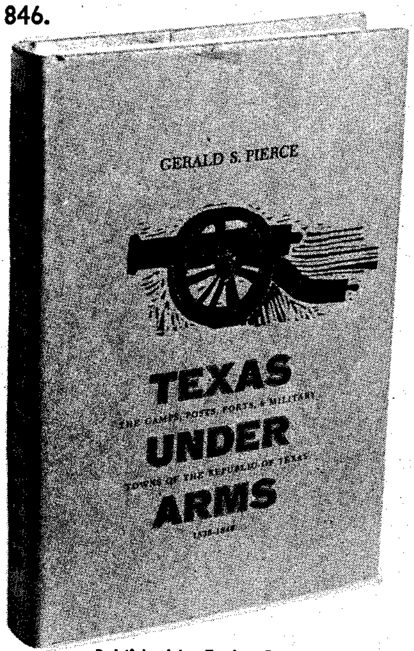
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and the *ranchos* slipped farther downhill. The problems were coming faster than one sick man could solve them. About the time that a peaceful village of Gabrieleño Indians was given two days to leave the Los Angeles area (creating a key incident in *Ramona)*, Reid left office.

It was 1848. Unable to help his wife's people, Reid hoped to find a quick solution to his own difficulties at the gold mines near Sutter's Fort. Leaving Victoria and three of the children for his third extended trip in seven years, he started north with Felipe.

They were still enroute when smallpox, scourge of the Indian, struck twenty-one-year-old María Ygnacia. Alone, Victoria watched her beautiful daughter die. As she sent to Abel Stearns for white satin ribbon and a coffin, it was bitter for the mother to remember the girl's romance six months before with the young American lieutenant who had called her "The Flower of San Gabriel."

Stoic while her daughter was dying, Doña Victoria nearly went mad with grief after the burial. Her husband's love for books, she thought, and the indoor lessons he'd given the children, had undermined the girl's health. For a time she hated Hugo Reid, and in her sleep was heard to cry out, "Murderer!"

José Dolores, her second son, may also have died of smallpox about the same time.

Only the arrival at San Gabriel of the Evertson family, settlers from Virginia, with their little girl, Laura, restored her balance. The grieving mother lavished on the small Virginian all the love she'd had for María Ygnacia. "Lalita," as she called the child, had free run of the Reid home and as many of the dead girl's jewels as her parents would let her accept.

Years later, Laura Evertson wrote that her foster mother had taught her to understand and harmonize with nature. "Being an Indian," she said, "her noblest characteristics were left to be discovered by those who loved her and who knew her best."

WHEN Don Perfecto finally arrived at the placer mines, he quickly lost his hope of making a fortune. The rough life was not to his taste, and the gold-hungry crowds even less so. His humanitarianism soured briefly.

"The mines are loaded to the muzzle with vagabonds . . . scoundrels and assassins," he wrote. "Last but not least Judge Lynch with his thousand arms, thousand sightless eyes and five hundred lying tongues. . . ."

The crude living conditions aggravated his tuberculosis, and he and Felipe left, walking to Monterey for five terrible days, with "fits of coughing that nearly killed me."

In Monterey he recovered enough to open a general store with Jim McKinley, and he hoped to send for Victoria and the other children within the year. By this time Reid was disillusioned with himself.

"I suppose a couple of years will either make a spoon or spoil a horn," he wrote. "I have through my own good and proper management spoiled a tarnation lot of horns; so I am held in hopes of spooning it this time."

But Monterey's population had either left for the mines or followed the legislature to San José, the new capital, so there were few customers for Reid & McKinley. Another "horn" was spoiled. Besides, McKinley was a poor accountant and the humanist Reid had found more challenging business—organizing a new state.

The treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, ending the Mexican War, had ceded California to the United States in February, 1848. For three sessions Congress, hung up on the slavery issue, couldn't decide how to fit the new land into the Union. With thousands of gold hunters pouring into the north and Indian raids continuing in the south, the territory was near anarchy.

California's interim governor, Bennett Riley, acting on his own initiative, called a constitutional convention in August, 1849. Reid and his close friend, Abel Stearns, represented their San Gabriel neighbors. Within six weeks they and their associates, "disputing like the devil at home," had framed a workable set of laws.

During the deliberations Reid was appalled by the delegates' ignorance of the Indians' culture and needs. Although anxious to return to Victoria and the children, he stayed north long enough to push legal protection for her people through the first session of the new legislature. By Reid's laws, California's 100,000 red men could no longer be driven from their villages as they had been when Reid was justice of the peace. And, although an Indian's testimony couldn't convict a white man, they were at least permitted to contract for their labor.

Sick, his blond hair now white, the forty-year-old Reid came home. His stay-at-home neighbors were wallowing in a cattle boom born of the gold rush, but he was in debt and his best land was gone. Weary of his fruitless search for fortune, perhaps trying to redeem himself in Victoria's eyes, he turned to the humanist, intellectual core of his life, and became the Indians' spokesman.

If California's new masters didn't understand the Indians any better than its old overlords, his legislation would be useless. Seeking popular support for his laws, Reid undertook a complete anthropological study of the Indians of Los Angeles County. Now Doña Victoria could see purpose in study. For the next two years, checking and rechecking every fact, husband and wife painstakingly gathered the history, language, legends, and customs of her people.

Then Reid retired into seclusion so deep even Doña Victoria had no idea where he was. When he emerged several months later, he had written twenty-two *Letters on the Indians,* to be serialized in the *Los Angeles Star* in 1852.

THESE wry, compassionate essays mark Hugo Reid as Los Angeles' first anthropologist, and are among the most accurate acounts of California's Indians. They were the basis of a report on Indian affairs made to the federal government in 1853, and brought suggestions for immediate help to these desperate people.

Reid himself proposed a reservation system similar to what the United States ultimately adopted.

By the time Hugo Reid wrote and published his *Letters*, he was a dying man, but his writing is rich with vivid insights into the confrontation of two vastly different cultures.

Though he remained personally faithful to the Catholic Church, his account of the Indians' conversion is the view of a compassionate skeptic. He described one mass conversion in which over-eager missionaries gathered men, women, and children from two lodges, tied and whipped them, and drove them to San Gabriel. After separating children from mothers and husbands from wives, the *padres* baptized the little ones. Families were kept apart until the adults accepted baptism.

"Baptism so performed," wrote Reid, "and the recital of a few words not understood *(Amar a Díos)* can hardly be said to be a conversion; nevertheless it was productive of great advantage to the missionaries, because once baptized, they lost 'caste' with their people and had, *nolens volens*, to stop with the oppressor. This of course was put down by the *padres* as proof of the influence of religion on their minds, and the direct interposition of the Virgin Mary! Poor devils, they were the Pariah of the West. Not one word of Spanish did they understand—not one word of the Indian tongue did the priest know. They had no more idea that they were worshipping God than an unborn child has of astronomy."

Although their women were forced to submit to Spanish soldiers, for a long time *mestizo* children born among them were strangled. A proud people took a cruel revenge.

The first twelve *Letters*, detailing Indian life before the white man's arrival, were published several times, but the last ten, describing mission life from the Indians' point of view, disappeared for nearly seventy-five years. All twenty-two *Letters* were republished privately in 1926.

Hugo Reid, an accomplished linguist, knew that ignorance of Spanish had helped to debase the Indians, and included a glossary of their language with his essays. The practical Scot hoped to follow the essays with an Indian-English dictionary so that they could deal with the Americans. He died, aged forty-two, before he'd more than started.

His death was just one more misfortune in his life with his Indian love. The little capital he left her was stolen by a thieving trustee. The United States Land Commission refused to honor Pío Pico's hasty grant of the San Gabriel Mission to her husband. And their "tremor-proof" house at Uva Espina fulfilled her worst fears when it collapsed during an earthquake.

Doña Victoria lingered on, selling her jewelry piece by piece, until December, 1863, when smallpox swept her away. She may have felt she'd lived too long, for the handsome Felipe, never stable, had become involved with the notorious Murietta gang. Three members of the ruffian band, excluding Felipe, were hanged for the murder of General Joshua

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Bean. Years later, Felipe, who had meanwhile died of smallpox, was proven to have been the murderer.

The adobe the Reids lived in during the happy, early years of their marriage may be seen, beautifully restored, on the shores of the lagoon at the Los Angeles County Arboretum. It gives an accurate picture of life in California's Golden Age. But the State of California's first laws protecting a minority, and the Reids' efforts to save an imperiled culture are this interracial couple's real legacy to our own racially turbulent times.

Reign of the Vigilantes

(Continued from page 35)

Prineville was a fertile valley known as Willow Creek.

By 1882 most of the desirable land in the valley had been taken. One of these settlers was Lucius Langdon.

Early on the morning of March 15, 1882, a rancher, Garret Maupin, was riding along the road which wound its way from The Dalles on the Columbia River, to Prineville. When just over the hill from Langdon's place, Maupin heard two gun shots. He rode over the hill to see what the shooting was about. As he reached the top of the hill he saw Langdon carrying a rifle and riding toward his house. Looking down the hill, Maupin saw two figures lying on the ground.

Maupin waited until Langdon was out of sight, then rode down to where the bodies lay in the sagebrush. He was aghast to find they were Langdon's neighbors, A. H. Crooks and Steven Jury. Maupin knew there had been trouble between Crooks and Langdon over the dividing line between some of their property. (Later it was confirmed by the land office that Langdon was in the right.)

Maupin rode back over the hill to the road and took the message to the deputy sheriff in Prineville as quickly as he could make the long ride.

A coroner's jury was empaneled by Justice Powers and went to the scene of the shooting, where their verdict was that A. H. Crooks and Steven Jury had met their death by gunshot wounds inflicted by Lucius Langdon.

Langdon had left his house. Only W. H. Harrison was there when they reached the place. It was on their return to Prineville that the posse was formed and went in search of Lucius Langdon.

THIS was the first act of the Crook County Vigilante Committee, and it is doubtful if such a group even existed prior to this event. They claimed their organization was for the protection of the county from outlaws and horse thieves. No outlaws were ever captured by the Vigilantes, though some suspects were ordered to leave the country. It was never known for sure if the suspects were really lawbreakers or if they were merely in the bad graces of the committee.

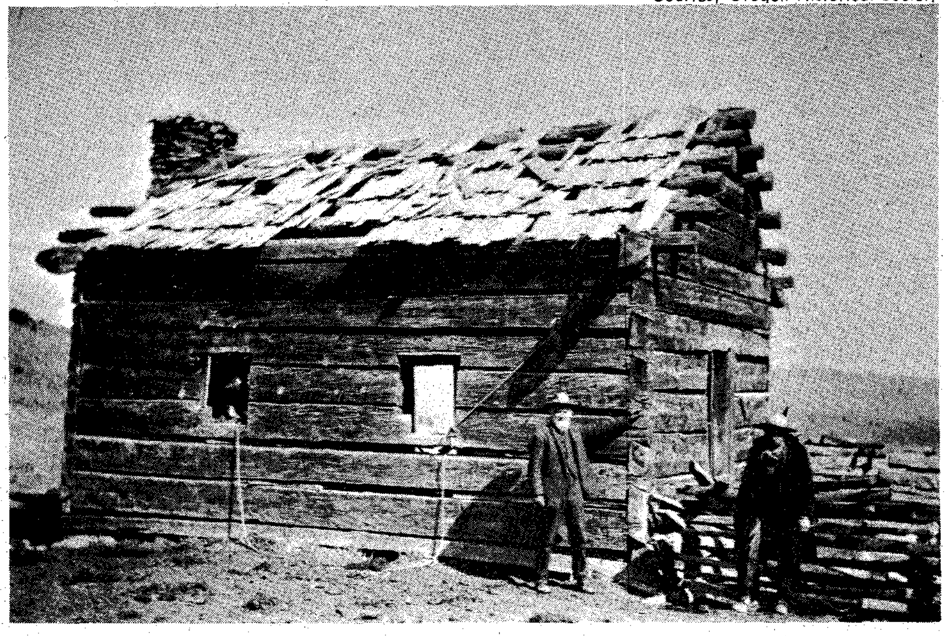
It is known, though, that the Vigilantes became so powerful as to eventually take control of local affairs, and many acts of lawlessness were laid at their door before the citizens of the community rose up in revolt and reinstated a measure of law and order in the area.

The next known act of the organization, after killing Langdon and Harrison, was the shooting of Al Swartz. Al had defied the "Committee" and knew he was in danger of an ambush at any time.

During the evening of December 24, Al was playing cards in Burmiester's saloon. He was sitting so he could face the door. At about ten o'clock someone came up to a window behind Swartz and shot him in the back of the head. It was on this same night that the Vigilantes went to the house of J. M. Barnes and shot two young men, then dragged them across the road and up on a small hill and hanged them to the limb of a juniper tree. The young men were named Housten and Ludstrum. The next morning Carroll Compton and his sister were riding in a light wagon with their father, and noticed

The first schoolhouse in Prineville, Oregon.

Courtesy Oregon Historical Society



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where something had been dragged across the road. They then saw the two bodies hanging from the tree.

The reason the Vigilantes gave for the killings was that the boys were planning to steal some horses; but the real reason was that Housten was a jockey who had agreed to throw a race, but had bet $60 on his own horse and had ridden the horse to win.

The real reason, according to Compton's story, for the killing of Ludstrom was a quarrel Ludstrom and Barns had had over wages owed him.

THE FOLLOWING spring, in 1883, a man named Mike Mogan was in Burmiester's saloon one evening when J. M. Barns walked in. He walked up to Mogan and accused him of not paying a six-dollar debt, which Barns was going to collect right then or shoot Mogan. Mogan refused to pay so Barns shot him through the lungs. He died in a few moments.

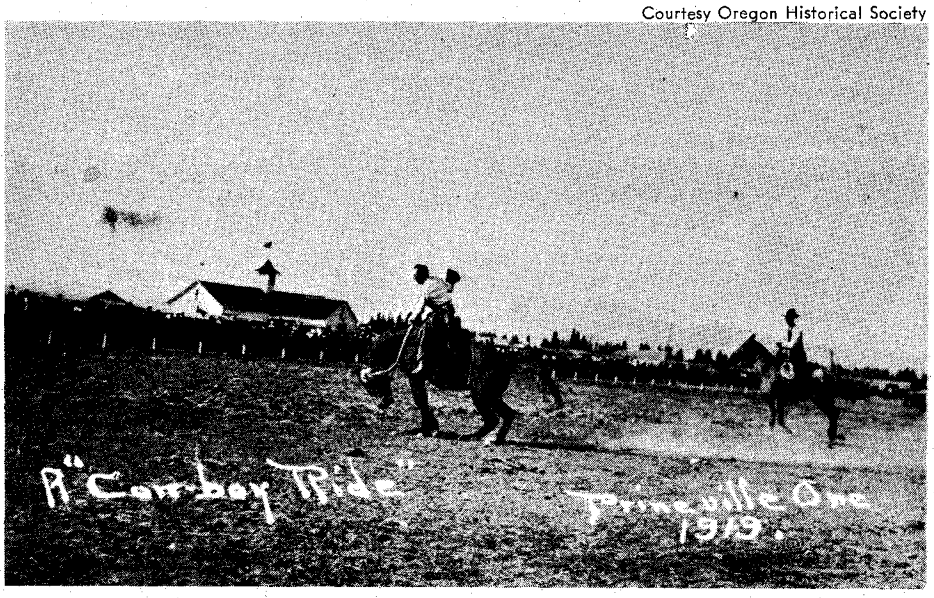
On December 18th, 1883, Mike's brother Frank was in Kelly's saloon, when he and Bud Thompson, whom Frank had worked for, got into an argument over a wage settlement, and Thompson got behind Mogan and shot him in the back of the head. Not a true bill was the jury's verdict in the case, which shows how thoroughly the Vigilantes had taken control of the law in that part of the country. It was impossible to get a verdict against any of the members of the organization. They would always manage to get a sympathizer on the jury, or witnesses willing to lie on the stand.

Frank Mogan's widow somehow managed to get a judgment for the sum of $3,600 against Thompson, but could never collect it. At one time Thompson was a very good newspaperman and was on the editorial staff of the Portland *Oregonian*. He had also been editor of various small papers in the state.

The shooting of Frank Mogan was the last known shooting by the Vigilantes, but during their reign there were numerous abuses of law and order, and no one knows how many disappearances could be attributed to the Committee. A few years after the Vigilantes had fallen from power, a man's skeleton was found hanging from a tree limb about twelve miles south of Prineville. Nearby lay the remains of a saddle. It was impossible to identify the victim, but most likely

The old Prineville Fairgrounds Rodeo, 1919.

Courtesy Oregon Historical Society



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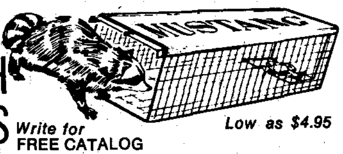

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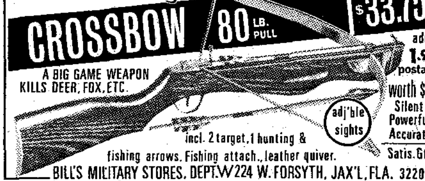

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he too had been on the Committee's death list.

In 1883, a new organization began forming. Carrol Compton's grandfather was one of the charter members. The purpose of the organization was to combat lawless Vigilantes and to bring justice back to the courts. To accomplish this it was necessary to gain control of the politics of the county.

The organization called themselves the "Moonshiners," and by 1884 was comprised of many of the leading citizens of the community. It was perfected in three precincts, with the Prineville party being the leading one. They worked quietly but in unison all over the county. When election time came, the Moonshiners carried almost the whole ticket, and the reign of the Vigilantes came to an end.

Mr. Compton, only a few years before he died, pointed out to me the old juniper tree from which the two young men were hanged, and showed me where they were dragged across the road. After nearly sixty years it was still indelibly imprinted on his mind—a gruesome sight for a child to see.

The old iron bridge, where Harrison was hanged, still stood until a few years ago when it was replaced and relocated. The town which Barney Prine started nearly a hundred years ago with willow logs on the banks of Crooked River, now has a population of several thousand. Many of the original buildings of the early settlers still stand—and the old juniper "hanging tree" is still there—witness to the era of violence.

Breaking Trail in an Overland

(Continued from page 37)

we have found finer hospitality. Our rescuer's Spanish-speaking wife did her utmost to make us welcome and comfortable. She hastily prepared the only food she had—tortillas, beans and coffee. Nothing since has ever tasted better.

By next morning the rain had stopped, and taking the team, the men went back to that mountain arroyo to get the cars. The water had ceased to run under the sand and they succeeded. Just beyond the home of our gracious host however, a storm-created lake covered the road for about a hundred yards. Through this each car in turn was pulled by the husky team.

Our goal for that night, and the first town where we could get supplies was St. Johns, Arizona. We reached it by evening, and in a little dirty restaurant in the rear of a saloon, we had the satisfying experience of eating a full hot meal.

JUST AS WE were ready to leave the next morning, a couple of cars pulled in from the west. We inquired about road conditions ahead. One of the men replied, "Just out of town it will be upgrade for you. We barely could make it down. I don't see how you can go up in this mud."

There seemed to be no choice for us but to try. Dad led off as usual, breaking trail for the others. Slow but rather steady progress was being made until our motor seemed suddenly to lose its usual power. The road appeared no worse, so Dad asked me to step out and see if I could find anything wrong. As I waded to the front of the car, the problem was obvious. Both front wheels were toeing out and each was plowing a furrow nearly a foot wide. Evidently a rock in the center of the road had caught and severely bent the steering rod which tied the two wheels together. Dad got out the jack and, bracing it against a cross-member of the frame, forced the rod back to approximately normal.

Not long after, we came to the Little Colorado River. This ordinarily small stream was a roaring brown torrent. Apparently a bridge there had been washed away some time ago, and a crude semblance of one constructed to replace it. This engineering wonder consisted of two rows of piling, these rows being the same distance apart as the wheels of a car. On top, 2" x 12" planks had been fastened end to end, forming two narrow ribbons spanning the river. Smaller board had been nailed on the sides, thus creating shallow "pig troughs" for the wheels. The planks were wet and slippery with mud and some of the side pieces were missing. A sign posted there was not reassuring. It read, "Anyone using this bridge does so at his own risk."

Because the men felt that it was too dangerous for the women and children to remain in the cars for the crossing, they had them get out and walk across. This was done in pairs, while holding hands over the intervening space to support each other. Then, one by one, the cars were slowly and gingerly driven across the shaky structure.

One afternoon we came upon a mountain wash which had entrapped a big chauffeur-driven Peerless from Louisiana. Sand and water were up in the body of the car, which was in such a position that it completely blocked the only possible crossing. The Peerless had been there for hours and was holding up two or three cars from the west and three or four from the east. Our arrival added four more. The men already had tried to free the bogged car, but little progress had been made.

Spurred on by Dad and his now experienced companions, a new coordinated effort was begun by the group which now numbered about twenty men. This was just before dark, and temporarily at least, the rain had ceased. Fires were built on the soggy ground, and the women pooled and prepared what food and coffee they had to keep the men going.

After assembling all available gear such as ropes, chains, jacks, and planks, work began in earnest. The men worked waist deep in water often ducking underwater to set and operate the jacks. It was a laborious job and progress was slow, but finally about 1 or 2 a.m. they were ready for a supreme effort. Our car was maneuvered into first position, facing the Peerless and hitched to it by log chain. Dad's big rope was tied to the mired car, then passed back under our Overland to a Buick behind. One of the men had a block and tackle, and this was utilized by attaching it to the big car and then a heavy post the men had set and braced. With drivers in place, with cars tugging in reverse, and with about a dozen and a half men straining on the block and tackle, the stalled car was slowly dragged free of the gripping sand, and up and out of the wash.

AT LONG LAST Arizona was conquered, and we were approaching the mighty Colorado River. We had to follow a temporary road through a swampy area created by the river's overflow. All the while we were breathing a prayer that a little ferry we had heard about would be there to take us across. It was! The chains came off and the autos were loaded on a flat scow barely large enough for two cars. A little boat equipped with an equally small motor was tied to a rear corner of the scow and pushed us across to the other side.

California at last! We had made it! Of all those we had seen or met who were heading west, we in our Overland and our friends in the Ford were the first to arrive. Some, we knew, had given up. We now parted from our good traveling companions, as their destination was San Diego while ours was Pomona Valley in Los Angeles County.

It seemed that finally all was well, but about fourteen miles west of Needles our damaged steering rod broke. Because the country was flat we managed to stop safely but once again we were stranded. This time it was under a cloudless sky and a merciless desert sun. Dad removed the broken rod and started hiking back to Needles, necessarily leaving Mother, Sister and me. It got hotter and hotter. It was too stifling to remain in our cramped vehicular quarters, and there was no shade except that made by the car. With the sun high overhead at noon, this shade was beneath the car. We three crawled under, tight fit though it was.

The railroad was not far away, and about 4 p.m. we saw a train approaching and slowing down. It didn't stop, but with great relief we saw Dad jump off. Though stopping there was against their rules, after describing his emergency Dad had persuaded the trainmen to bring him back and slow sufficiently for him to get off.

Soon the repaired rod was back in place and we hurried on over the blistering but mud-free roads of the California desert. With a realization and new appreciation of some of the hardships endured by the early pioneers, we rolled on through the Cajon Pass to the safe completion of our long and eventful "Overland" journey.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 6)

both living somewhere in southern California. Father's side: My grandmother's name was Mary A. Faria. She had three daughters, Eleanor, Nettie and Verna. She also had three sons: Raymond (Dad), Edward and Lester. They all live in Turlock, California, except for Grandma who died December 25, 1965, and my father, who died March 16, 1956.

My only reason for trying to locate Mother is just to see and talk with her at least one time. Also, she has several grandchildren (two of which are mine) that I think she might want to see.

Surely we have some relatives or friends of hers or of the family in Oklahoma who read your magazine. If so, I would like very much to communicate with them. This is something I've been wanting to do for a long time but I never knew exactly how to go about it until I read your magazine. I do hope someone will be able to help me find my mother.—Myrna Loie Palmer, 4875 N. E. Alberta Court, Portland, Oregon 97213

John Bean

I am wondering if you may have some information concerning a Mr. John Bean, Strawberry Valley, Yuba County, California. He is a distant relative, and I've heard nothing from him since 1944. At that time he had the only general store and assay office in Strawberry Valley. He also had a small garage and gasoline pump out front. A gold mining operation was nearby, and Mr. James McCullah had samples from this mine which were fine free gold samples (placer operation). The water reservoir at his place cost around $100,000, ample for operation through summer.—Dan Calkins, Jr., Room 9-Annex, Shamrock Hotel, 4101 Bridge Street, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin 54729

Teddy Hastie

I am looking for my father whom I haven't seen since I was one and a half years old. All I know is that he would be in his sixties now and his name is Teddy Hastie. He was married to Beatrice R. Crostic, my mother. I was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania on December 21, 1926. I do not know whether he is *even living. From what I was told* I believe he was from Chicago. If anyone knows where he is or anything about him, please write to me.—Mrs. Margaret E. Harlow, 3507 Moody Avenue, Richmond, Virginia 23225

Tracy-Presler-Colbath

I would like to hear from anyone who knew John Isaac Tracy born in Cherokee County, Georgia and moved to Texas where he married Aphelia Elizabeth Presler. He died in 1915 and is buried in Concan, Texas. His wife was born in Lockhart, Texas in 1853 and died in 1924. They had two sons, James Floyd and Press, and two daughters, Mrs. Susie B. Cox and Mrs. Mattie Rogers, both living in New Mexico. James Floyd, my husband's father, died in 1947.

I would also like to hear from anyone who knew John Colbath. His son, A. L. Colbath, born in Blanco County, Texas on May 18, 1868, was my grandfather. He died September 28, 1958 in Kerr County, Texas. I believe the wife of John Colbath was named Martha.—Mrs. C. O. Tracy, 408 East Antonio Street, Uvalde, Texas 78801

Manier-Medlen-Stone

I am interested in information regarding Vernell Manier, last known to be in or near Harrisburg, Saline County, Illinois in 1933. At that time he was nine-

(Continued on page 65)

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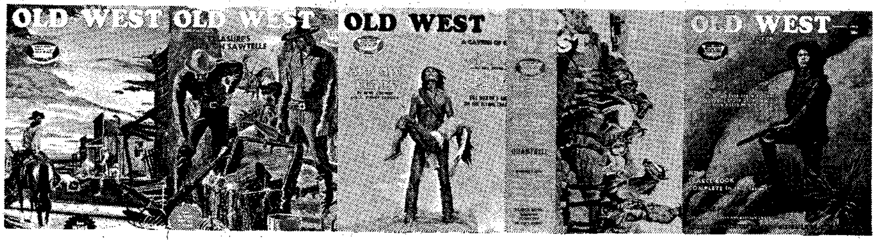

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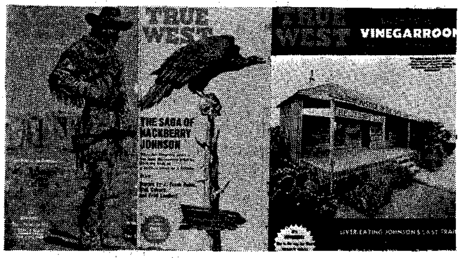

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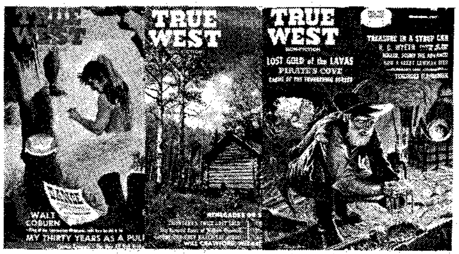

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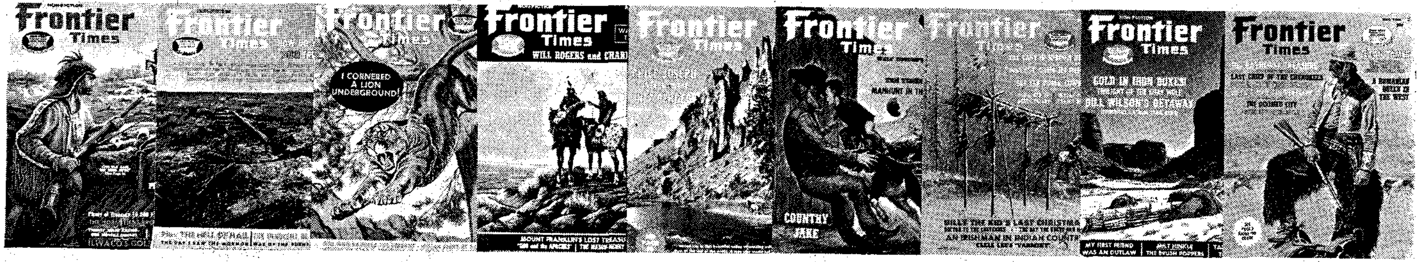

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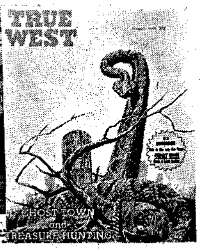
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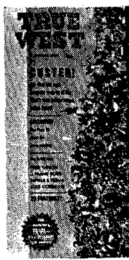

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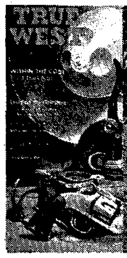

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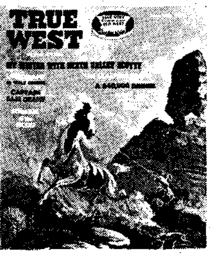

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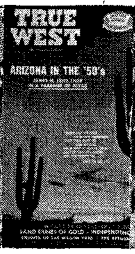
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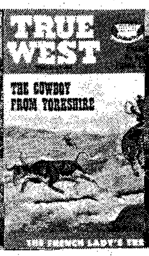
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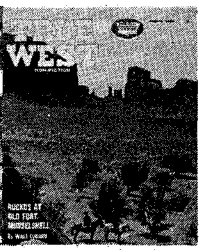

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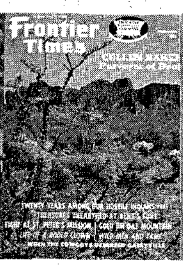
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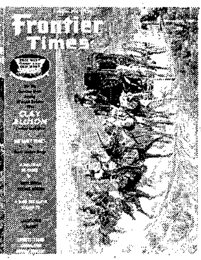
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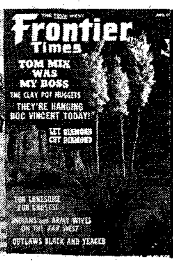
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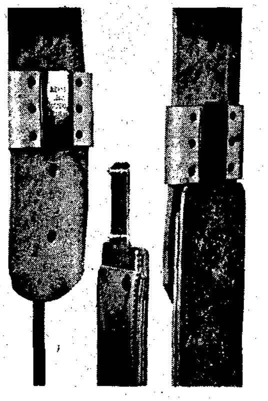

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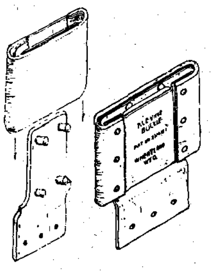

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Gold-Oil-Rumrunners-Murder

(Continued from page 31)

petered out in the 1920s. Loneliness accounted for the near-dozen suicides after the camp's demise.

Organic compounds deposited eons ago and snow run-off in the Hills combine to make the prairie between Sweet Grass and Gold Butte one of the world's greatest mustard seed growing areas, extending a few miles into Canada. Immense squares of chartreuse blossoms fringed by strips of yellowing wheat and barley look like carpets flung from the sky, subjects for a Charles Russell watercolor. Charlie cronied with several Hills ranchers, and their descendants still own some of his pictures. One woman with a collection on her parlor walls was badgered for years by New York art dealers to part with them, telephoning at all hours and sending agents to wheedle her with offers of large sums. The collection contains one oil, a Russell rarity, and is on loan at the Russell Memorial Gallery in Great Falls.

I explored the remnants of Gold Butte in the autumn of 1949. The narrow canyon streets were strewn with tumbledown shacks, cabins, houses, outhouses, and mining machinery. Gravel was piled high in windrows farther up the canyon, weed-grown and occasionally yielding a nugget. The U. S. weather station in a private residence was sinking into the ground. The shell of the Gold Butte Mercantile was open to the elements. Spools of thread, rolls of wallpaper, navy beans and other dried staples littered the floor. An old-fashioned coffee-grinder was screwed to a counter, its wheels almost the size of bicycle wheels. I came away with two souvenirs—a finely carved, weather-beaten wooden sign etched with these words: "The Best Reading Room In The United States"; and from the site of the Line a bottle of lilac perfume. The sign now hangs above the fireplace in an Ohio home.

Through the years Sweet Grass had weekly newspapers. Fred A. Shipman started *The Twin City Advocate* in 1911. He moved out in 1915. A. H. Olson called his paper the Sweet Grass *Examiner.* Taken over by publisher John Kamps, it reverted back to the *Advocate.* An obituary in 1932 was one that editor Andrew J. Hedrix was unable to set up. It was his own. He was shot and killed May 19 by seventy-year-old Frank Nevills, a former Indian scout who, according to his testimony, had packed a gun since he was seven years of age. An insatiable reader of western "badman" magazines, in his old age he had grown to consider himself a tough two-gun hombre. Kamps wrote the obit.

The killing was a political one. Named treasurer of the town that year, Nevills had a great deal of pride in the office and what dignity it lent him. When Hedrix was named clerk-treasurer to succeed him, the old man deliberately walked into the newspaper office and fired three .32 caliber bullets into the newspaperman as he sat working at the typesetting machine. He maintained he shot Hedrix in self-defense when the editor threatened him with a printer's galley.

The trial lasted four days and attracted much attention throughout western Montana. The prosecutor and defense attorneys put on a dramatic show; spectators were divided in their opinions; and the jury came in with a guilty verdict. Nevills' age and poor health saved him from the gallows. He was sentenced to life at Deer Lodge.

Between the date of the murder and sentence, these were some of the items on the front page of the *Advocate:* "World Series Starts"; "Hurricane Hits Puerto Rico"; "Ghandi Recovers"; "The Capone Gang"; "Governor Roosevelt Denies $40,000 Year Income"; "Judge Webster Thayer's Home Wrecked By Bomb"; "Oil Well Coming In South of Sweet Grass And North Of Cut Bank." Thayer was the judge who sentenced Sacco and Vanzetti.

In 1933 the *Advocate* became *The North Montana News,* edited by R. C. Tomlinson. As the Depression deepened, the paper was taken over by John Beckert who issued a tabloid-sheet, *The Toole County Citizen.*

Sweet Grass relinquished its incorporation, its ornamental street lights taken to Shelby, the county seat which twelve years earlier had attained some fame when it promoted the Dempsey-Gibbons fight. Banks closed. The refinery ceased to operate and became a shambles. Fires destroyed stores and residences. People moved away, some taking their houses to other towns. The hospital closed. The newspaper folded in 1937.

In 1939 warplanes built by American manufacturers for Britain's Royal Air Force were towed across the border a few miles west of Sweet Grass. This was to conform with the U.S. neutrality act, under which neither American nor Canadian pilots could fly military planes over the border. If Canadian Army pilots crossed over they would have been liable to internment for the duration of the war.

The 50-room Thompson Hotel burned in 1941, its two bars, café, gaming room, dance hall, cabaret, and Liberty Theater completely destroyed at a loss of $100,000. It was not rebuilt. *The Shelby Promoter* headlined the disaster: "Fire in Sweet Grass creates havoc similar to bomb-scarred England, making this once-thriving border town appear to be a ghost town." Double-feature films showing at the time were *Devils in Love,* with Loretta Young and Victor Jory; and *Tugboat Annie,* with Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery. Coinciding with the fire, the last house on the Line was moved to the west end of town for a private residence.

THE INFLUX of twenty-one dealers, shills, tinhorns and crossroaders, musicians, bartenders and fly-by-night operators during and after World War II began tapering off at the beginning of the Korean conflict. Slot machines were outlawed, much to the disgust of both Yanks and Canucks. At this time a ragtime piano man wandered into a Border bar and, like a Robert Service character, sat down at the keyboard of the piano that was formerly on the Line and astounded listeners with his bordello technique. "Maple Leaf Rag," "Dill Pickles," "My Gal Sal," "Darktown Strutters' Ball," and other tunes of the early part of the century brought a shower of silver dollars. His repertoire was vast for he had professored Lines up and down the Rockies since 1910. He was offered a job and accepted. One night he collapsed at the 88 after mixing gin with paraldehyde. A Navy veteran, his grave is at Custer Battlefield Cemetery on the Little Big Horn.

Not quite the ghost town the *Promoter* intimated, today Sweet Grass has 200 people, a small grocery, one church, a deteriorating schoolhouse, two filling stations, motel, liquor store, and six bars catering mostly to Canadians who cannot drink as openly and freely in Alberta as in Montana. The Britishers are great travelers, and bartenders are frequently stumped by requests for drinks served in London, Paris, Hong Kong, and other cities.

In recent years there is less bloodshed. A man hurtling through bar window glass is not the common caper it was as late as 1950. A classic battle remembered by many was between two women bar habitués fighting over their culinary skills, brought on by a brace of roasted wild geese and a young Easterner who should have kept his mouth shut. The piano player swept broken highball glasses from under their heads on the floor keeping fragments away from their eyes. Guns appeared on the street and there was a rush for cover until tempers cooled, a matter of two weeks. The combatants retired from public view for a month or more while their wounds healed.

The economic slump after the Korean War hit Sweet Grass. There were tourists but not the free-spending that characterizes war years. Musicians' and waitresses' tips dwindled, a sure sign of changing times. A partially built movie theater was abandoned. "The Chuck Wagon," frequented by rodeo performers, closed. A new federal compound shut the graveled east-west street off from the Alcan and business dropped to an all-time low. Mars, the big general store, locked its doors and boarded up the plate glass. Shenanigans which people pull at ports of entry all along the border, of course continue. But American border patrolmen and Mounties are on constant alert and work together. Narcotic smugglers are picked up, liquor confiscated, border runners captured. Most of the men who prospected the Sweet Grass Hills and strode the streets of Sweet Grass, Gold Butte, and Coutts, are "sleeping the long sleep." Others—quien sabe? Few forwarding addresses are left in gold camps.

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 4)

into the brush. At about this time I remarked on the intense heat. This set the old gentleman to chuckling and reminiscing about his youth in this country and he recalled an incident concerning the heat and a roadrunner when he was a youngster.

It seems a wealthy Englishman, accom-

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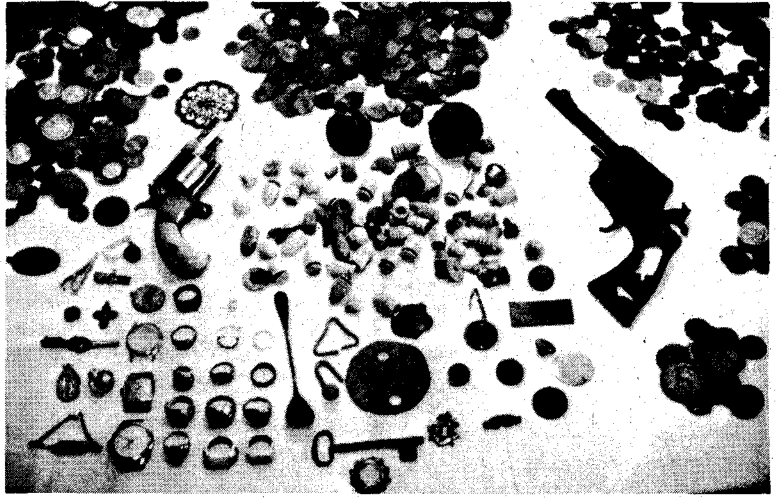

Ernest J. Clark writes; "In three weeks since I received my Gardiner Model 190A Metal Detector, I have found a total of approximately $685 worth of miscellaneous coins, jewelry and artifacts. Some of the coins dated back to 1802. I think the features of this metal detector are really way ahead of all the other makes, especially in the fact that it will distinguish bottle caps and other worthless items."

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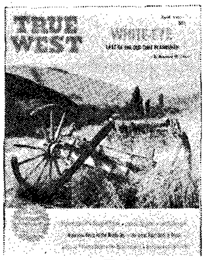

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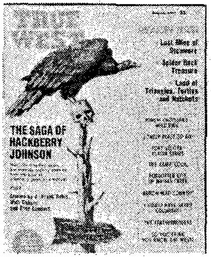

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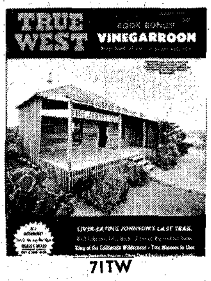

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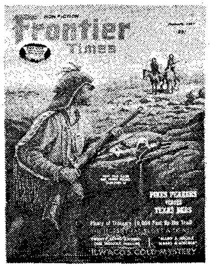

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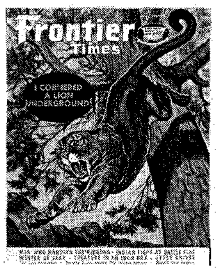

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panied by his valet, was being driven on an inspection tour of ranch property on a hot August afternoon by an old-time cowboy who had permitted our appraiser, then a raw youngster, to go along.

During the trip a roadrunner suddenly darted out of the brush, ran along for a few rods in front of the team, then disappeared into the brush. The old gentleman recalled that, although it was a miserably hot day, the valet wore a coat and a derby hat and was sweating profusely. He asked the driver what kind of a bird it was.

The old cowpoke answered, "Why, that's a Bird of Paradise."

The valet pondered a moment, then came up with this observation: "Well, he's a hell of a long way from home!"

Whether or not the old-timer was pulling our leg with some time-worn standard joke about the chaparral bird I do not know, but it was worth a laugh to us on that sultry afternoon. I thought the story might be worth the same to some of your readers.—Bill Youngblood, 215½ Isabel, San Antonio, Texas 78210

Two Dot Now

Dear Sir:

The article and pictures about Two Dot Wilson (Two Dot, Montana) in the November, 1969 issue of FRONTIER TIMES were very good. Two Dot hasn't changed much in years. A few of the smaller buildings are gone, and some of the larger ones.

The picture (enclosed) is Two Dot in 1967. The picture was taken looking in the opposite direction from the one in the magazine. The white building in my picture on the left far end of the street is the hotel. It's the first building on the right in the magazine picture.

If you look at the magazine picture, you can see our house, which burned in 1958. It's the big brown one (later painted white) that sits over the corner of the roof of the Two Dot garage. The garage was torn down and is the white cement building in my picture.

I enjoy your magazines very much because they tell about the West as it was. You've had a few articles on my great grandmother, Martha Plassmann, which I enjoyed.—Keath Shanklin, 230 W. Verdugo, #k, Burbank, California

Old Song or Poem

Dear Sir:

I wonder if any of your old-timers could tell us who wrote the song or poem, "Singing Rawhide"? I am trying to find it for my husband.—Mrs. Donald James, 943 Barham Drive, San Marcos, California 92069

Texas Pioneer Reminisces

Dear Sirs:

I was born five miles below President Johnson's home place on January 25, 1889 and am now eighty years old. I will tell a couple incidents that happened from 1894 as I know them.

In the summer of 1894, a camp meeting gathered near Marble Falls, Texas at Granite Mountain. People came in covered wagons and camped for a week. One man and woman came in a covered wagon and their seven-year-old boy rode his saddle pony.

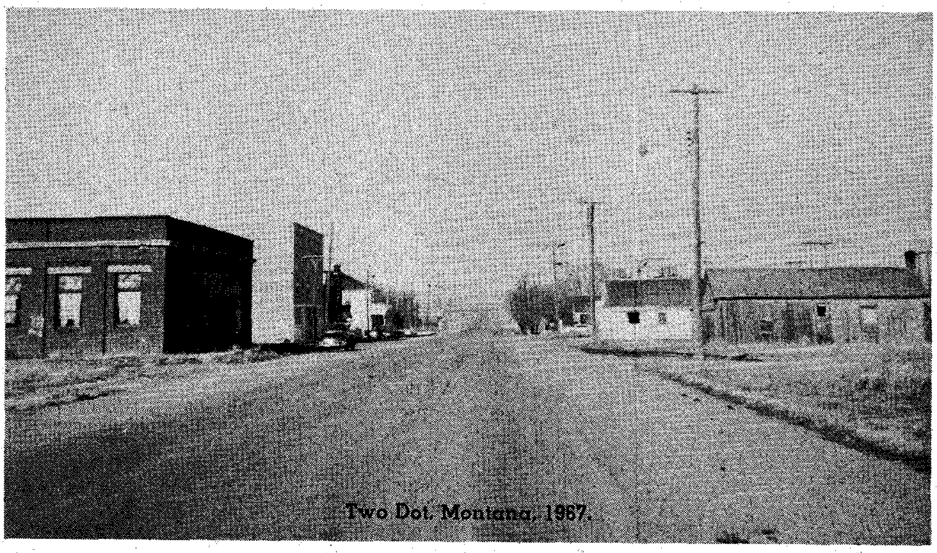
The people in the vicinity would let their hogs run loose and the animals would come around the camp when the meeting was about half over. Some of the older boys once caught an old sow and, with the consent of the seven-year-old boy, saddled the old sow with his saddle and got the boy on her. Then they brought the rider and his "mare" around behind the brush arbor, got her in the aisle, and gave her a boot while the evening services were in full swing.

You can imagine all the excitement as the sow charged up the aisle with the youngster aboard! A man grabbed the boy off and after a bit, when things quieted down, all the preacher said was, "Boys, if you will have your fun some other time we would appreciate it." That was all that was said, and it worked.

We moved from there to forty-five miles west of San Angelo, Texas in the spring of 1903. Dad had some forty-five head of cattle and horses. He loaded us in two wagons and struck out west in quest of cheap land. Jim, my older brother, drove the stock through.

We settled twelve miles from school. Jim left home that fall, leaving me as the oldest boy. Dad put up a tent at the school and I did the cooking for four terms for myself and two younger broth-

(Continued on page 69)



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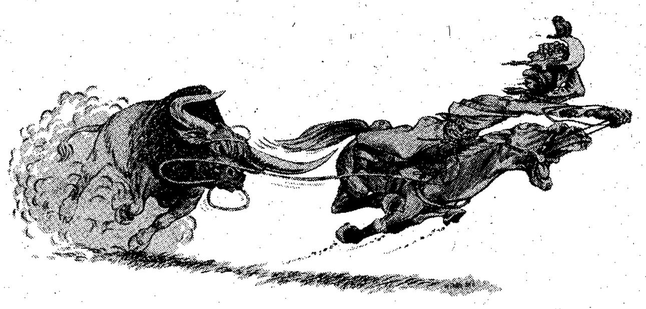

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Estancia Springs

(Continued from page 33)

"Indios" even attacked the house at Estancia Springs. In one skirmish five men were killed.

To add more fuel to fires beginning to burn around the Oteros, at the end of the war between Mexico and the United States, all the territory known as New Mexico passed to the United States by the treaty of Hidalgo Guadalupe. Soon a Boston millionaire, Joel P. Whitney, now certain the United States Government would honor the old land grants, bought McAfee's Antelope Spring holdings; later he purchased the Estancia, or Antonio Sandoval Grant lands from the heirs of Gervasio Nolan. Joel sent his brother James out to manage both ranches.

The Otero family, then headed by a younger Manuel Otero, continued to run great numbers of sheep in the valley. The Whitneys asked for and obtained a court order which allowed them to put off all squatters on their property. Manuel Otero was not excepted in this court order. It was only a matter of time before the hot-blooded young Spaniard and the Massachusetts millionaire's brother would meet.

"The Valley of Estancia is mine," young Otero would say to friends. "I have papers from the *Alcalde* of the King. Always the Bacas or the Oteros have used this land. We have bought it with blood and with money; this *gringo* Whitney has only money!"

On a hot August day in 1883 James Whitney rode up to the house under the cottonwoods at Estancia Springs. Two of Otero's sheepherders rested in the shade. Whitney spoke to them.

"Tell Señor Otero I wish no trouble. If he will be good enough to meet me here at Estancia Springs at noon on the fourth day, I am sure we can come to some arrangement."

Both herders continued to sit. Whitney, annoyed at the continued blank expression on the sheepherders' faces, repeated his request. *"Sabe?"* he asked.

Finally one of the men spoke. "Manuel. Go Los Lunas. Estancia, four day." He held up four fingers.

Whitney nodded. The herder rose and shuffled off behind the house. Soon he reappeared, mounted upon a small, sleepy looking burro, and headed west toward the Manzanos. Whitney rode back to Antelope Spring.

On the morning agreed upon, James Whitney and J. Hernandez, a brother of Whitney's wife, and Whitney's fourteen-year-old nephew Ed Haynes, rode up the shaded, beaten trail to the old Estancia Springs ranch house. The time was about 11 a.m. The area was deserted.

"Let's cook and eat," Whitney said. "They'll be along."

A blackened coffee pot was hanging on one of the cottonwoods by the spring. Whitney had brought ground coffee, along with some beef and bread, in his saddle bags. Young Ed gathered dead limbs for the cookfire, and soon they had cooked, eaten, and were sitting in the shade of the ranch house, talking.

Shortly thereafter, accompanied by three men, young Manuel Otero arrived. One of the men with Otero was obviously not accustomed to riding horseback. As he slid off his horse, one foot hung in a stirrup. The horse moved away and the man almost fell before he jerked his foot free.

"Buenas dias," Otero said to Whitney.

"Good day," Whitney replied, smiling. He offered his hand to Otero and Otero took it. Whitney liked the grip of young Otero; so many of the Spanish people had not yet learned that Anglos often determined the character of another man by the strength of his handshake.

"Might I have a cup of your coffee?" Otero asked in English. "It smells very good."

Whitney smiled. He looked at Hernandez, and his brother-in-law reached over and picked up the coffee pot.

Years later Ed Haynes, nephew of James Whitney, talked about this meeting between Whitney and Otero. "They took the coffee pot and went inside the house. I did not drink coffee, and as it was cooler outside, I stayed where I was.

"I could hear the conversation inside the house. At first everybody talked normally. Only now and then could I distinguish words clearly. There were times when the voices would raise, then lower, but on the whole their conversation kept getting louder and louder."

"I have the writ of ejectment at the Antelope house," Ed Haynes heard his uncle say. "If you doubt my word about that, or you want to see it, I'll send for it!"

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Shortly after this outburst the shooting started. Ed Haynes estimated that in about three minutes some twenty shots had been fired.

"I don't know who fired the first shot," Ed said, "but it all happened at once. When the shooting stopped for a second I ran into the house. My uncle and Manuel Otero were both hit, and wounded. Hernandez, brother to my uncle's wife, was already dead. The man who had trouble getting off his horse when he, Otero, and the others rode up, turned out to be a native doctor Otero had brought. But he had no instruments or bandages and was handicapped in his efforts at first aid."

James Whitney raised up and looked at the fourteen-year-old Haynes. "Ride to Antelope and get a team and light wagon," he told the boy. "Get some help for Otero."

"I can ride," Otero said.

Ed Haynes remembered that both Whitney and Otero signed statements they did not know who had fired the first shot, nor who had shot whom.

"I was still uneasy about leaving my wounded uncle alone with Otero and the other boys," Haynes recalled, "but I did as I was told. I rode to Antelope for the team and wagon. Then I hauled my uncle to Santa Fe to the hospital."

OTERO'S party started for Los Lunas, forty miles west on the Rio Grande. Probably because of Manuel Otero's wound, they decided against riding straight over the mountain. Somewhere approaching the Abo Pass, at a spot believed to be near the old Abo Pueblo-Spanish mission ruins, Otero died from loss of blood.

While recuperating from gunshot wounds in Santa Fe, James Whitney was charged with Otero's murder. Joel and his lawyer traveled to New Mexico and obtained James Whitney's release on bond.

The trial of Whitney was first scheduled to be heard in Los Lunas. But this was Otero country and Whitney's lawyer asked for a change of venue. Finally, at Clayton, New Mexico, the jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty."

Now Otero's heirs sued for their claim to the Baca Grant. In 1899, after several years of legal bickering, the Court of Private Land Claims ruled that neither the Oteros nor the Whitneys had a legal claim to the coveted Estancia Valley.

Almost certainly the fight at Estancia Springs changed the history of the valley. Without all the resultant unfavorable publicity the wealthy and influential Whitneys could have had their title to the Antonio Sandoval Grant approved by the courts. However, at the time, partially because of the Mexican War, feeling ran high against those of Spanish or Mexican descent. Too, the restless people of crowded eastern cities and poverty-stricken midwestern towns were clamoring for more land. After the decision of the Court of Private Land Claims, Estancia Valley was thrown open to homesteaders.

Today, Estancia Springs is a nice, shady town park. Some of the waters of the flowing springs have been captured and stocked with fish. Huge cottonwoods, some of which may have shaded the Otero ranch house (torn down in 1916) still stand high and majestic. Employes of the New Mexico Fuel and Iron Company, owners of the New Mexico Central Railroad built in 1902-3 from Santa Fe to Torrance, planted more trees near the springs in 1904. But Estancia Park, with those trees, picnic tables, grass, the sound of running feet and delighted screams of children, has no monument or marker to reveal its violent history. Now, more than ever, with the perpetual breeze blowing across the open prairie from south and west, underneath rustling leaves and moving shadows of sentinel cottonwoods, Estancia Springs is truly a "Place for the Tired."

Talking Mirrors

(Continued from page 21)

coming years will hold its own in favor and usefulness . . . its unequalled range renders it also an appropriate, if not indispensable supplementary instrument, for use in regions less favored in amount of sunshine."

In comparison to flag or "wig-wag" signaling, another officer, R. E. Thompson, said, "The extreme limit to which a signal by flag can be read with certainty falls so far short of the requirements for frontier signaling that the heliograph has rapidly come to the fore and the demand for it has outstripped the present ability to supply."

Undoubtedly, the heliograph proved itself on the mountaintops of Arizona and New Mexico. The last major campaign against the Chiricahua Apaches developed from the unsuccessful attempts by General George Crook to persuade or force the surrender of Geronimo and other Chiricahua leaders and their followers. Crook's resignation in the spring of 1886, prompted by a lack of confidence in his methods by his superior, General Sheridan, brought about a change in military policy and field procedure towards the hostiles. As General Nelson A. Miles, Crook's replacement as Commander of the Department of Arizona, implemented his plans, he took advantage of the Southwestern sunshine and ordered the establishment of a heliograph communication and observation system in southeastern Arizona and southwestern New Mexico. Miles' orders of April 20, 1886 read as follows:

> **The chief object of the troops will be to capture or destroy any band of hostile Apache Indians found in this section of country. . . . To better facilitate this duty, and afford as far as practicable protection to the scattered settlement, the territory is subdivided into districts of observation as shown upon maps . . . and will be placed under commanding officers to be hereafter designated. . . . The Signal detachments will be placed upon the highest peaks and prominent lookouts, to discover any movement of Indians and to transmit messages between the different camps. . . .**

General Miles was already familiar with the heliograph. While serving in

Montana in 1878-79, he borrowed six of them from the Signal Corps and established a line from Fort Keogh to Fort Custer. Later, in the early 1880s, Miles directed succesful heliograph communication between Vancouver Barracks, Washington to Mount Hood, Oregon. To build his southwestern system Miles requested a dozen additional operators and equipment. In May and June of 1886, thirty-four heliographs, ten telescopes, thirty marine binoculars, and eleven men were detailed to Miles.

He divided the probable theater of action into two districts—southeastern Arizona and southwestern New Mexico. Lieuts. Alvarado M. Fuller and Edward E. Dravo were ordered to command each district. These officers, assisted by the Signal Corps detachment and fort commanders, established training sessions at various forts, located station sites, and built their systems by connecting stations, one by one.

Lieut. Dravo's New Mexico district was comprised of twelve stations, each strategically placed. His system, covering 313 airline miles, included a main line from Stein's Peak on the territorial boundary to Hillsboro, New Mexico; a northern branch line; and two short lines toward the Mexican border. The system was manned by twenty-nine men, mostly privates.

Fuller's Arizona lines included twelve stations, the majority of which were in present-day Cochise County, and involved sixty-five enlisted men. In each district a few stations were dropped or added during the campaign. The entire network operated from May 1 to September 30, 1886 when Miles ordered abandonment. Only one day was lost because of cloudy weather.

THE HUB of the network was Fort Bowie in southwestern Arizona. Fuller began to build his district system from Bowie, and since Miles made his fort his departmental headquarters for the campaign, more messages were sent from Bowie's station than any other. Interestingly enough, the heliograph principle had been used in Arizona prior to Miles' time, but for an entirely non-military purpose. Captain Maus, in 1881, sent messages from Fort Grant to his sweetheart, a cattleman's daughter, via a handmade device!

The heliograph during the Geronimo campaign apparently had three main functions. In addition to circulating information within the system, telegraph messages were relayed via heliograph and both methods were used as supplementary lines of communication. The established stations and the heliographs carried by various field detachments were of great tactical value. During an attempt by some Apaches to enter the United States in April and May of 1886, these heliographs were used in transmitting troop movement orders. Miles undoubtedly was more certain of the positions of various commands, especially those near the international boundary, than he would have been with only telegraph and courrier communications. His heliographs also served to fill "blind spots" between normal communication points.

The story as told by Miles regarding

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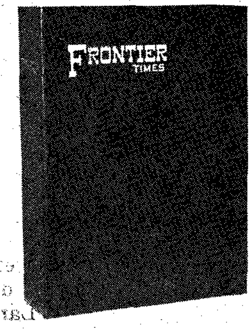

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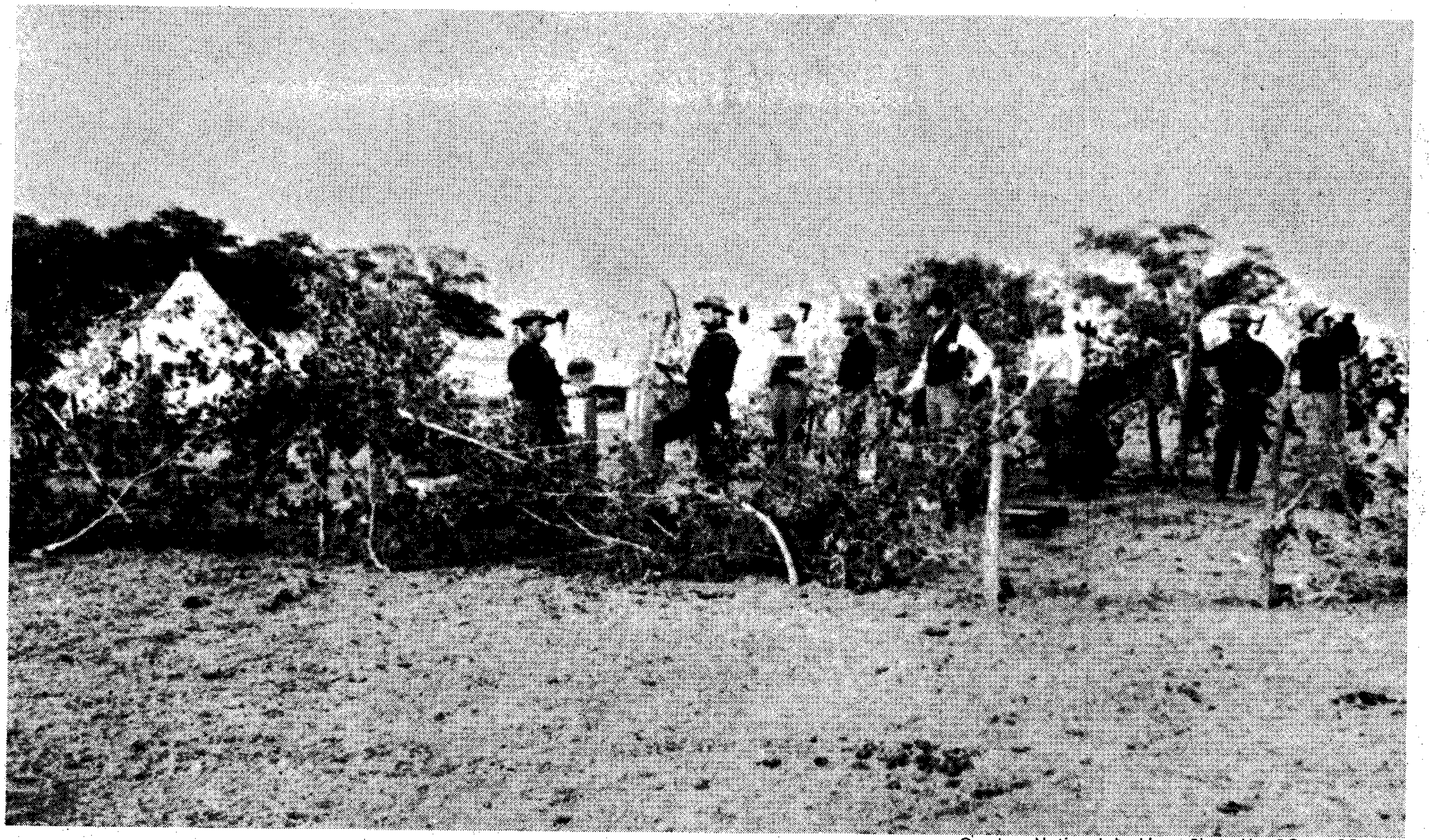

Courtesy National Archives, Photo No. RG 111-SC-87359

Station No. 3 at White's Ranch in the Sulpher Spring Valley, May-Sept., 1886. From right to left: Lt. A. M. Fuller, Cpl. Charles Swope, Pvt. Thomas Harvey, Pvt. W. H. Bowker, Sgt. Wm. S. Wade, Pvt. Charles Laing, Pvt. F. W. Allen, Pvt. Thos. Persee, Pvt. Adolph Miller. The detachment was mostly from Company H, 8th Infantry, probably from Fort Bowie.

Geronimo's reaction to the new signaling device seems somewhat exaggerated since it is known that the Apaches knew of some of the stations and probably guessed their function but could not counteract them effectively. No heliograph station was attacked.

Miles has described the historic meeting in Skeleton Canyon which lead to Geronimo's surrender as follows:

> **I told him [Geronimo] that we had the use of steam, and could move troops with great rapidity. . . . That we also had the telegraph and the heliostat, both superior to any of their methods of communication. . . . I said to Geronimo "We can watch your movements and send messages over the tops of these mountains in a small part of one day, and over a distance which it would take a man mounted on a swift pony twenty days to travel." Geronimo's face assumed an air of curiosity and incredulity. . . . As I have previously had occasion to remark, when an Indian sees something that he cannot comprehend, he attributes it to some power beyond his knowledge and control. [Geronimo] told me he had observed these flashes upon the mountain heights, and believing them to be spirits, had avoided them by going around those points of the mountains never realizing that it was a subtle power used by his enemies. . . .**

For a demonstration of the heliograph, Miles had a message sent to Fort Bowie inquiring for Geronimo if his brother were well. A reply was returned shortly and Miles related:

> **This struck the savage with awe, and evidently made a strong impression upon him. I noticed that he said something to one of his warriors close by him, at which the warrior quietly turned on his heel, walked back a short distance to where his pony was lariated, jumped on his back and rode rapidly back in the direction of the mountain from whence Geronimo had come.**

Miles asked what Geronimo had said to the warrior:

> **The interpreter replied "He told him to go and tell Natchez that there was a power here which he could not understand; and to come in, and come quick." The heliostat [Miles' term for the heliograph] had performed its last and best work, and in a few hours Natchez came riding down from the mountains with his band of warriors and their families and came into camp, though with much hesitation and reserve.**

AS NATIONAL Park Service historian Robert Utley has noted in *Arizoniana,* 1963, the surrender of Natchez was not effected in this way and hence doubt is cast on Miles' dramatic story as told in his *Personal Recollections,* published in 1896. In any case, a pen-and-ink sketch of "Geronimo and the Heliograph" in Miles' book is completely erroneous in what a heliograph actually looked like, and a map labeled as the 1886 heliograph system in his book is actually a map of an extensive practice maneuver held four years after Geronimo's surrender.

With Geronimo under guard, the campaign was almost over. Miles must have echoed the thoughts of others when he wrote his wife on September 7, 1886,

> **"We have at last been most successful. I am making a clean sweep of the hostile Apache out of this country and it has given a feeling of relief and security to thousands of homes that they have never felt before. . . . It is a brilliant ending of a difficult problem."**

Miles' heliograph system had made it possible to send over 2,200 messages, some over 200 words, and his men succeeded in sending a message of 25 words along a zig-zag course of 400 miles followed by an answer in about four hours. Impressed by the speed and accuracy of the heliograph and their operators, army officers established an extensive practice operation in Arizona and New Mexico during the summer of 1890. At this time, messages were sent over 130 miles between only two stations and the military decided to incorporate heliographs into its communications arsenal.

Today many of the peaks and hilltops used to flash messages serve as relay stations for modern TV, microwave, and other electronic devices. One must salute the officers and enlisted men who trudged to mountain and hill tops or camped on dusty plains to operate the fragile talking mirrors—and in so doing, inaugurated an unusual but effective means of communication with help from the sun.

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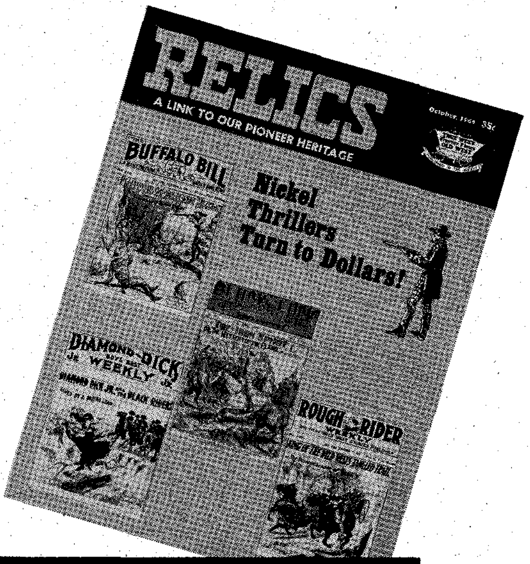

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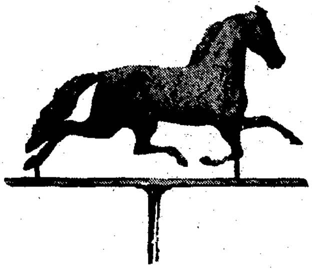

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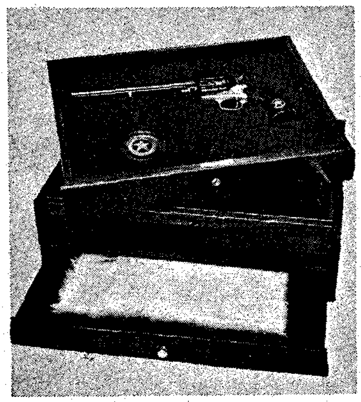

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The Last Christmas

(Continued from page 11)

were open all winter, but traveling conditions were still hazardous.

IN 1926 S. I. and Susie sold their share of Rainbow Lodge (now owned by Senator Barry Goldwater) and moving south to Red Mesa on the edge of the canyon country, established Inscription House trading post in a wooden building.

For the second annual Christmas, in the new stone trading post that I built with the help of seven Indians, no snow lay on the ground. After the others departed early in January, S. I. took Susie and Millie to Flagstaff after leaving Cecile at Kaibeto with Alma and Cecil. Susie had to rush to Cleburne, Texas to her aged mother's bedside. Millie hastened to California due to her own mother's serious illness.

They hardly entrained before a heavy snowstorm struck western Navajo country, blocking all roads and trails with four feet of snow. Then a second storm fell right on top of it and froze hard with twenty below zero cold. Alone at the post for the next ten weeks, I saw no one except Indians and did not hear an English word spoken. When Susie and Millie returned from their extended visits, their mothers having recovered, they had to remain in Flagstaff until the roads were finally opened.

S. I. stayed in a town hotel all that time. Bringing out Susie and Millie, they reached Kaibeto trading post behind a snow plow to get little Cecile. They arrived at Inscription House following another snow plow. But before the plow, a road grader pulled by a tractor, could return the twenty-eight miles to Tonalea, another storm laid down. It kept the country closed until the spring thaw the following April.

So passed the wonderful Christmases, all of them joyful and never forgotten. Those were glamorous years in the far country when times were really hard. They were Christmases beyond recall until the last one became only a memory of a pioneer family most of whom are dead and gone.

After the decade ended there was one final Christmas at Inscription House for a few Richardsons. Millie, Cecile and our second daughter, Toni Dale, the same age Cecile was when she spent her first Christmas at the post, were there for the last one in 1941. It proved to be a hauntingly sorrowful affair where the spirits of once supremely happy people intruded.

S. I. and Susie were both living in Flagstaff and I ran the trading post for them. Cecile, then fifteen and graduating from high school in Flagstaff, came out from town on the freight truck to spend the holidays with us. Millie, the girls and I were alone.

The piñon tree was decorated somewhat haphazardly. Presents from friends and members of the family and from each of us were stacked on the cotton mantle beneath the tree.

Millie spent ten days preparing an abundant feast, and making candy to be sent Navajo schoolchildren. But this time no Santa Claus appeared in all his enchanting glory. Other than our personal happiness of being together in good health, that was the most lonesome Christmas we ever spent anywhere.

Other members of the family were scattered to far places. Pearl Harbor was less than three weeks old. The nation was in an uproar and travel was difficult. One of the family, Alma, had passed on. Her death in 1937 was actually the beginning of the end, which none of us realized.

But the unseen presence of all those who had been there before was present. The silence of their excited, joyous laughter echoed out of the alkali whitened walls of the living room. *You could close your eyes and hear them.* The sound of happy voices and silent steps on the floor were a reminder of the bountiful and happy years gone forever.

You could see invisible heads close together in the nook of a room, whispering secrets to each other, of what one brought as a present for Susie, S. I. or some other member of the family. They vied with each other, and exchanged information of what one individual would be pleased by most.

That day and night even the silent signal from one of the menfolks to slip into the store office to partake of a little nip was there. But there was no "nip" that year for there was no one to share it with. Never again would there be. Yet something of all their being had been left behind in those enclosing mud-plastered walls made sacred by time and people. Their spirits hovered protectively over the scene even if sorrowfully.

Navajos in the store to trade, intuitively recognizing that this was not the *old* Christmas, were unusually quiet. There were no expressions of holiday happiness and renewed friendships, invariably present with our close Navajo friends. They too keenly missed those who would never come again. Their silent handshakes in parting were symbolic of their sincerest feelings of sadness. *Nothing is more true than that you can never go back to what once was.*

That lonely Christmas heralded the end, an irrevocably closed chapter in the lives of us all that could never be opened again. The proud family unit, once together in perfect harmony and loyalty, was no more.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE night it began snowing and turned extremely cold. Beside the blazing fireplace gifts were distributed to the girls. At first they were joyfully eager, imparting some of the Christmas spirit to us, but only briefly. Then the heavy pall of the past dimmed the present.

The wondrous something of by-gone years was woefully absent. Sorrow entered to deprive them of an event that should have been most happy. Opened gifts from relatives and friends were merely looked at; in desultory, meaningless fashion the holiday greeting cards were read. Probably a few short reminiscences were mentioned about those we had not seen in a long time. Yet fond memories were only that; without realistic substance. Under the circumstances it seemed nothing like Christmas time. It was certainly the most forlorn one we ever endured.

After New Year's Day the road to Tonalea remained partly blocked by snow and frozen wind-riffled drifts. Frank Hill, the government range rider stationed below the mesa, returned early from visiting his family in Shakespeare, New Mexico. He drove the post's big truck through the snow, evading the drifts by climbing into the sandhills, and made it through to Tonalea with Cecile. There S. I. met her for her return to high school in Flagstaff.

Although she stayed with a very close friend of the family, living away from us for the first time in her life Cecile spent a miserable nine months in town. We missed our tall, beautiful girl as much as she did us.

Another storm laid down, blocking the roads this time for several weeks before the Indian Agency at Tuba City plowed them out with the same old road grader and tractor. In the dampness and extreme cold, below zero temperatures for many days at a time, disease fell on the Navajos. Deaths were many, especially among the small children not in the agency boarding school where medical attention was available.

The remote country was closed tight, not even negotiable by horseback. Once more we were isolated in a lonely, white glistening world by day and under the brilliance of twinkling stars at night.

At thirty-eight years of age Millie contracted measels, for the fourth time in her life, from Indians coming to the post to trade. Somehow we made it through into spring when warming weather and vanishing ice and snow returned good health and peaceful serenity to the far country. That spring we departed never to return as resident traders at Inscription House. There were no Christmases for the immediate family and I went away to the Pacific to fight a war.

When it ended, the changes were many, especially in the vast western Navajo country. Not only in different trade goods, ending the old systems of bartering, but with the people themselves. Most of all, the old traders were going their way into eternity.

Never again did the once closely knit family assemble for Christmas together. Time and changes of environment spread us apart.

Old Spook

(Continued from page 29)

Then it happened. A loop no larger than a dinner plate went smack over his nose and up over his ears. I had him! Just then about half the mares in the corral got their bellies over the rope and were taking Blue, Spook and most of the corral with them. When the air cleared he was still tearing around on the end of the rope and the next oversized problem was to build a hackamore on him that would stay put.

After trying out every trick I knew, luck favored me and he got tangled up and went down. At last a make-shift

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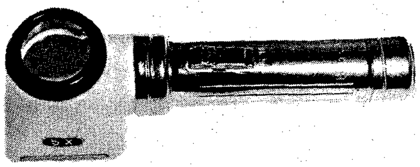

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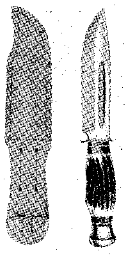

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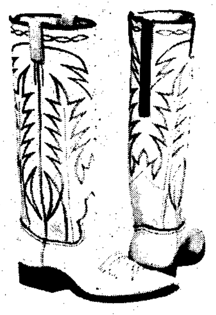

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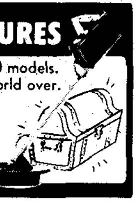

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hackamore was on him and I stood back and took happy stock of conditions. By now my knee was as big as county fair pumpkin, my clothes were half torn off, and my busted lips stuck out like the bloody snout of a razorback hog. But, man, was I happy!

IT WAS poor old Blue's job to drag him home and for the next five miles we played leap-frog with each other. The half-hitches were cutting into Old Spook's nose, shutting off his wind. Wasn't much I could do, though, but keep going.

Blue was staggery tired as we neared the Cortez summit and it took frequent rests for him to navigate at all. When I'd urge him on, his tail would go round like a windmill. I'd been guarding against this but it happened! His tail got over the rope and was clamped down on it. Now if there's one thing that will rejuvenate a fagged-out cayuse this is it. Like an explosion Blue's nose went between his hind legs and with Old Spook snorting and kicking we took back down the mountain in twenty-foot leaps. Between the bucking and the rope sawing into my thigh I could neither stay on nor get off, but the problem solved itself. We all got tangled up and went rolling over and over. The next thing I knew the rope was parted at the saddle fork and Old Spook was tearing down the mountain. My heart sank so low I never even thought of giving chase. Wasn't any use.

Well, it just goes to show you what luck can do. No sooner had he hit the flat when he went end over end and began cutting all sorts of didoes. Hopping on my one good leg to where Blue had quit rolling, I crawled on and wasn't long in getting to where Old Spook was turning back flipflops. It was plain he'd be strangled in the next few seconds for the loops around his nose had finished cutting off his breathing.

In roping wild horses on the range we become hardened to the sickening sound and sight of a strangling horse, but to see this gallant animal swaying and gasping for just one tiny bit of precious air was too much for me. We had all cursed, threatened and admired him at one time or another but the memory of all his cunning, his stamina, his continuous struggle for survival, now brought forth an overwhelming surge of pity. Disregarding the flailing feet that tried to batter in my skull my fingers fought to loosen the nose hitch before he pitched forward. I would gladly have cut the rope and let him go but my knife had disappeared. Gradually the rope began giving and with a final heave it came free just as a tremor ran through him and he lurched forward, his head and me under him.

Perhaps it was sheer imagination but I could have sworn there was a light of gratitude in his puffed, bloodshot eyes as air and life rushed back into him and he just lay there, legs twitching, sides heaving. It was then I noticed Blue had near been scalped in his roll down the mountain and even though he wasn't worth the lead it would take to kill him, I hurriedly anchored the riata once again around the pommel then put my arms around Blue's neck. There's something about a horse that makes a feller do those things.

Travel was slow on the homeward journey with me groaning every step and fearful that at any moment Blue's tail might get us kettled off again. But I can say this for Old Spook, he never once let the rope so much as tighten.

A bright, midnight moon found us back at the ranch, the corral gate wide open as if there was no doubt that I'd bring home the bacon. Well, I'd sure delivered the goods and expected an effusion of praise and back-slapping. None came. Only: "God, what a beauty!" Al kept saying as if reciting a litany. Finally: "Have any trouble getting him, Harry?" My mind was murdering him but I mumbled a nonchalant, "Not a bit; easy as pie."

"I knew you wouldn't," he agreed. "Now tomorrow I'll break him gentle and ship him home when I go." "Oh, what fools we mortals be," thought I.

Al didn't break Old Spook "tomorrow." He couldn't get any closer than the tip of the bronc reins, much less mount him. But Spook didn't mind it a bit as I hobbled about and led him around. I'd have to ear him down, that was certain, even though I hated to disillusion Al. He maintained the horse wouldn't buck if he could just get on him.

Getting a mouthful of ear I pulled Spook's head down while Al worked his shoe in the stirrup and got aboard. When I let go, Old Spook let out a squall like a butchered pig and his belly went higher than my head. As I have said, Al was stubborn. But after four bad falls, the last time landing on his back on the snubbing post, he called it quits and I fell heir to Old Spook. Al was mighty glad to be rid of him at a loss of a hundred dollars and a lot of skin.

PERHAPS this narrative should have its ending here. But Old Spook deserves a bit of eulogy. He was easily broken and in two months was running mustangs alongside the finest mounts in the country. Many a fine mustang fell victim to my loop, but Spook was so fearless on the steep downgrades that it would make your hair curl to let him have his head.

During the many years I rode him he never got over his aversion to upside-down sagebrush. At the mere sight of one he'd swap directions like a rubber ball thrown against a rock wall. Being thick through the chest gave him a strong heart, and although you could see the big artery pulsating in that deep neck gash he was tireless and indestructible. In the ten years I trapped for the government he carried me over 30,000 recorded miles. His lot was hard. Yet, in the middle 1930s he still looked and acted like a six-year-old. To be sure, his eyes weren't what they used to be; he now saw up-ended sage where none existed and his moods were unpredictable. As Charley Russell once said, he'd "kick your head off one minute and help you look for it the next."

In 1938 I was joking with Charles B. Sexton, general manager of the Eureka-Nevada Railway that I'd bet him twenty dollars Old Spook could outrun his train to Eureka. The train—termed the "Slim

Princess" by the natives—and road bed had fallen into such disrepair that the schedule had long been nine hours between Palisade and Eureka, its terminus, a distance of eighty-one miles.

Perhaps I may have lost my bet but I still think not. However, before we were to compete, fate suddenly stepped in in two forms. The railway—locomotives, roundhouse and track, in fact every piece of metal—was sold to the Japanese for scrap. Then, as the wreckers were pulling up the last joint of rail on the Palisade end, Old Spook also was no more.

With six fine saddle horses in the field I took Old Spook—he being the handiest—to run in some stock from the range. The job wasn't as easy as expected and before the bunch was corralled my mount had to get down to some real "mustanging." It was in the corral I noticed Old Spook was a mass of lather and staggered as he walked.

Tossing my saddle on the ground I watched him repeatedly dropping down and getting up, all the symptoms of colic, and when the usual remedy failed to help I headed for a veterinary friend in Elko, fifty miles distant.

"Doc" Henderson guessed it to be a ruptured blood vessel, probably in the stomach, as this was quite common among old horses, and while he offered no hope he urged full speed on the return. Doc owned and loved horses. But we were too late. His diagnosis had been correct. As I knelt beside that old, scarred head I looked up through the swimming haze to ask Doc something. But he had turned his back and was fumbling for his handkerchief.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 51)

teen years of age. Also information regarding Margaret Medlen, last known to be in or near Harrisburg, Illinois in 1933. Also any information on the present whereabouts of Betty Lynn Stone (now age fifteen), Patricia Elnora Stone (now age twelve), and Dorothy Jean Stone (now age seven). They were last known to be in Dallas, Texas in 1964. Their mother, Phyllis, disappeared in 1961 and their father, Shelby, committed suicide in 1964. Since their father's death they seem to have dropped out of sight without a trace. Their maternal grandmother is quite anxious to know where they are so she may write to them. As I have tried every other way I know to help her locate them and I know of the great response of the readers, I am asking for this help.—L. E. Lee, 10232, Paramount Boulevard, Downey, California 90241

Levinia Cunningham-Coburn

Would anyone know the existence of descendants of one Levinia Cunningham (married name unknown by me but believed to be Coburn possibly) who, with her husband and two daughters, settled in Kansas in the early 1900s? She and her husband moved there from Granby, Quebec, Canada. She is my maternal

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grandfather's sister. There were six children in the family, namely uncles: Parlan, Hugh, Arthur, Lilliam; aunts were Liv and Sarah. I would be deeply grateful to anyone able to give information on this family as I am one of the very few remaining relatives left on either side of the family.—Mrs. Isabel Sullivan, Box 233, Carrizozo, New Mexico 88301

Jeff B. Teet

My grandfather, Jeff B. Teet, passed on about 1900. He had three children, two boys Jim and Hayden, and one girl by the name of Jenny. I would like to hear from anyone with any information—where he was buried or a photo of him if possible. I have heard he used to spell his name Teat until he came to this part of the country.—Ed Teet, General Delivery, Mabank, Texas 75147

Mann-Hall

I hope so much to contact relatives and ancestors of the Manns, generations back who lived in Tennessee, I think near Memphis. Great-great-grandmother married a Hall, but I don't know his given name. They had four children, Billie, Scinia, John and Ben. John and Ben served in the Civil War. I have no other record of the other children but John who married Matilda Tremble is my great-grandfather.—Gussie Hall Guthery, 17-308, Highway 99, Madera, California 93637

Manahan-Heard

William J. Manahan and wife Lucinda Jane (Heard) Manahan were my great-great-grandparents. William J. was born in 1820 in South Carolina and Lucinda Jane was born in 1824 and I believe was the daughter of George and Nancy Heard. The Heard family was large and lived in the Tupelo, Mississippi area I believe. William and Lucinda married in New Albany, Mississippi. I would like to hear from anyone with information on the Manahans or Heards.—Mrs. R. G. Walker, 1804 Agarita, Alice, Texas 78332

Allison-Gilkey-Browning

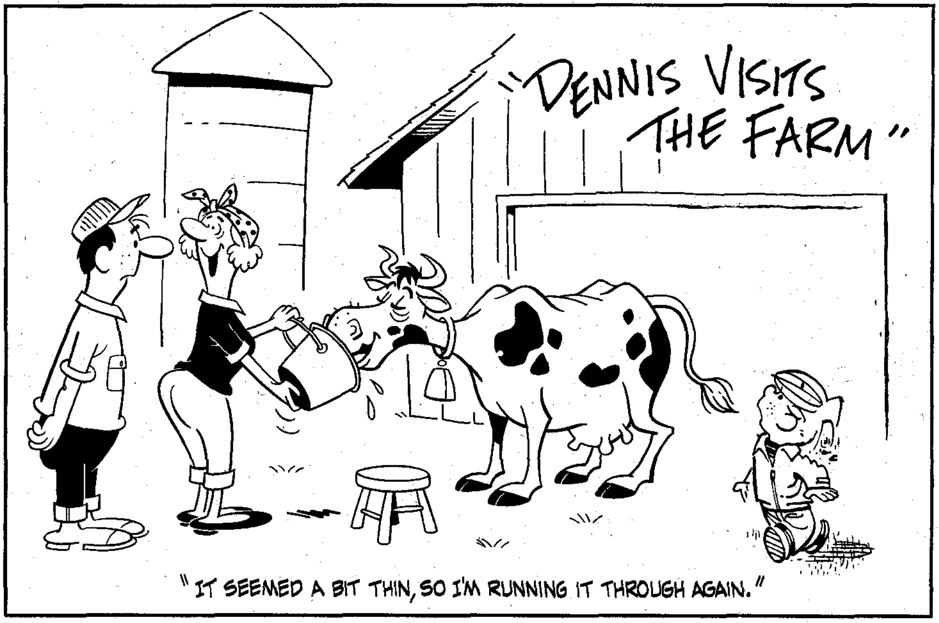
My grandmother, Mary Allison, married Thomas Gilkey in Johnson County, Missouri in 1857. They had moved to Ellis County, Texas by 1860 where they had these children: Annie, Cynisca, Henry and Sue. Mary Allison Gilkey's second marriage was to John Landers Browning in 1875. Their children were Omsby, William Jennings, and Joseph Calvin. John L. Browning was said to have a brother in Hill County, Texas whose name was Eli and his wife's name Sarah. No other information is known about them. Would the descendants of any of these please correspond with me?—Mrs. Melvin Henry, 222 West Kentucky Street, Floydada, Texas 79235

Phillips-Hutchinson-Hall

I want to contact any relatives of my husband's great-great-grandfather, James Simpson Phillips, born August 5, 1825 in Greene County, Kentucky, and any relatives of his wife, Nancy Ann Raines, whom he married in Benton County, Missouri on November 11, 1847. She was a full-blooded Cherokee. We know little about her so would like to write to her kin. She and her husband, James Phillips, moved to Oregon. They had three children, James, Samuel and Sarah. Samuel was my husband's great-grandfather. He was the first white child born on Ymatilla Indian Reservation in September 1852. He married Mary Deardorff in 1875. They had eleven children: Charlie, George, Fred, Harvey, Dan, John, Rose, Mattie, Carrie, Nellie and Bessie. Nellie was my husband's grandmother. She married George Henry Sams. They have children: Lowell, Cecil, Harvey, Dorsey, Eva, Goldie, and Bessie. Bessie Dyer is my husband's mother. Anyone who knows any of James Phillips' family or Nancy Raines' family or any relatives, please write to me.

I also want to write to my father's parents' relatives. My grandfather's name was William Henry Harding Hutchinson. He was born in 1865 in Waverly, Iowa.

(Continued on page 68)


"DENNIS VISITS THE FARM"
"IT SEEMED A BIT THIN, SO I'M RUNNING IT THROUGH AGAIN."

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

PICTORIAL COWBOY HISTORY

Ed Ainsworth's *The Cowboy in Art* (World, $12.50) was a labor of love for the longtime newspaperman and Western art buff and historian. You can just call the roll of the artists and illustrators who have made significant contributions to western pictorial history and you will find them in Ed's book. The works of Joe Beeler, Ed Borein, Harold Bugbee, Joe De Yong, Maynard Dixon, Buck Dunton, Nick Eggenhofer, Clarence Ellsworth, Peter Hurd, Will James, Frank Tenney Johnson, W. H. D. Koerner, W. R. Leigh, Jo Mora, Don Perceval, Frederic Remington, Charles M. Russell, Ross Santee, Charles Schreyvogel, Harold Von Schmidt and literally dozens of other artists are represented. In many cases there is a photo of the artist and in nearly all cases a brief biographical sketch. This is in no sense a critical survey of cowboy art—it is rather encyclopedic in scope and will be a useful reference volume. This reviewer was particularly pleased that Ed found space for a number of the younger artists including John Meigs, James Boren and Melvin C. Warren—comers all. The book is profusely illustrated and there is a section of twenty-four reproductions in color. For the real Western art and range life buffs there is a special edition of 1,000 numbered copies, bound in leather and with all edges gilt, in a stout fabricoid covered slip case at $35.00. These won't last long.

MOTHER LODE COUNTRY

If you are interested in the location of events, camps, and things connected with the California gold days, *Ghosts of the Gold Rush* (La Siesta Press, $1.95) by George Koenig is the "wayward guide to the Mother Lode Country" you need. Be not misled by the word "wayward." Perhaps "byways" would be more accurate because the book describes in detail the location of such out-of-the-way places as Mormon Bar, Knights Ferry with its covered bridge, Rawhide where lived the girls of Mark Twain's *Chaparral Quail*, Downieville where Juanita was lynched, and Bidwell's Bar, soon to be covered by waters of Oroville Dam. About 200 items are located along the highways in chapters "Mariposa to Jamestown," "Sonora to Jackson," "Sutter Creek to Coloma," and "Auburn to Downieville." Maps, references and an index are included. Very little background is presented on the ghosts, but the book clearly tells you their locations.

OUR OWN DICTIONARY

Western Words (University of Oklahoma Press, $7.95) is now truly a dictionary of the American West. The compiler is our old friend, Ramon F. Adams, and this revised and greatly enlarged edition of his classic with the same title, first published in 1944, will be a much more useful book. The original was really a follow-up on his much sought *Cowboy Lingo* and covered only the words meaningful on the range, in cow camps or on the trail. By contrast, this new compilation adds the more common words and expressions of the rodeo performer, the sheepman, the freighter and packer, the trapper, the buffalo hunter, the stagecoach driver, the saw-mill operator, the logger, the miner, the western gambler and even the western-river boatman. It is double the size of the first edition, sturdily bound and there is a Nick Eggenhofer drawing on the title page. A good, good reference not only for writers but those who want to read and understand.

RANGE LIFE

Ramon F. Adams' *The Cowman & His Code of Ethics* (The Encino Press, $7.00) is the last in his trilogy of essays on the American cowboy. It was preceded by *The Cowman & His Philosophy* (1967) and *The Cowboy & His Humor* (1968) also expertly designed by William D. (Bill) Wittliff and produced under his supervision for Encino. The cowman's code was unwritten but it was followed. Gene Rhodes was one of the first to put the code in words—scattered through his novels he covered many of the important tenets that have now been brought together by our *amigo* Ramon. Courage, cheerfulness, loyalty, friendship, fair play, pride, generosity, honesty, and respect for women were all a part of the code. There is much packed in the thirty-three pages, and the illustrations including a double-page drawing (repeated on the cover) are by Frederic Remington. The 850 numbered copies were signed by the author—they will not last long.

TREASURE CLUES

Jesse Rascoe's *Southern California Treasures* (Frontier, $4.00) is the result of a tremendous amount of research in the files of the early-day newspaper and archives in a vast area—stretching from San Francisco and the Baja California coast to the Arizona-Nevada line. Every county is covered and the clues which Jesse has winnowed should make the book a must for treasure seekers, relic hunters, bottle collectors and ghost town buffs. There is also a surprising amount of pioneer history interwoven with the clues.

Dabney Taylor's *Treasure Trove* (Golden West Associates, 1011 East State Street, Boise, Idaho, $1.00) is a brief booklet on treasure hunting in Idaho. There are three maps showing the general location of buried loot, hoarded gold and stage strong boxes in the state. Well written.

WESTERNERS WRITE

The Potomac Corral, The Westerners, has issued No. 4 and 5 in its GREAT WESTERN Series. The hard cover editions, numbered and signed by the author, are limited to 250 (225 for sale) copies and sell for $6.00—the copies in wraps sell for $2.50. Either edition may be ordered from the Potomac Corral, P. O. Box 6006, Arlington, Virginia 22206. No. 4 is *The Snake: A Noble and Various River* and it was written by Colonel William Gardner Bell, long-time military editor and historian. Colonel Bell clearly outlines the role of the Snake in the exploring, conquest and settling of the West. Lewis and Clark, the mountain men, the soldiers, and the Oregon settlers all used the Snake; and its waters today irrigate much of the cultivated land in Idaho. This is a spritely, well illustrated account and the Western art buffs will be pleased to find one drawing by Alfred Jacob Miller and two by Frederic Remington.

Old Bookaroo Jeff Dykes wrote No. 5—*Law on a Wild Frontier: Four Sheriffs of Lincoln County* (New Mexico). William Brady, Pat Garrett, John W. Poe and George Curry are tied to their parts in the Lincoln County War. Photos of the four sheriffs plus drawings by Charles M. Russell, Frederic Remington and H. O. Rawson (of Billy the Kid) and a map of New Mexico in 1880 are used to illustrate the book.

A COLORADO CHARACTER

Dean of the western lady historians, Agnes Wright Spring, has either written, co-authored or edited seventeen books on inter-mountain history and her latest is *Colorado Charley, Wild Bill's Pard* (Pruett Press, $6.50). Colorado Charley Utter has had only minor notices by writers of Colorado mining history and was newsworthy as Wild Bill Hickok's sidekick who bought the burial lot where Bill was planted after Jack McCall killed him in Deadwood. Mrs. Spring literally dug up the facts about Charley's past which were buried in numerous remote hiding places. Charley, a cocky little dude in buckskin, made his mark in many ways among the rough element of his time. He worked Colorado's boom towns as miner, prospector, hunter, trapper, freighter, and also guided governors and eastern dignitaries safely over rough horseback trails which served as the primary pioneer thoroughfares. Roaming where opportunity led him, Charley was a gambler in Gunnison, Colorado and Socorro, New Mexico and hearsay put him in Panama where he allegedly served as an Indian doctor and owner of a drug store. Numerous illustrations of Colorado historic interest give emphasis where they are most effective.

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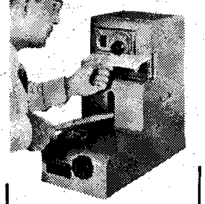

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Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 66)

He married Mary Ellen Hall. She was born in 1870 in Wabash County, Illinois. I do not know any of her kin's names. He had a brother, Guy, whom I remember. He married a woman named Ida and they had a daughter, Ethelbell. She died at about twelve years of age. Grandpa had a sister named Nora who married a Wynan. They had two daughters, Lida and Lydia. My grandparents had eleven children, my father being the oldest boy. His name was William also. He went by the name of Budd, Willie and also Bill. He had two brothers, Tom and Roy. His sisters are May, Sadie, Janie, and twin sisters, Ruth and Ruby, and a baby sister, Violet, who died at five years of age. My father was born in Wathena, Kansas in 1892. He grew up around St. Joseph, Missouri and played his violin at many dances when he was only twelve years old. My grandfather is a relative of President Warren G. Harding and a relative of Chester Harding, the English painter. I want to hear from any friends or relatives of my grandfather or grandmother and also friends of my father as I'm his only child. I have eight children. —Mrs. Emmette Dyer, Jr., Route #3, Box 195A, Milton-Freewater, Oregon 97862

Texas Rangers Division

I would like to know if anyone has a picture of and a list of names of the Texas Rangers who served in the muster roll of Capt. William C. Clayton's 1st Frontier Division. My great-grandfather, James Loving Daves, served under him. I think the year was 1861. If anyone has any information or a picture, please write to me.—Mrs. Lewis Walker, Box 302, Plains, Texas 79355

Williams of Wisconsin

My grandfather, Joseph B. Williams, was born in December 1868 at Eau Claire, Wisconsin, the son of Edward and Mary (Bars or Barce) Williams. He left home at age twelve, making his way to St. Louis where he joined a freight outfit. 1882 found him in Montana where he took out a homestead near Miles City at age fourteen. I would appreciate hearing from anyone knowing of this Williams family.—Alice Jackson, 1600 S. Holly, Casper, Wyoming 82601

Anderson Kin and Friends
Malone Ancestors and Friends

For ten years I have been doing research on families whose paths crossed that of my ancestors, and I have amassed considerable information on the following:

My great-great-grandfather Samuel R. Anderson, born 1809 near Richmond, Virginia, and died 1880 near Hempstead, Texas, married in Athens, Georgia, to Mary Pope Puryear, born 1812 in Athens the daughter of John and Lucy (Smith) Puryear. They were parents of eleven children, two of whom, John W. and William G., became Baptist preachers in Texas after the family had moved to Hockley in Harris County in 1861 in an effort to try to save what remained of the family's slaves.

Son John married Willie B. Malone, authored a book, *From the Plains to the Pulpit*, and died in Houston in 1923. Samuel's daughter Lucy Ann married William Pope and their daughter, Sarah Elizabeth (born 1856), married John Riley Malone, son of Gabriel and Lucinda (Taylor) Malone and a relative of Willie B. Malone.

Mary Pope Puryear Anderson died 1883 at Prairie Valley, Texas, in the home of a daughter, Mrs. Sarah Anderson Wortham Hadden. Samuel R. Anderson was a Methodist class leader and a licensed exhorter—a circuit rider preacher.

I would appreciate hearing from anyone interested in further information on any of these families or persons.—John Riley Malone Sr., Box 390, Homer, Louisiana 71040

Elmer Gordon

I am searching for Elmer Gordon who was raised in Mount Vernon, Illinois. His parents were Charles and Mary (Deitz) Gordon of Mount Vernon. Elmer had a brother, Earl, who is deceased. I am the mother of Earl's children and they would like to hear from their uncle. He may be in Florida.—Evelyn Cuno, 1107 Franklin, Centralia, Illinois 62801

Old Graves in Bell County, Texas

I have been working with the Bell County Historical Survey Committee to get an historical marker for Shiloh Cemetery in northeast Bell County, Texas along Big Elm Creek. The society is looking for anyone who may be related to or has any information on: L. A. A. Norris, died October 5, 1876; Martin, son of M. E. and S. C. Norris, born April 16, 1883, died December 10, 1883; Marcus, son of M. E. and S. C. Norris, September 16, 1883, died April 1884; Jessie, son of G. W. and S. M. Green, born October 5, 1898, died October 8, 1898; Roy Norman, born November 15, 1894, died January 11, 1897. On another grave the name A. FURR is chisled into a flat fieldstone and flat fieldstones cover the entire grave. Any information will be greatly appreciated as the Shiloh community is one of the oldest and was a jumping-off place for many folks who were moving on westward. Thank you very kindly.—Mrs. William Spohn, Box 264, Troy, Texas 76579

Rose and Akers

I would like information concerning my grandfather, Hiram Byron Rose, born February 22, 1866 somewhere in Illinois. His father's name was Hiram and his mother was Martha. He had at least two sisters, Ella and Ollie, and two brothers, Earl and Art. On March 2, 1893 he was married to Hallie Akers at Adell, Iowa. They lived in Iowa until 1910 when they moved to eastern Colorado. I would also like any information on my grandmother, Hallie Akers Rose, born somewhere in Missouri on May 12, 1869. I do not have any other information about her family. —Barbara Rose, Box 55, Laird, Colorado 80739

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 56)

ers, Wess and Carl. We would walk home Friday evening after school and work Saturday. They would take us back to school Sunday evening with enough groceries to last through the week.—A. W. Greer, 1913 Kenley Street, San Angelo, Texas 76901

Fan Mail

Dear Sirs:

We look forward to each issue of FRONTIER TIMES and TRUE WEST and buy our OLD WEST on the newsstands. We have boxes of back issues. We like to refer to them while discussing some article we've read in one of them. This summer we plan to look for the site of an old stage station up near Sandpoint. We like to spend our vacations photographing ghost towns.

I am enclosing a photo of my husband, Harold, and myself enjoying and reading "you know what!"—Sigrid Carlson, Box 471, Hayden Lake, Idaho 83835

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Carlson, Hayden Lake, Idaho.

Cowboy Correspondence

Dear Sir:

I would like to write a letter to some cowboy in a western state or Texas who is about twenty-five to fifty years of age. I would like to have you help me to find someone to write me a letter. I always have wanted to know more about cowboys in Texas or a western state. I have received FRONTIER TIMES magazines for about three or four years. I always love to read about many western histories, past and present. I hope to be able to come down to see this cowboy. I am twenty-five years old and single.—Robert Wittnebel, Route 2, 128 E. Evergreen Avenue, Oshkosh, Wisconsin 54901

Captain Jack Lloyd

Gentlemen:

A few years ago, in the letters column a gentleman inquired for information concerning a certain "Capt. Jack Lloyd." He said that he had seen him on the stage a good many years ago. He was introduced by the nickname of "Firebush," a name given him by the Indians because of his fiery red beard that resembled a bush of that area with the same color. Capt. Jack had claimed many accomplishments, and this gentleman was wondering why he hadn't heard of him in someone's writings.

Well, a few years ago on a visit to Tombstone, Arizona, I found a picture of Capt. Jack Lloyd. It was taken when he was seventy-six years of age, and the following was copied from the card with the picture:

"Pioneer, Plainsman, Prospector, Ranger, Scout, Showman, Soldier.

"Hailed as America's Premier Soldier of Fortune. In his days of the Old West he beat 67 men to the draw, when the .45 was The Law of the Land.

"He was a Plainsman and Character of the West. He was author Jack London's famous Alaskan hero, after whom the novel *Burning Daylight* was written.

"He blazed the principal trails from the Rio Grande to the Coeur d'Alene country. Served with Judge Roy Bean, 'The Law West of the Pecos.' Was a Texas Ranger on several occasions and served in many of the famous mining and cow camps as a peace officer.

"For several years he was looked after by Marthy Jane Cannery, also known as 'Calamity Jane.'

"He was a personal friend of William F. Cody, 'Buffalo Bill,' and was with the latter's show during its first European engagement, giving performances before the Royalty of the Eastern World.

"A child at the time, selling papers and running errands in the Belle Union or Number Ten saloons in Deadwood, Dakota Territory, he was present when Jack MaCall shot 'Wild Bill' Hickok through the back of the head."

I had mislaid this information and only the other day did I find it again. I'm sending it to you and hope that it will be of some interest to readers.

I suspect he could be the son of my father's uncle. My father's uncle went west from his Lexington, Kentucky home at the age of sixteen to trap and find adventure. He was captured by the Indians and lived with them for eighteen years or so, finally escaping after several

(Continued on page 72)

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS, OCTOBER 23, 1962, SECTION 4369, TITLE 39, UNITED STATES CODE SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION OF FRONTIER TIMES, published bi-monthly in Austin, Texas. Location of Publication and General Business Offices: 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Travis County, Texas 78704. Publisher, Joe Austell Small, 2405 Briargrove, Austin, Texas 78704. Editor: Pat Wagner, 706 Rio Grande, Austin, Texas 78701. Managing Editor: None. Owner: Western Publications, Inc., 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704. Joe Austell Small, sole shareholder. Average number of copies printed during last twelve months: 245,391; total copies printed last single issue: 242,500. Average number of sales during last twelve months through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: 111,353; sales for last single issue through dealers and carriers, street vendor and counter sales: 106,499. Average paid circulation during last twelve months, mail subscriptions: 25,776; paid circulation, mail subscriptions last single issue: 26,526. Average total paid circulation during last twelve months: 137,129; total paid circulation last single issue: 133,025. Average free distribution during last twelve months: 1,000; free distribution last single issue: 1,000. Average total distribution during last twelve months: 138,129; total distribution last single issue: 134,025. Average number during last twelve months unaccounted, office use, left over, spoiled after printing: 107,262; total number last single issue unaccounted, office use, left over, spoiled after printing: 108,475. (Signed) Pat Wagner, September 12, 1969.

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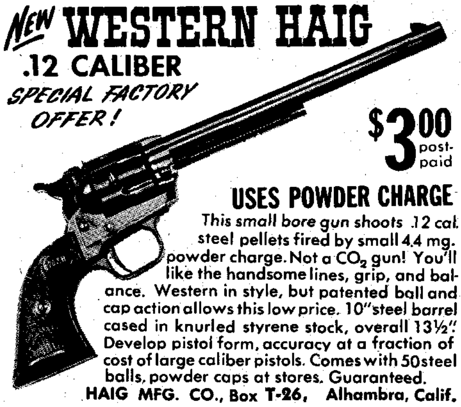

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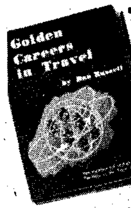

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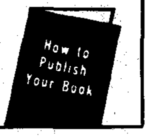

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Frontier Post

(Continued from page 69)

unsuccessful tries. When he arrived home, because of his leather garb and shoulder length hair, his mother, my great-grandmother, thought he was a stranger. The only thing familiar to her was his fiery red hair. His adventure was a tale in itself, and because he was pestered continually to relate it, he wrote it up and had a book published for each member of the family.

My father's copy, which had been passed down to him, was "borrowed" by a cousin and never returned. I have never seen the book, but many, many nights I've thrilled to those stories while I was seated on my father's knee.

After some time my father's uncle returned to the tribe from which he escaped and evidently stayed, as no one heard from him again.—Dale Lloyd, Box 291, Monticello, Indiana 47960

Nuggets

(Continued from page 40)

HELP FROM STRANGERS

By Nat M. Taylor

IN THE FALL of 1876, most folks living in Fayette County, Texas, were worried. Crops had been poor on account of a prolonged drouth and times were tough. Money was scarce and it was difficult to earn a living.

Two brothers, Henry and Joe Fitchett, were pretty industrious and pretty good traders. They always managed to keep a little money on hand. Both had families, however, and they were beginning to wonder how they were going to get through the winter, when they hit upon the scheme of a buffalo hunt.

Buffalo hunting had about passed its peak, but there were still enough stragglers on the north plains to make hunting on a small scale profitable, so the boys decided to try their hand at it. Each had a good wagon and team.

They rigged up the wagons with four horses to a wagon, and provisions enough to last a month. Each man took an extra saddle horse for hunting, a buffalo gun (big .50 caliber) and a supply of ammunition. They also took bedrolls, cooking utensils and other equipment for camping. They left their little town of Round Top about the tenth of September and proceeded leisurely toward the northwest. Very little grain was carried but camp could be made to let their horses graze on the buffalo grass which was plentiful.

When they had traveled ten days and had about reached the headwaters of the North Fork of Red River, they began to see occasional buffalo. They traveled about a day and a half more, stopping just short of the plains proper. Water was scarce and although Gen. Nelson A. Miles maintained some soldiers at Fort Elliott, which was about fifty miles to the northwest, there were still a few Comanche raids occurring. Henry and Joe made camp in a sandy draw near a bold running spring, close to the location of present-day Shamrock.

The next morning they staked out two horses and hobbled the others so they would not stray away. Their plan was to hunt one day during which they could kill several of the animals; the next day they would take a wagon and team, follow the same route, skin the animals, bring in the hides, and spread them on the grass to dry.

They were just getting the hunt pretty well organized when a peculiar incident happened. One day, after skinning several of the buffaloes, they stopped to have a bite to eat. They had just begun the meal when two other hunters rode up. Neither these men nor the Fitchett boys introduced themselves as there were many outlaws in the country at that time and it was not always permissible to ask a man's name. The brothers, of course, asked the other men to share the meal, which they did.

After all had finished eating, they talked for an hour or so before the men mounted their horses, preparatory to leaving. They thanked the brothers and one of them asked, "Would you mind telling us your names?"

"No," said Henry, "our name is Fitchett."

"That's odd," replied the man. "On our way out here, we stopped at a little town and they were having a funeral, and that was the dead woman's name. Her husband had gone buffalo hunting."

The brothers looked at each other fearfully. "What was the name of the town?" asked Joe.

It seemed to the boys an eternity before the man replied, "Round Top."

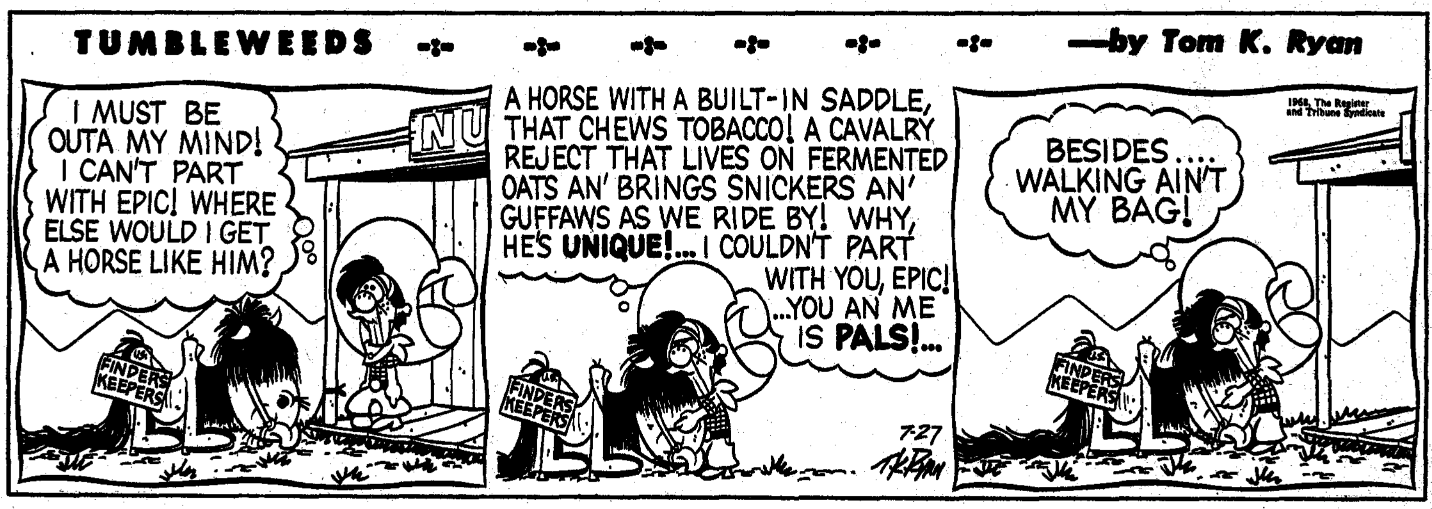
THE BROTHERS KNEW that one of them had lost his wife, but the men could not tell which one. The Fitchetts did not know what to do. They had invested almost all of their money in the expedition and did not have enough ready cash to make the trip back home, although they knew they were sorely needed. The buffalo hides were worthless unless they were cured and it would take several days to cure them. The boys were in a terrible quandary, so they told the strangers their predicament and the men offered to help them out.

They told the boys they would lend them the money to make the journey back home, they would move to the Fitchett camp, finish curing the hides on hand, then they would market them and after expenses were taken out, they would give the boys half of the profit. The brothers had never seen or heard of the men before and had nothing but their word to rely on, but there was no other choice so they did not hesitate. All of the arrangements for the homeward journey were completed by noon the next day and with heavy hearts the trip was begun.

Very little was said on the way home. The boys traveled as fast as they could without wearing out their teams.

On the morning of the fourteenth day they arrived at Round Top, still without knowing whose wife was dead. They reached Henry's home first. They were not expected, but the families recognized the wagons. When Joe's wife and children came out to meet them, they knew it was Henry's wife who was gone. It was indeed a sad homecoming.

The two strangers the boys had met on the plains were as good as their word. Late that fall the men whose names turned out to be Duncan, drove into Round Top one afternoon and spent the night with the Fitchetts. While there, they paid the boys their part of the money obtained from the sale of the hides, which was sorely needed. It amounted to over four hundred dollars. That was the beginning of a friendship which lasted as long as any of them lived. I knew the Fitchett boys. They were my cousins.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—by Tom K. Ryan
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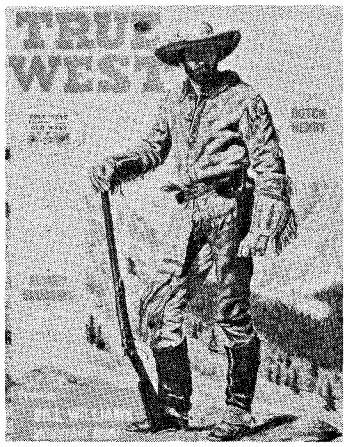

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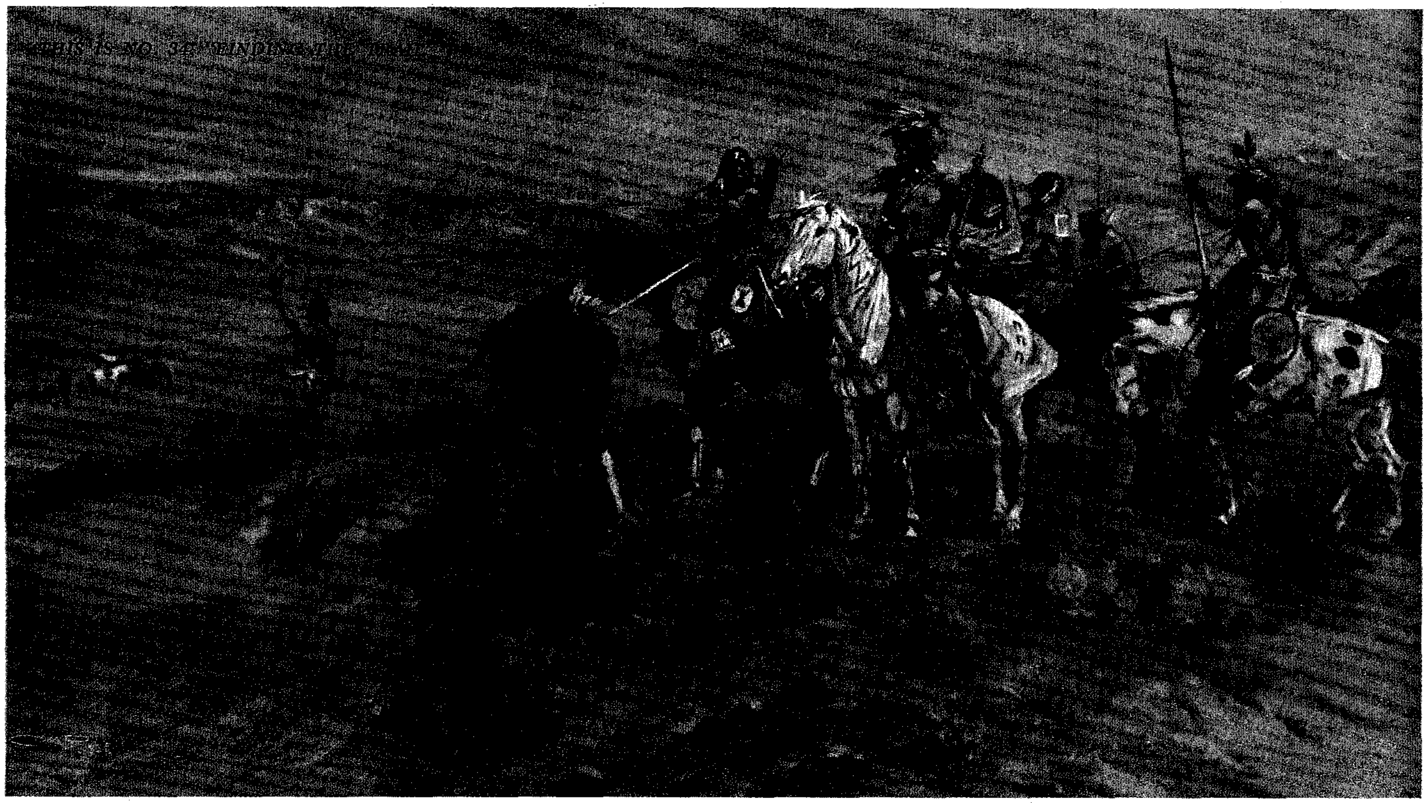
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